THE

Third Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiſcover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Conſtantinople*, of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of *Europe*; And diſcovering ſeveral *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Chriſtian* Courts (eſpecially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1645, to the Year 1682.

The Second Edition.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Tranſlated into* Italian, *and from thence into* Engliſh, *by the Tranſlator of the* Firſt Volume.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Leake*, for **Henry Rhodes**, near *Bride-lane*, in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1692.

Mahmut The. Turkish Spy. Ætatis suæ 92.
F. H. van. Hove. sculp:

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LONDON,

Printed by J. Leake, for Dean Bonnet, near Bridgelane, in Fleet-street, 1693.

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TO THE READER.

OUR *Arabian* having met with so kind Entertainment in this *Nation*, since he put on the *English* Dress, is resolv'd to continue his Garb, and visit you as often as Convenience will permit.

He brings along with him many Foreign Commodities, to gratify the Various Expectations of People: His *Casa* [illegible] of Jewels and other Rarities, which are the Genuine Product of the *East*, and some Kinds of Merchandise, which he has purchased here in the *West*, during his Residence at *Paris*.

It will be Pity to affront this Honest *Stranger*, by raising Scandals on him, as if he were a Counterfeit, and I know not what. This will appear Inhospitable, and Unworthy of the *English* Candor and Generosity.

To speak without an *Allegory*, in this *Third Volume* of *Letters*, as in the former

Two, you'll find an Exact Continuation of *Modern History*, acquainting you with all the Memorable Sieges, Battels and Campagnes, that were in *Europe*, from the Year 1645, to 1649. As also, with all the Remarkable *Negotiations* and *Transactions* of *State*, *Embassies*, *Leagues* and *Overtures* of *Princes*; the *Policies* and *Intrigues* of *Publick Ministers*, especially those of *Cardinal Mazarini*; the Great and Stupendous *Revolutions* and *Civil Wars*, in *England*, *China*, *Naples*, *Turky* and *Paris*; the Prodigious Rise of a Poor Young Beardless *Fisherman*, to the Height of *Sovereign Power*; the Dismal *Tragedies* of an *English King*, and a *Chinese Emperor*; with the Murder of a *Turkish Sultan*. And, all these, intermix'd with Proper and Useful Remarks, Pleasant and Agreeable Stories; couch'd in a Style, which being peculiar to the *Arabians*, cannot be match'd in any other *Writings* that are Extant.

If his *Philosophy* will not abide the Test of our Learned *Virtuosi*, yet it may pass Muster in a *Mahometan*; since it is taken for granted, That the Men of that *Faith*, rarely apply themselves to such Studies, or, at least, not in the Method us'd in *Christian Schools*. They may have the

same

ſame *Idea's* of *Natural* Things as We; but they expreſs themſelves in a different Manner.

As for his *Morals*, they are Solid and Grave, and ſuch as could not be reprehended even in a *Chriſtian Writer*, if we reduce what he ſays to *Univerſals*. For, abſtracting from the Particular Obligations he had to his *Native Religion*, and to the *Grand Signior*, whoſe *Slave* he was; there will be found little Difference, between his *Ethicks* and ours. He every where recommends Loyalty, Juſtice, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence; and all thoſe other Virtues, which are requiſite to fill up the *Character* of a *Hero*, or a *Saint*.

And, who will not bear with him, for Patronizing the *Religion* and *Intereſt* in which he was bred; it being Natural for all Men, to adhere to the *Notions*, they have ſuck'd in with their *Mothers Milk?* In this alſo, he ſhews great Moderation; and a more unbyaſs'd Temper, than one would expect from a *Turk*: Which may, in Part, be aſcrib'd to his Studying in the *Chriſtian Academies*, his Converſation with the Learned'ſt Men in *Paris*, and ſome of the moſt Accompliſh'd Perſons in the World. Hence it was, that he was

accus'd by his *Superiors* at the *Ottoman Port*, of Inclining to *Christianity* or *Atheism*; as he takes Notice, in his *Apology* to a *Religious Dignitary*, in the First *Letter*, of the Third *Book* of this *Volume*, Pag. 255. to which the Reader is referr'd for farther Satisfaction.

In his most familiar *Letters*, such as this last mention'd, and others to his Intimate Friends, you will find some Expressions, discovering a certain Fineness and Strength of Thought, which is not very Common in *Christian Writers*. Which is an Argument, That the *Mahometans* are not all such Block-Heads, as we take 'em for.

And though the *Picture*, which we have [illegible], since we had the *Original*, represents no Extraordinary Person, yet you know *Juvenal*'s Remark, *Frontis nulla Fides*. And, it has been a Common Observation of one of the Greatest *Philosophers* in this Age, *That by his Outward Aspect, no Man would guess, what an Illustrious Soul lodg'd within.*

If you would know, how the *Italian* came by this *Picture*, (for, in his *Preface*, he asserts it to be the True *Effigies* of this *Author*) he says, That being acquainted with the *Secretary* of *Cardinal Mazarin*,

and

and frequenting his House, he saw a *Picture* hang in his *Closet*, with this *Inscription* at the Bottom, TITUS DE MOLDAVIA, CLERICUS. *Ætatis suæ* LXXII. He ask'd the Gentleman, who this *Titus* was, who inform'd him, That he was a great *Traveller*, and understood many *Languages*, especially the *Sclavonian*, *Greek* and *Arabick*; on which Account, *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*, had made great Use of him; and, That the latter had caus'd that *Picture* of the *Moldavian* to be drawn, and hung up in his *Closet*, from whence he had it. Our *Italian* being satisfy'd, after some Discourse about him, That this *Stranger* was the very *Arabian*, whose *Writings* he had so happily found, got leave of the Gentleman, to have a Draught of the *Picture* taken, by a Skilful *Limner*, which he afterward plac'd in the *Front* of his *Translation*.

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To the Reader.

There needs no more be said, but to acquaint the Reader, That we are going forward with the *English Translation* of these *Letters*, as fast as we can. So that in all Probability, you may expect a *Fourth Volume* before *Christmas*. Wherein you will find, more Particular Remarks on our *English* Affairs, with Political Discourses, on the Original and Dissolution of Governments. As also, many Curious Passages during the *Wars* of *Paris*, which have not hitherto come to Publick View. In fine, you will there be inform'd, of all the *Remarkable Events*, that happen'd at that Time, either in *Peace* or *War* on the whole *Globe*.

Adieu.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS.*

VOL. III.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut, *an* Arabian *at* Paris, *to* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Believe, the News of my Impriſonment, might fill thee with Doubts of thy own Liberty; and, make thee careful to avoid at *Vienna*, ſuch a Misfortune as befel me at *Paris*. Yet, if thou wert much ſurprized at this Accident, it is an Argument, that thou art but a Novice in the

World, and art yet to learn the firſt Rudiments of Uſeful Wiſdom, which teach us, *That there is no Stedfaſtneſs in Humane Affairs.*

There has Nothing happned to me in this, which I was not before provided for; neither did the Suddenneſs of the Event, make me change Countenance. I ſmil'd at the fulfilling my own Preſages; and, went to Priſon as unconcern'd, as I would have gone Home to my Lodging. Not, that I would have thee think, I was inſenſible of a Loſs ſo afflicting as that of Liberty; but, my Chains did not appear ſo very formidable, having made them familiar to my Thoughts long before.

When I firſt came to *Paris*, I look'd on my ſelf, but as a Priſoner at large; owing the Freedom I had to walk about, only to the Careleſsneſs of the *State*, and the favour of *Deſtiny*. So that when that Indulgence was retrench'd, no new thing happen'd to me. What I had expected for Seven Years together, could not ſeem ſtrange when it came to paſs.

By what I have ſaid, thou may'ſt learn to prepare thy ſelf for the Worſt Events, which commonly ſteal upon the ſecure and unthinking; being wrapt up in greater Darkneſs and Silence, than the Moments which bring them to Light. Theſe ſlide away without our Advertiſement; unſeen, unheard: Neither can our Watches or Dials, inform us any thing of them, till they are paſs'd. So, there is no *Index* to point out to us, the

Hidden

Hidden Decrees of *Fate*, till they are accompliſh'd; no *Ephemeris* of *Deſtiny*, but our own Experience.

Thou, and all thy Nation, are ſuſpected by the *Chriſtians:* They eſteem you Enemies of their *Intereſt*, as well as of their *Law*. They deſpiſe and vilifie you, calling you, *The accurſed of God.* Yet, they admit you, as Members of their Common-wealth. They receive you to the Protection of their Laws, and entruſt you with their Secrets, that they may ſerve themſelves of your Money. Thus are you become Banquiers for your ſworn Enemies: And, while you profeſs an Eternal Obedience to the Injunctions of *Moſes*, you make underhand Leagues with the *Diſciples* of *Jeſus*. I do not accuſe your Commerce with theſe *Infidels*; but, I ſay, you have Reaſon to be upon your Guards, when you are environ'd with ſo many Millions of Enemies. They are not ignorant of the Intimacies between the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, and thoſe of Thy Nation: It is common in the Mouths of the *French*, *That the* Jews *are the* Turks *Intelligencers*. Thou oughteſt therefore, to have a ſpecial Regard to thy Conduct, that no imprudent Action may expoſe thee to the Jealouſy of the *State* where thou reſideſt. That *Court* is full of Eyes; and, thou haſt need of a ſtricter Veil, than what thou weareſt in the *Synagogue*. The very Walls of thy Houſe, will betray thee; and, thy Domeſticks, may prove thy greateſt Enemies: Yet, ſuſpect none more

than thy ſelf. This will not ſeem harſh Counſel, if thou reflecteſt Twice on it; there being nothing more certain, than, That it is not ſo eaſy to defend ones ſelf from him in whom we confide, as from one we are jealous of: and, every Man is apt to put too much Truſt in himſelf. I believe, thou art faithful, and abhorreſt Treachery; yet, at the ſame Time, thou mayeſt be remiſs and weak: What could not be extorted from thee by an Open Enemy, may be diſcovered by the Inſinuations of a Pretended Friend. Thy own good Nature may cajole thee; and therefore, 'twill be no ſmall Point of Wiſdom, *to beware of thy ſelf.* As for Contingencies, I adviſe thee not to be perplex'd about them, or be uneaſy. Thou canſt not avoid the Inevitable Appointments of *Heaven*: Only, be ready for the Worſt that may happen: ſince, thou canſt never be certain of any Thing.

Thy Predeceſſor *Carcoa*, was a Man of exquiſite Fore-caſt; always on his Watch, prying into the dark Orb of Futurities; yet, an Accident ſurprized him once, of which his ſtricteſt Caution never gave him Warning. I read it in one of his Letters to the *Kaimachan*, which thou ſenteſt me from *Vienna*. The Story is this. As he was one Day writing *Diſpatches* to the *Port*, a certain tame Bird, which he kept for his Divertiſement, ſnatches from the Table, the Paper on which he was writing to the *Teſterdar*? and, the Window being open, flies with it out into

into the Streets. The Paper was dropt in the Garden of the *Auguſtin Friars*, at the very Moment when the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador*, was walking there with the *General* of that *Order*. 'Tis true, the Letter was unfiniſh'd, no Name ſubſcribed, and ſo *Carcoa* eſcap'd an imminent Hazard of his Life. But, the Secrets therein contain'd, gave a vaſt ſuſpicion to the *Imperial Court*, it being ſoon carried to the *Principal Secretary* of *State*, and by him communicated to the *Emperor* and *Divan*. Strict Inquiſition was made throughout the City for the Author of that Letter. A Reward of a Thouſand *Rix-Dollars*, promis'd to any that would diſcover him. The Bird was ſeen by many, to fly along with a Paper in her Bill; but, from whence ſhe came, none knew. Nor had any curious Eye, attended her uncertain Motions back: No Man divining, That that Paper was deſigned to tranſmit to the *Ever Happy Port*, the moſt important Counſels of the *German Empire*. Neither was *Carcoa*'s Hand taken Notice of, having lived very privately, and uſed another Character in his common Dealings. But how near was he to a Diſcovery, when he ſays himſelf in his Letter, That he wanted but Five Words to the Concluſion, where he would have ſubſcribed his Name! From hence thou mayeſt learn, That a *Mariner* in a Tempeſt, amongſt Rocks and Sands, runs not greater Hazards, than he who acts in thy *Station*.

However, thou may'ſt now continue thy Advices to *Paris*, but obſerve the Directions of *Eliachim*, who brings thee this Letter. He will inform thee, of whatſoever is neceſſary for thee to know; taking this Journey on Purpoſe, to prevent the wakeful jealouſy, and active Inquiſition of *Cardinal Mazarini*, from whom Nothing can be hid, that's truſted to the *Poſts*. Receive him with ſingular Honour; he is an incorruptible Friend of the *Ottoman Port*. From him thou ſhalt learn the ſafeſt Methods of our future Correſpondence. He is the *Apollo* of thy Nation; and, his Wiſdom and Fidelity, will be recorded in the *Regiſter* of that *Empire*, which ſhall know no earlier Period, than the *Moon*, whoſe *Creſcent* is her *Arms*, and the *Happy Omen* of her *Encreaſing Luſtre*.

When thou beholdeſt that *Noble Enſign* of *Mahomet*, on the Top of the Chief *Temple* of *Jeſus* in *Vienna*, let it augment thy Veneration of our *Law*, and convince thee, That all Nations muſt ſubmit to the *Meſſenger* of *God* and *Seal* of the *Prophets*. Be Faithful and Wiſe, and thou canſt not miſs of Happineſs.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645. *According to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Kaimachan.

SInce my Releaſe, I have inform'd my ſelf of ſome Paſſages, to which I was a Stranger during my Reſtraint. The *Tranſylvanian Agent*, continues ſtill at this *Court*; and, his *Negotiation* is not now a *Secret*. *Monſieur Croiſſy* is gone *Ambaſſador Extraordinary* to *Prince Ragotski*, on the ſame Errand, from this *Crown*. The Subject Matter of both their *Embaſſies*, is a League. *Cardinal Mazarini* ſuſpected Tergiverſation in that *Prince*, and that he would privately treat with the *Emperor*, if the *Grand Signior* ſhould withdraw his Aſſiſtance and Protection from him; or, if he himſelf ſhould grow weary of the War. Wherefore *Monſieur Croiſſy*, according to the *Cardinal*'s Inſtructions, would not ſign the *League*, till *Ragotski* had call'd Home his *Ambaſſadors*, who were treating with the *Imperialiſts* at *Tyrne*, and ſent away the *German Envoy* from his Camp.

The *League* being concluded, he inſiſted on the Neceſſity the *Prince* lay under, of marching his Army nearer to *Torſtenſon*, the *Swediſh General*, that ſo they might ſupport one another againſt the *German* Forces.

This was the Pretence; but, in Reality,

it was deſign'd to engage the *Tranſylvanians*, beyond the Power of a Retreat, and to poſt them under the Eye of the *Swediſh General*; who ſoon after poſſeſſed himſelf of *Tyrne*, the Place appointed for Treaty between the *Imperialiſts* and *Prince Ragotski*.

It is a Town in the Lower *Hungary*, not far from *Presburgh*. The *Suedes* entred this Place the 17th. of the 5th. *Moon*, but left a Garriſon in it of Seven Hundred *Hungarian* Horſe, and Three Hundred Foot, according to their *Articles* with the beſieg'd.

Theſe were ſoon forc'd to quit the Town by *Count Forgatſch*, an *Imperialiſt*, the *Suedes* and *Tranſylvanians* being march'd a great Diſtance off: And, 'tis ſaid, this *Hungarian* Garriſon, yielded not unwillingly to the *Imperial* Arms.

'Tis certain, *General Torſtenſon* puts but ſmall Confidence in the *Hungarian* Soldiers: For, above Six Hundred of the Common Sort deſerted him, the 29th. of the 5th. *Moon*, and the reſt raiſed ſuch frequent Tumults and Mutinies, that their Commanders ſtood in more Fear of them, than of their Enemies. It's reported likewiſe, That there has been lately no good Underſtanding between *Ragotski* and *Torſtenſon*, about the deſigned Siege of *Preſburgh*: The former ſeeming too much to favour the *Hungarians*, and being rather inclined to carry his Arms into the *Emperor's* Hereditary Countries. Yet he would not conſent, that *Preſburgh* ſhould

ſhould be in the Hands of the *Suedes*.

The *French* ſay, that this *Prince* is humorous and wavering, yet of a fair Intention; but, that the greateſt Part of his Officers, are corrupted by the *Emperor*: And, that therefore, both they and the Common Soldiery, were for Peace; only his Wife, his Son, and ſome few of his Counſellors, perſwaded him to adhere to the *Suedes*.

They add, that the *Young Prince*, being inſtructed by his Mother, one Day in a full Aſſembly of the Chief Commanders, made the following *Oration*, *Ragotski* himſelf being alſo preſent:

" PErmit me, moſt Serene and Illuſtrious Prince, my Royal Father, " to perform the Part of a Dutiful Son, " a Faithful Counſellor, and a Loyal " Subject. The *Law* of *Nature* and of " *Nations*, entitles you to my *Obedience*; " and, the particular Honour you have " done me, in admitting me to your " Cabinet, obliges me to exemplifie it, in " an humble Remonſtrance of my Senti- " ments, at a Time when the Intereſt " of *Tranſylvania* calls for freedom of " Advice.

" It is with no ſmall Complacency, " that I now behold you encompaſſed " with a Circle of *Hero's*, whoſe Valour " and Fidelity may give ſuch a Luſtre to

" your Victorious Arms, as ſhall eclipſe
" the Glory of the *Roman* and *Grecian*
" Conquerors. The *Alexanders*, *Ca-*
" *ſars*, *Scipio's*, and *Hannibals*, ſhall no
" longer draw the World into an Ad-
" miration of their obſolete Atchieve-
" ments. The *Regiſter* of your *Deeds*,
" ſhall foil their *antiquated Hiſtories*;
" whilſt *Plutarch*, *Tacitus* and *Livy*, muſt
" veil to *Modern Pens*, the *Recorders* of
" your *Matchleſs Actions*.

" Let not the Crafty Inſinuations of
" the *German Court*, warp your Reſoluti-
" ons, and cajole you with the deceitful
" Umbrages of *Peace*, only to gain Time,
" that they may more ſucceſsfully carry
" on the War. Neither ſuffer your ſelves,
" already in Part Victorious, to be a-
" mus'd with feigned Treaties, and O-
" vertures which you cannot but ſuſpect.
" We are now in a Condition to give the
" Law; and, ſhould *Fortune* turn the
" Scale, it will ſtill be in our Power to
" make our own Terms of Compoſition.
" The *Alliances* of *Sueden* and *France*,
" have rais'd us to a Capacity of bra-
" ving all *Europe*: Whilſt the One with
" a Potent Army on the *Rhine*, the O-
" ther on the *Danube*, keep the *Imperi-*
" *aliſts* in ſuch perpetual Action, that it

" will

" will be impoſſible for them to Barrier " *Germany* from our Conquering Arms. " Now is the Time to raiſe *Tranſylvania* " above the Title of a *Tributary Province*, " and reſtore this *Kingdom* to her An- " cient Renown. If we miſs this Op- " portunity, we muſt for ever be " *Slaves* to the *Turks* or *Germans*. Let " us not ſeek any longer Protection, but " from the Juſtice of our Cauſe and the " Dint of our Swords. Let not *France* " and *Sueden*, boaſt of their *Turenne*, " their *Torſtenſon*, as if no other Nati- " on could furniſh the World with fa- " mous *Generals!* Whilſt *Prince Ragotski* " lives, and lives at the Head of ſuch " an Army, your Fidelity and Courage, " ſhall render his Name more terrible " than that of *Tamerlain*, and his At- " tempts more proſperous than thoſe of " *Scanderbeg*. And our Poſterity ſhall " be oblig'd, to raiſe *Pyramids* to your " Honour; and, from your preſent At- " chievements, to date a New *Epocha*, " the Eternal *Memoir* of *Tranſylvania*'s " Redemption.

'Tis ſaid, that *Ragotski* was not very well pleas'd with his Son's *Speech*, ſuſpecting that he held ſome private Correſpondence with *Torſtenſon*, for whom he had no great Affection.

fection. Laſt *Moon* he inſiſted earneſtly on the Money and Men promiſed him by *Rebenſtock*. But, *General Torſtenſon* thought it ſufficient, that he himſelf was ſo near him with his Forces. Yet, leſt he ſhould take an Occaſion of Diſcontent, he ſent him a Supply of Money; though he was not without ſome Apprehenſions, that the *Prince* having receiv'd it, would underhand treat with the *Emperor*.

'Tis ſaid here, that a *Chiaus* was arriv'd in the *Tranſylvanian* Camp, expreſly forbidding *Ragotski* to enter into the *Hereditary Provinces* of the *Emperor*. But, that he, truſting to the Strength of his Army (which conſiſts of Five and Twenty Thouſand *Germans*, *Tranſylvanians*, *Hungarians* and *Walachians*) was reſolved to purſue his firſt Reſolution.

Thou knoweſt what Reaſons the *Port* had, to ſend him this Prohibition. The *French* ſay, 'twas out of Fear, that he would join with the *Emperor*'s Forces.

By this thou may'ſt know, what Opinion the *Infidels* entertain of the Meaſures taken by the *Sovereign Divan*. They deſcant at Liberty, whilſt I ſend up *Vows* to *Heaven*, for the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To the Inſtructed in all Knowledge, the Venerable Mufti.

HAil, *Holy Interpreter* of the *Sacred Law*; may the *Divine Light* guide thee beyond the Errors of *Humane Frailty*. I am amongſt *Infidels*, Enemies to Truth; who yet ſeem as certain of being in the *Right*, as thou art ſure they are in the *Wrong*. They hate us with an Inveterate Hatred. I muſt diſſemble my Reſentments; whilſt, with the loweſt Proſtrations to the *Unity*, I celebrate his Glorious Mercy, who has ſent us ſuch a *Star*, to guide our *Feet* into the *Way* of *Peace*.

The *Chriſtians* ſcoff at the *Faithful People*, as divided into ſeveral *Sects*. Would my Death could wipe out theſe Reproaches, and vindicate the Honour of the *Holy Profeſſion*. I could retort, that Error ſhews it ſelf infinite in them: but, I muſt hold my Peace, and reſtrain my ſelf, leſt my Zeal tranſport me beyond Diſcretion: Remembring, I am not ſent here to Diſpute, but to act ſecretly for my *Great Maſter*, whoſe *Empire* be extended over all the *Habitable World*.

Theſe poor Wretches, boaſt much of their *Traditions*, their *Sacred Synods* and *Fathers*; as if we ever wanted *Holy Men*, working *Wonders*, and penetrating into the *profoundeſt Myſteries*

Myſteries, by only wiping their *Eyes* with the *Duſt* of their *Feet*.

They talk much of *Faith* and *Reaſon*; at which I ſmile, as knowing it to be only *Education*. Yet, as the *Worſt* of People have ſomething that is *Good*; ſo, theſe are not wholly deſtitute of *Devotion*. They pray often, but not ſo often as the *True Believers*; it being, as thou knoweſt, a juſt Exception againſt a Witneſs amongſt us, *That he prays not Six Times a-Day*. They pray to Men and Women deceaſed; whereas, thou knoweſt, there is no *Deity* but One. They faſt often, but not ſo ſtrictly, as the aſſiſted with the Vertue of the *Supreme Diſpenſer* of *Graces*. They are Charitable; but, this hinders 'em not from excluding all from the *bleſt Abodes*, who are not of their *Belief*: Whereas, thou affirmeſt (who art the *Reſolver* of all the *Problems* of *Faith*) That it will go well at the *Laſt Day* with all Honeſt People; ſeeing theſe have all the *ſame Object* of *Worſhip*; and, their *Different Religions*, are but as ſo many *Different Ways*, which lead a Man to the *ſame Place* of *Reſt*, like *various Roads* to the *ſame City*.

Theſe *Chriſtians* whip themſelves often with ſmall Cords; which Humour, they ſay, was ſet on Foot by an *Hermit*'s Preaching and Example. Not many Countries diſtant from that where I am, there happen'd ſuch an odd Inſtance of this Extravagant Zeal (which was to be heightned, it ſeems, with the Fumes of Wine) as plainly juſtifies our *Prophet*'s

phet's Wiſdom, in charging the *Faithful* to avoid it. It was particularly the Cuſtom of ſeveral People in this Place, in their *Proceſſions* to whip themſelves, till the Blood ſtreamed down their Frocks; which were ſo made, as to cover their Faces, and leave only their Backs bare. One of theſe *Zealots*, diſtruſting the Firmneſs of his Conſtitution, had taken ſuch large Draughts of this intoxicating Liquor, that reeling up and down with his Whip in his Hand, and his Head againſt the Walls, he was followed by all the Boys of the Town hooting after him; which ſo leſſen'd the Repute of this *ſottiſh Religion*, as made 'em abſtain for the future, from this pompous Uſage of it. What low Thoughts have theſe People of the *Almighty Lord* of *All*; when, allowing him to be *Omnipotent*, yet repreſent Him to themſelves and others, as delighting in Cruelty? Whereas, thou knoweſt, this Paſſion is only to be found amongſt the Weak and Miſerable.

That the *Divine Preſerver* of Men, may continue thee long for the Edification of his *Elect*, are the paſſionate Wiſhes of the meaneſt of thy Servants, *Mahmut*.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muſtapha, Berber *Aga*.

WOuld to *God*, I could converſe with thee Face to Face in the *Seraglio*, as in former Times. I vent many paſſionate Wiſhes to *Conſtantinople*, that happy Reſidence of my beſt Friends, the Nurſery of my Childhood, the School of my Youth; and, I hope, the future Repoſitory of my Old Age. When I think of that City, 'tis with a Paſſion hardly ſecond to that, which I cheriſh for the Place of my Nativity. In *Arabia*, 'tis true, I firſt ſaw the *Light* of the *Sun*; but, 'twas in *Greece* I receiv'd the more friendly *Illuminations* of the *Moon*, the *Splendors* of the *True Faith*; which, though they diſcloſe not to us, ſo clear a Proſpect of the *Earth* and all its Gayeties; yet, they preſent us with an unveil'd Diſcovery of the *Heavens* and *Stars*; ſhewing us *Paradiſe*, with its glittering Inhabitants, the purpl'd *Colonies* of *True Believers*, *Champions* and *Martyrs* of the *Eternal Unity*. In the *Deſart* I left my Father; or rather, he left me before I found my ſelf, being but an Infant when he died: but, in the *City* I found Friends, which is not a leſs endearing Title. He gave me but my Birth, whereby I entred on the Stage of Miſeries; with which he ſoon after left me to ſtruggle,

before

before I could diſtinguiſh Miſery from Happineſs. But, they gave me Education, which taught me how to ſhun thoſe Evils, which are the Natural Conſequences of our Birth. So that in the Main, I am more indebted to them than to him. Let it be how it will, I cannot ceaſe to love them, and often wiſh my ſelf with them. This is Second Nature. And, becauſe I cannot have my Deſires fulfill'd in that, I gratify my ſelf by often writing to them. Should I make Compariſons, thou wilt ſay, I am a Flatterer. Suffice it to tell thee, That thou art one of the Number, whoſe Remembrance affects me with ſenſible Complacency. Yet, I cannot write to thee, nor any of my Friends, ſo often as I would, without entrenching on the Obligations I have to the other *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*. I ſend *Diſpatches* to all by Turns, ſacrificing my Private Regards, to the *Expectations* of the *State*, and the *Pleaſure* of my *Superiors*.

Had I been at Liberty, I could have ſent thee the earlieſt News, of the Slaughter which the *Germans* made Three *Moons* ago, in the *French* Army at *Mergentheim*. 'Tis not too late now to ſay ſomething of it. The *Imperialiſts* owe that Triumph, to the Candor of *Turenne*, and the degenerate Craft of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*; who to lull the *French* in a Fatal Security, ſent an *Agent* into *France*, to negotiate a *Peace*, with deceitful Overtures, and Umbrages; commanding alſo, that none of his Soldiers, ſhould dare to call the

French

French their Enemies. Yet, ſome lay the Blame of this Overthrow, on the *Suedes*; whoſe unſeaſonable Suſpicion of a *Private Treaty* between the *French* and *Germans*, hindred *Torſtenſon* from joining the former; and, expos'd *Turenne*, with his raw and unexperienced Forces, to the Numerous Army of Veterane *Imperialiſts*.

'Twas a Fatal Engagement, and the *French* loſt many brave Men; beſides an Hundred and Fifty Commanders taken Priſoners, Fifteen Hundred of the Common Soldiers, Fifty Enſigns, with many Waggons, and Four Mules laden with Money.

It is reported, that whilſt *Turenne*, in the general Retreat and Flight of his Army, betook himſelf to *Mergentheim*, as he lay on his Bed the firſt Night, one of his Officers was coming to alarm him with the News of the *Germans* Approach to that Town, but unfortunately ſtumbled at his Chamber-Door: With the Noiſe of which, *Turenne* awaked; and, fearing ſome Attempt on his Life, leap'd off his Bed with his drawn Sword; and, making toward the Door, juſt as the Officer open'd it, he run him into the Heart. By which Miſtake, he himſelf, and the Troops that were in the Town with him, had like to have fallen into the Hands of the *Bavarians*. But, receiving Notice of their Approach accidentally by ſome other means, he withdrew his Troops out of the Town by a contrary Road, and eſcaped the Purſuit of his Enemies.

This

This Victory has given new Courage to the *Imperialiſts*; and has not much diſpirited the *French*, who are by this Loſs, enflamed with greater Ardors, meditating a ſpeedy Revenge. The *Genius* of this *Court*, ſeems to be undaunted, breathing Nothing but War.

I ſhall not fail to ſend thee ſuch Intelligence, as will demonſtrate, That *Mahmut* paſſes not away his Time in vain.

I pray the *Sovereign* of as many *Empires*, as there be *Worlds*, to diſtinguiſh thee, by ſome particular Mark of his Favour, from the Crowd of thoſe he makes Happy.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER V.

To Shaſhim Iſtham, *a* Black Eunuch.

AT length thou haſt condeſcended to beg my Pardon, for the Calumnies thy Tongue has loaded me with. I am not ill pleaſed with thy Letter. It abounds with elegant Expreſſions of thy Sorrow, for an Offence to which thou hadſt no Provocation. Thy Submiſſion, tho' late, abates my Reſentment; and, if thou performeſt thy Promiſe, 'tis baniſh'd. The firſt Crime ſo ingenuouſly

nuouſly acknowledg'd, claims a Title to Forgiveneſs: Let Eternal Oblivion ſeal it. I am not by Nature revengeful. I rather bluſh for Shame, than grow pale with Anger, at him that injures me. Yet, Self-Preſervation will rouze our Choler; which is the moſt active Humour, and precipitates many to violent Courſes. The Effect it has on me, is, to put me on my Guard, leaſt he who has wrong'd me, without any Signs of Repentance, ſhould continue his Malice to my Deſtruction. But, thou haſt diſpers'd all my Suſpicions, by thy ſeaſonable Addreſs; and, if I cannot pronounce thee Innocent, I will believe thou art not Incorrigible. The beſt Advice I can give thee, is, henceforwards to attend to thy own Affairs, and refrain from thoſe of others; remembring the *Arabian* Proverb, *He that peeps in at his Neighbour's Window, may chance to loſe his Eyes.* There is a great deal of Wiſdom couch'd in theſe ſhort Sentences. They are not the Product of *one* Man's Experience, nor of a *few*; but, they are the Reſult of *Univerſal* Obſervation. And our Country has been happy above others in the choice of her *Proverbs.* This that I mention'd is peculiar to the *Eaſt*: Yet, I can produce an Inſtance, whereby 'twas lately verified in the *Weſt*.

There is hardly a Night paſſes in this Populous City, wherein ſome Murder is not committed in the Streets. Two Nights ago, a Man was found dead on the Ground, whereupon a Tumult was gathered about his Bleeding

Bleeding Carkaſe. Among the reſt, a Fellow came crowding in, inquiſitive what ſhould be the Matter. Thoſe who ſtood by, beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not ſenſible of himſelf, ſeized on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks encreaſed their Jealouſie; and, the incoherent Words with which he endeavour'd to excuſe himſelf, rendred him Guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a *Cadi*, by whom he was ſtrictly examin'd: He ſtoutly deny'd the Fact; and, no Proof could be brought againſt him, but his ſtained Cloaths. 'Tis the Cuſtom here, to put to the Torture, Perſons ſuſpected of Capital Crimes, in Order to draw a Confeſſion of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch; and, in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledg'd, he had kill'd his Wife that Evening, but was altogether Innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was Murder'd in the Streets. All the Torments they inflicted, could force no other Confeſſion from him, ſave that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which, he was condemned to Death, according to the Laws. Thou ſeeſt by this, that had he gone about his Buſineſs, without prying into other Mens Matters, he might have eſcap'd a Diſcovery. But, that medling Itch of the Imprudent, betray'd him (not without the particular Direction of *Fate*) to a Death, which indeed he merited, but not on the Score of the murder'd Man, whom he went out of his Way to ſee.

Thou

Thou wilt ſay, this Story is not applicable to thy Caſe; ſince, thou haſt never yet embru'd thy Hands in any Man's Blood. I tell thee, what I have ſaid, was not deſign'd as a Reflection on thy paſt Offence (let it be forgotten); but, as a Caution for the future, not to engage thy ſelf, in Matters out of thy Sphere. For, a buſie Body, is never without Trouble.

Above all, I counſel thee, to practiſe the Government of the Tongue, which is a great Vertue, eſpecially in the *Courts* of *Princes*. The *Arabians* ſay, *That a Wiſe Man's Soul, repoſes at the Root of his Tongue; but, a Fool's is ever dancing on the Tip.*

Thou haſt no Reaſon to take in ill Part, the Freedom with which I adviſe thee for thy Good: unleſs, thou thinkeſt thy ſelf too Old to learn. But, I have a better Opinion of thee, than to rank thee among *Pythagoras*'s Aſſes.

I have ſaid enough for a Friend; too much for an Enemy. It is in thy own Choice to make me which thou pleaſeſt. Adieu.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Zelim *of* Rhodes, Captain *of a* Gally.

THOU haſt never vouchſafed to acknowledge the Advice I ſent thee ſome Years ago, of a *Chriſtian*'s Deſign againſt thy Life. Perhaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge in Execution that Way; and therefore, the Caution I gave thee look'd like a falſe Alarm. Thou truſteſt in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Veſſel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy *Slaves*, and thinkeſt thy ſelf invulnerable. But, let me tell thee, That neither thy Courage, nor thy Veſſel, can defend thee from the *Stroke* of *Deſtiny*; and thou haſt no greater Enemies than thoſe who eat thy Bread. Whether it be, the Continuance of thy Cruelty; or, the Natural Regret of Servitude has rend'red them ſo, I know not; but, if what I am inform'd of be true, thou art the miſerableſt Man in the World. Wert thou only in danger to loſe thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the ſwift Effects of Poiſon, it would be a Happineſs, in Compariſon of the Method that is now taken to deſtroy thee: And, the Inviſible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a *Prayer-Book*, would have been ſoft as the Stroke of *Cupid*'s Arrow, in Reſpect

ſpect of the *Tragical* and *Unheard-of Fate*, which is now preparing for thee. Think not I go about to amuſe, or, affright thee with *Chimæra's* and *Tales*, ſuch as Nurſes uſe to awe their Children into Compliance and good Manners. * What I tell thee, is Matter of Fact; and, confirm'd by many Letters from *Italy*, to ſeveral eminent *Merchants* in *Paris*. I have ſeen ſome of them, and hear that the reſt agree in the ſame Relation.

They give an Account, That at *Naples*, on the Second of the laſt *Moon*, Three *Witches* were ſeized, and accuſed of practiſing *Diabolical Arts*; of enchanting ſeveral Perſons; of doing great Miſchief; and, in fine, of having private Commerce with the *Devil*. They ſtoutly denied all at firſt, and made very ſubtle and plauſible Apologies. Inſomuch, as the *Inquiſitors* were almoſt perſuaded of their Innocence; till it was ſuggeſted, That their Houſes ſhould be ſearch'd. *Officers* were ſent accordingly: who, after a narrow Scrutiny, found ſome *Magical* Books, ſeveral Vials of ſtrange Liquors, Pots of Ointment, with an *Image* of *Wax*, reſembling a Man, but partly melted. There were imprinted on the Breaſt of the *Image*, ſeveral unknown Characters, Figures and *Magical* Symbols; And, on the Forehead was to be read, *ZELIM EBEN SAGRAN*. All theſe were brought, and expoſed before the *Inquiſitors* (of whoſe *Office* thou art not ignorant.) Great Deliberation was had, about this unuſual Emergency. The *Imaums* and

and *Cheiks*, were ſent for and conſulted. The *Witches* were examined apart; and put to the Torture, as is the Cuſtom in Capital Crimes. Admirable was their Conſtancy for a conſiderable Time; but, at length, overcome by the Continuance and Sharpneſs of their Pains, they confeſs'd, They had for ſome Years practis'd *Margick Arts*, convers'd with *Familiar Spirits*, rais'd Tempeſts, Earthquakes, and done other wicked Feats. Being examin'd about the *Image* of *Wax*, they declar'd, That it was the *Image* of a *Turkiſh Captain* of a *Gally*, whoſe Name was written on the Forehead: And, that they were hired, by certain *Italians*, who had been *Slaves* in the *Gally* of the ſaid *Captain*, to bewitch him to Death, in the moſt lingring Method they could invent: That, in Order to this, they had made this *Image*; That every Night they met together, with a *Fourth* of their Gang, (who was not to be found) and made a Fire of the *Bones* of *Dead Men*, which they ſtole from the *Graves* and *Charnel-Houſes*: That they laid this *Image* down at a convenient Diſtance, before this Fire, repeating certain *Magical Words* and *Charms*; and, as this *Image* gradually melted, ſo the Body of the ſaid *Turkiſh Captain*, did inſenſibly waſte and decay. And, to add to his lingring Death an intolerable Torment, they baſted the melting *Image*, with the Oyls and other Liquors, which were contain'd in the Vials and Pots: That, by this Means, he was per-

perpetually rack'd with moſt pungent and acute Pains in his Bowels, Head, and all Parts of his Body; raging under moſt violent Fevers, inſatiable Thirſt, and Want of Sleep. Finally, That this lingring Kind of Death would continue, as long as they pleas'd to protract the Diſſolution of the *Waxen Image*.

This *Confeſſion*, though extorted from the *Witches* in the Midſt of inſufferable Torments, yet was delivered without any Inconſiſtencies, and with all the Demonſtrations of a real Penitence. And, being ſeconded with the Teſtimonies of many Credible Witneſſes, who had overſeen them in ſome of their *Nocturnal Ceremonies*; the *Inquiſitors*, moved with a juſt Horror of ſo nefandous Abominations, ſentenc'd them, *To be burnt, and their Aſhes to be ſcatter'd into the Sea.* Which was accordingly executed, on the Sixth of the laſt *Moon*, in the Preſence of infinite Spectators.

The News of this Extraordinary Event, is freſh in the Mouths of almoſt all the Inhabitants of this City; Yet, no Man, I dare ſay, hears it with that Concern for the *Turkiſh Captain*, as I do. Even thoſe among the *Chriſtians* who abhorr *Witchcraft*, would nevertheleſs rejoice, if not only thou, but all the *Muſſulmans* were deſtroyed with *Enchantments*; ſince, they can never hope, it will come to paſs by the Succeſs of their Arms.

I am

I am not credulous of every Story that is related of *Witches*, being ſatisfy'd, That *Superſtition* and *Ignorance*, has liſted many in that *Infernal* Number, who were Innocent and never deſerv'd it: Some having been forc'd, by Racks and Tortures, to confeſs themſelves Guilty of practiſing *Enchantments*; when, after their Execution, there have appear'd evident Proofs to the contrary. Yet, I cannot be ſure, but that there have been ſome in all Ages and Nations, who have entred into Leagues and Aſſociations with *Devils*, and have been enabled thereby, to perform Things above the Power of *Nature*. However, I have a Particular Deſire to hear from thee, and to be inform'd, Whether thou haſt experienc'd the Effect of their *Enchantments*. If thou haſt not, bleſs thy Stars, that thou wert born and bred a *Muſſulman*, againſt whom the *Magick* of the *Infidels* cannot prevail; and, that thou haſt ſwallow'd the *Impreſſion* of *Mahomet's Seal*, which is of Force to diſſolve and make invalid, all the *Charms* of *Men* and *Devils*. But, if thou haſt felt the Force of their *Enchantments*, and pineſt away with unaccountable Pains and Langours; then, think with thy ſelf, That thou art defective in keeping ſome *Point* of our *Holy Law*; That *Mahomet* is angry with thee, withdraws his Protection, and expoſes thee to the Malice of *Evil Spirits*. Neither perſuade thy ſelf, That becauſe the *Three Witches* are put to Death, thou ſhalt preſently recover thy former Health and Eaſe again:

For, ſo long as there is a *Fourth* living; and out of the Reach of *Juſtice*, thou art not ſafe. Nay, if ſhe were taken and executed too; ſo long as thy Enemies are yet alive, who firſt employ'd theſe *Hags*, thou art ſtill at their Mercy. They will ſearch every Corner of *Italy*, and of all *Europe*, but they will find Inſtruments of their Revenge. They will rummage *Hell* it ſelf, to gratifie their Fury. The beſt Counſel I can give thee in this Caſe, is, To pacifie thine Enemies, by extraordinary Acts of Civility to the *Chriſtians*, where-ever thou meeteſt them; by uſing thy *Slaves* mildly, and giving them their Freedom, after a limited Time of Service; without exacting a Ranſom, which neither they, nor their Relations and Friends can ever be able to pay. This will abate the Rancour of the *Infidels*, and turn their Revenge into Kindneſs and Love. Thou wilt every where be free from Dangers; and, thoſe very Perſons, who now ſtudy all Means to take away thy Life, will then hazard their own to preſerve thee from Death.

Think not, that I go about to perſuade thee to change Temper with thy *Slaves*, and, from the Reſolution and Bravery of a *True Muſſulman*, to ſink into the abject Timorouſneſs of a *Chriſtian*. Be fearful only of *thy ſelf*, and ſtand in Awe of none more than of thy *own Conſcience*. There is a *Cato* in every Man, a *ſevere Cenſor* of his *Manners*; and, he that reverences this *Judge*, will ſeldom do any Thing he need to repent of.

Let

Let not the *Authority* of thy *Station*, tempt thee to be Cruel or Unjuſt; but, in all Things, *Do as thou wouldſt be done unto.* This is a *Precept* engraven on every Man's Heart; and, he whoſe Actions write after this Copy, will always be at *eaſe here*, and tranſcendently *happy hereafter.* Follow this *Rule*, and thou wilt experience the *Effect.* Adieu.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 9th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VII.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

IF One may judge of future Events, by applying to them the Symptoms of Things paſt; and, if a Man may compare one Kingdom with another; I ſhould think, that *France* will in Time extend the *Limits* of her *Empire*, as far as any of the *Four Great Monarchies*, that have been recorded in *Hiſtories* for their *Univerſal* Sway. I will not ſay, as far as the wide-ſtretch'd *Empire* of the ever-victorious *Oſmans*: Yet, the *Genius* of this Nation, ſeems in ſome Manner to inſpire the *French* with as ardent a Thirſt of Glory and Conqueſt, as that which has in all Ages, appear'd to be the *Inſeparable Vertue* of the *Muſſulmans.* They preſs forward to the

Mark, for which they take up Arms; that is, to ſubdue all before them, and lay Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities at the Feet of their *Sovereign*. They are not diſcourag'd at Difficulties and Loſſes. The Checks and Oppoſitions they meet with, do but animate them with new and freſh Vigors. So that it is become a ſure Prognoſtick of ſome great Succeſs to that Nation, when at any Time they receive ill News from their Armies. In this, their Courage ſeems to be of the Quality of *Naptha*; which, by pouring on of Water, takes Fire; although, thou knoweſt, theſe Two *Elements* be Contrary to each other. So, this Warlike People, inſtead of being dejected, or made timorous by any Defeat given to their Armies, are rather inflam'd with more active and valiant Reſolutions; as will appear, by the Repulſe given them by the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, not many *Moons* ago.

As ſoon as that News arrived in this City, one would have expected to have ſeen ſome Tokens of Fear in the People; but, it wrought a contrary Effect. No Tears of Women and Children, no compaſſionate Sighs for their ſlain Husbands, Fathers or other Relations; no down-caſt Looks, or ominous ſhaking of Heads; no melancholy Whiſpers or portentous Stories, were murmur'd in the Ears of the Multitude: But, all Things appear'd lively and proſperous; the very Women exciting the Young Men to liſt themſelves Soldiers, and the Boys in the Streets making

all

all their Paſtime conſiſt, in imitating the *Men* of *Arms*, and learning the *Diſcipline* of *War*. There was no need, to force Men to the Field. No ſooner was the King's Intention to raiſe New Forces divulg'd in the *Provinces*, but Thouſands came voluntarily and took up Arms; chuſing rather to ſeek Honourable Deaths in the Toils and Hazards of War, than to lead Inglorious Lives at Home, in the ſoft Enjoyments of Peace.

Theſe Things appear'd to me, as certain Preſages of the Riſing Greatneſs of this *Monarchy*, and an Evident Sign, that the *French* Nation in this Age, ſhall out-do their *Anceſtors* in *Warlike Deeds*.

The Stage of that Bloody Combat, between the Forces of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, and thoſe under the Command of *Mareſchal Turenne*, was *Mergentheim*. Since which, there has been a more fierce Encounter between the *French* and *Imperialiſts* at *Allerſheim*. Wherein the former, have recover'd the Honour they ſeem'd to have loſt in the *Spring*, owing much to the Bravery of the *Landgrave* of *Heſs-Caſſel*; who, with his Regiments, had a conſiderable Share in the Actions of this Day; and therefore, has been preſented with Magnificent Gifts by the *Queen-Regent*. The *Bavarians* loſt in this Battel, above Two Thouſand Common Soldiers, beſides many Officers of Note. On the *French* Side, the *Duke* of *Enguien* (who had newly join'd his Forces to thoſe of *Turenne*) was wounded in the Arm, with Two

other Commanders. *Monſieur Grammond* was taken Priſoner; but, honourably treated and ſent away with Preſents by the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, together with Inſtructions about a Neutrality; who is exchang'd for a *German* of equal Quality. The *French* have alſo loſt in this Battle, above a Thouſand of the Common Soldiers; ſo that their Victory coſt them dear.

The *Duke* of *Enguien*, notwithſtanding his Wounds, marches on the next Day with his Army to *Norlinghen*, offering to that Town a Neutrality, and Liberty for the Garriſon to march out, which conſiſted of Three Hundred *Bavarians*. But, receiving a fierce Anſwer from the *Governor*, he cauſed the Approaches to be made in Order to an Aſſault, which was begun that very Night, and a Breach made in the Walls; upon which, the Inhabitants were forc'd to intercede with the *Duke*, that there might be a Ceſſation of Violence till the next Morning, promiſing, that then the Soldiers ſhould ſurrender at Diſcretion; which was done accordingly.

There he tarried Eight Days, to refreſh his Army. Then he marched to *Dunkenſpule*, which was defended by a Garriſon of Five Hundred *Bavarians*. He took this Place by Storm, yet gave Quarter to the Soldiers, who laid down their Arms, and yielded themſelves Priſoners. Leaving a Garriſon of Three Hundred *French* in the Town, he remov'd his Forces toward *Heilbrun*. But, in regard this Place was defended by Fifteen Hundred

Hundred Men, he forbore to aſſault it, and only Quarter'd his Army in the Neighbouring Villages.

Since that Time, which was about the Middle of the laſt *Moon*, there has been no conſiderable Action between the *French* and the *Germans*. Yet, thoſe who pretend to be vers'd in *Military* Affairs, laugh at the ill Conduct of the Arch-*Duke Leopold*; who, when he had the *French* ſhut up in a Narrow *Streight*, through which it was impoſſible for them to paſs, but by ſingle Files, neglected that Opportunity to cut them off; deferring the Victory (whereof he was too ſecure) till the next Day, by Reaſon of the preſent Wearineſs of his Soldiers. In the mean Time *Turenne*, with his whole Army, paſs'd the *Streight* in the Dead of the Night, and came to *Philipsburgh*.

This Overſight of the *General*, is much talk'd of; becauſe, had he purſu'd his Advantage, he had not only entirely defeated the *French*, but, in all Probability, falling with the whole Force of the *Empire* on the *Suedes*, he had likewiſe vanquiſh'd them, and ſo put an End to the War. But, it ſeems, as if the *Inſcrutable Providence* had determin'd to infatuate the Minds of the *Germans*, and reſerve thoſe Two Potent Nations, their Enemies, to be a farther Scourge to the *Empire*.

Adieu, *Great Guardian* of the *Eternal Monarchy*, and believe *Mahmut*, when he ſolemnly ſwears by *Mount Sinai*, and by the

Tenth Night of the *Moon*, that he adores thy conſummate Virtue and Wiſdom, which never fail thee in Extremities.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician *at* Conſtantinople.

I Am weary of writing News of Battles and Sieges to the *Grandees*; and, I know, thou ſeldom troubleſt thy ſelf with the Care of Foreign Tranſactions. Beſides, I have no certain Intelligence of Moment to communicate. But, I can acquaint thee with ſomething more agreeable to thy Studies and *Genius*.

Here is a Man in this City, who was not born Blind, but by ſome ill Hap loſt the Uſe of his Eyes. Yet, *Nature* ſeems to have recompens'd that Misfortune, in the Exquiſiteneſs of his *Feeling*. Thou wouldſt ſay, he carried Eyes in his Fingers Ends; ſince he diſtinguiſhes thoſe Things by his *Touch*, which are the only proper Objects of *Sight*. Believe me, I think there can be no Deceit or Confederacy, whereby he might blind others,

thers, inſtead of being ſo himſelf. I ſaw him muffled up with a Napkin which cover'd all his Face, when divers Pieces of *Eaſtern* Silks of various Colours, were laid on a Table before him. He felt them attentively, and told us the Colour of each Piece exactly. I, who was never over-credulous of extraordinary Pretences, ſuſpecting that either the Fineneſs of the Linen which veil'd his Face, might give him ſome Glimpſe of the different Colours; or, that ſome By-ſtander, with appointed Signs, might inform him; caus'd all the Company to withdraw, except a Learned *Derviſe*, who was intimate with me. We threw a thick Velvet-Mantle over his Face, which reached down to his Navel, girding it about his Waſte, ſo as to leave his Arms at Liberty. Then I procur'd ſmall Shreds of Silks, ſuch as I could conceal in the Palm of my Hand: Theſe I caus'd him to touch with his Fingers, brought up as high as his Chin, ſo that 'twas impoſſible for him to ſee them, had he had the Uſe of his Eyes: Yet, he made not the leaſt Miſtake in Five ſeveral Colours. We chang'd the Order of the Silks, and ſometimes gave him the ſame Piece Four or Five Times together; yet, as ſoon as he had felt it, he readily told us, 'Twas the ſame Colour.

I tell thee, O learned *Hali*, ſuch an uncommon Experiment, afforded me Matter both of Delight and Wonder. I concluded from hence, That *Nature* is no Niggard in her Gifts, but ſupplies the Defects of one Sence,

Sence, by the ſuperabundant Accuracy of another. We ask'd this blind Perſon, by what Diſtinction he thus knew one Colour from another, without the Help of his Eyes. He was not able to expreſs the particular Manner of this diſcriminating Senſation; but, only told us in General, That he felt as much Difference between the *Red* Silk and *Black*, as he had formerly done during the Enjoyment of his Eye-Sight, between the *Silks* of *Perſia*, and the *fine Linen* of *Europe*: Which, thou knoweſt, are as different to the Touch, as fine Paper and Vellum.

Thou that daily pryeſt into the Faculties of Humane Bodies, art beſt able to judge, Whether this Man's Excellency, lay in the Tenuity and Fineneſs of his Skin, the Subtlety of his Spirits, or ſome unuſual powerful, yet delicate Energy of his Soul; or, whether it conſiſted in all theſe together.

The *Derviſe* who was with me, ſeemed not much to admire at this rare Quality of the Blind Man: Telling me moreover, That about Ten Years ago, in his Travels, he had ſeen a Blind *Statuary* at *Florence*, who undertook to make the Reſemblance of an *Image*, in the Chief *Temple* of that City; which he finiſh'd ſo much to the Life, that his Work could no otherwiſe be diſtinguiſh'd from the Original, than by the difference of the Materials, *that* being Alabaſter, *his* white Clay; which he ſo temper'd and moulded with his Fingers, as he continually felt of the other, that no Lineament was left unexpreſs'd.

Indeed,

Indeed, when I reflected on our *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*, and the unaccountable Sagacity with which they apprehend thoſe Words which they never heard, I ceas'd to be ſurpriz'd at what I had ſeen the Blind Man perform, or what the *Derviſe* had ſaid of the *Statuary*. I remember in *Sultan Amurath*'s Time, there was a *Mute*, in whom the *Grand Signior* took infinite Delight. For, Beſides a Thouſand pretty Geſtures and Tricks, with which ſhe us'd to divert that *Prince*, he often made her his *Secretary*, employing her in Writing Letters to his *Baſſa's* and others, whilſt he dictated to her by Signs. Although ſhe could never receive the Sound of Words, nor utter any that were articulate; Yet, I have ſeen her tranſcribe a whole *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, containing a Hundred and Seventy *Verſicles*, in as fine a Character, as the moſt celebrated *Scribes* of the *Empire*; and, when ſhe had done, would explain what ſhe had thus written, by Signs, which made it evident, that ſhe perfectly underſtood the *Alcoran*.

Theſe are rare Gifts, my Friend; yet, were all the *Mutes* educated, with as much Diligence and Care as was *Saqueda* (ſo was ſhe call'd) 'tis poſſible, they would attain to greater Perfection. I have been told, That her *Tutor*, one of the Learned'ſt Men in *Arabia*, beſtowed Twenty Years in teaching her this Method of Reading, Underſtanding and Writing.

This

This puts me in mind of a Man, who was bred a *Mahometan*, but being taken Captive by the *French*, embrac'd their Religion, not in his Heart, but only in outward Profeſſion. When I firſt came to *Paris*, I fell into his Company by Accident, and underſtanding that he was an *African*, I deſired to ask him ſome Queſtions; but, he was Deaf, ſo that I had almoſt laid aſide my Hopes of converſing with him; till perceiving that he mov'd his Lips, and open'd his Mouth as one that was Talking, I offer'd him Pen, Ink and Paper; making Signs to him, that I would gladly know his Mind in Writing. He accordingly writ in *Moreſco*, That he was ſtruck Deaf and Dumb about Eighteen Years ſince; telling me alſo, the Place of his Nativity, and how he came hither. I took the Pen; and, in the ſame Language, expreſs'd my Compaſſion of his Misfortunes. When he ſaw that I underſtood *Moreſco*, he writ again, ſignifying to me, That if I open'd my Mouth wide at the Pronouncing of every Syllable, he could underſtand my Meaning by the Poſture of my Lips and Tongue. I found his Words true, to my no ſmall Admiration; for, he would write down what I had ſaid. We convers'd together often; and, at Length I procur'd his Eſcape, in the Retinue of a *Chiaus*, that was returning from hence to *Conſtantinople*.

I beſeech the *Wiſe Architect* of *Nature*, and *Repairer* of *Humane Defects*, either to continue

continue to us the Uſe of our Sences, or to ſupply that Want, by ſome Superlative Endowments of the Mind.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER IX.

To Uſeph Baſſa.

THOU wilt ſay, I am unmindful of my Duty, in not Congratulating thy *New Honour* before this; and, that I forget the good Offices which formerly paſs'd between us in the *Seraglio*. I tell thee, my Obligations are infinite, not only to thee, but to many others of my Friends at the *Port*: It is impoſſible for me, to acquit my ſelf of ſo many Engagements. As for the *Dignity* to which the *Sultan* has rais'd thee, I receiv'd the firſt News of it within theſe Fourteen Days. And, I dare affirm, That none of thy Friends, or of thoſe whoſe Dependance is on thee, could with greater Complacency, behold thee Veſted by our Moſt *Auguſt Emperour*, than I read the Letter which conveyed to me this welcome Intelligence.

Long mayſt thou Live, to enjoy the Bleſſings which thy Good Fortune has heap'd on thee. Yet, I counſel thee to enjoy them

them ſo, as not to forget thou muſt die. Let not the *Grandeur* of thy *Station*, render thee proud and wilful: But remember, when thou art ſurrounded with a Crown of adoring Suppliants, That *Death* ſhall level thee with the *Meaneſt* of thy *Slaves*. Thus, the Ancient *Philoſophers*, ſpar'd not to perform the Office of Monitors, to their *Kings* and *Princes*: and, I hope, thou wilt not take in ill Part, the wholeſome Advice of *Mahmut*, who diſcovers a Temper void of Hypocriſie, in the Freedom he aſſumes. If thou giveſt Ear to Flatterers, they will complement thee to thy Ruine; and, when thou art on the Brink of a Precipice, they will perſuade thee there is no Danger, though, if thou goeſt on, they know thy Fall is inevitable. They will pride themſelves in the Dexterity of their Malice, and inſult over thee with ſcornful *Sarcaſms*, whom not long ago they idoliz'd.

The Eminent Command thou haſt, requires thy frequent Preſence in the *Sovereign Divan*: And, that thou mayſt not ſit there, only as an Auditor of other Mens Counſels, and incapable of making one in the Number of thoſe, who become Remarkable by their Orations, or Reports of Foreign Events; I will now entertain thee with ſome Paſſages, which have happen'd in *Europe* ſince the Beginning of this Year, whereof the other *Baſſa's* may poſſibly be ignorant.

The *Diet* of *Francfort*, which had continued for Three Years, was diſſolv'd on the

12*th.*

12*th.* of the 4*th. Moon.* This may be known at the *Port*, while they remain Strangers to the Reaſon of it. There are a Sort of *Chriſtians* in *Germany*, whom they call *Evangelicks*. Theſe are oppoſite to the *Roman Church*, both in *Religion* and *Intereſt*; and, their Cauſe is chiefly eſpous'd, by the *Dukes* of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*. It was to comply with theſe, that an *Aſſembly* was appointed at *Oſnaburgh*; but the *Emperour* and the *Catholicks*, were either for continuing that at *Francfort*, or tranſlating it to *Munſter*. While the contending Parties, were bickering and ſtriving to gain their ſeveral Ends, the *Deputy* of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, tired out with ſuch intolerable Delays, departed from *Francfort*; whom, the Reſt of the *Deputies* follow'd. And, this thou mayſt report, for the true Occaſion of the *Diſſolution* of that *Diet*.

Thus, at the Beginning of the Year, the Diſputes which theſe *Infidels* rais'd about Safe Conduct, Exactneſs of Titles, Priority of Addreſs, and many other vain *Punctilio's*, hindred them from coming to any Concluſion about a *Peace*, which was the Principal Cauſe of their Aſſembling. And, this is a Folly peculiar to the *Nazarenes*, That in all *Publick Aſſemblies*, the very Strength and Vitals of their Counſels, are ſpent in a vain adjuſting of *empty Ceremonies*.

It is credibly reported here, That the King of *Poland*, earneſtly ſollicits a Match with Queen *Chriſtina* of *Suedeland*. It ſeems, he had

had formerly ſent an *Ambaſſador* on that Subject, to the *Swediſh Court*; but, he return'd without any poſitive Anſwer, or effecting any Thing in it. In the Second *Moon* of this Year, that Queen ſent an *Ambaſſador*, to give the King of *Poland* an Account, that ſhe had taken the *Government* upon Her. While he tarried in the *Poliſh Court*, there were not wanting ſuch, as by the King's Order, ſifted his Inclination, in Reference to this Affair. It was propoſed to him, That this *Match* would be a happy Occaſion, to Unite the Two *Kingdoms* in a firm and durable *League*; That the *Evangelicks* in *Poland*, would be much eas'd thereby; That *Uladiſlaus*, was not much decay'd in his Natural Vigour; That *Suedeland* might in the mean while, be govern'd by the *Council*. With many other Propoſals and Encouragements to this Purpoſe: Among which, I muſt not omit, that it was ſuggeſted, How eaſie 'twould be for Two ſuch Potent *Crowns* in *Conjunction*, not only to humble the *Germans*, but alſo to put a ſtop to the Victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*. But, all this came to Nothing; that wary Queen ſuſpecting that there was a deeper Deſign in the Courtſhip of this Old Fox: And, that by ſuch a *Match*, the *Kingdom* of *Suedeland*, in Default of the *Iſſue-Royal*, might be ſubjected to a *Foreign Crown*.

However, it is eaſie to apprehend from this, That if the *Poles* maintain at Preſent their Accord with the *Sublime Port*, 'tis for want

want of Strength to break it; and, that they only wait an Opportunity, to make ſome Potent and Firm *Alliance*, which may ſecond the Deſigns formed by that *Court*, againſt the *Firſt Throne* on *Earth*, whereof thou art One of the *Principal Pillars*.

Remain firm in thy *Station*; and, let neither the Tempeſts of War, nor the Convulſions of State, which are the too frequent Products of Peace, ſhake thy Conſtancy. But, above all, ſuffer not thy *Integrity*, which is the *Baſis* of all *Virtues*, to be undermin'd by *Bribes*.

If thou followeſt this Counſel, *God* and his *Prophet* ſhall Eſtabliſh thee, all Men will Honour thee, thy *Sovereign* ſhall Exalt thee; and, *Mahmut* will rejoice, to ſee thee in Time become the *Atlas* of the *Eternal Empire*.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Ikingi Cap' Oglani, Præceptor *to the* Royal Pages *of the* Seraglio.

THERE is a vaſt Difference between thy Letter, and that of *Shaſhim Iſthan*. He, is Eloquent in the Acknowledgment of his Crime; thou, Rhetorical in thy own Juſtification. Thou haſt plunder'd *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, and robb'd 'em of all the *Flowers* and *Tropes* of *Oratory*, to dreſs up a faint, liveleſs Excuſe. Such an artificial Apology, inſtead of cancelling, heightens thy Offence. It might have procur'd thee the Applauſe of the *Academy*; but, it comes ſhort of giving me Satisfaction, for the Injuries I have receiv'd at thy Hands. I have Reaſon to eſteem them ſuch, becauſe ſo deſign'd, although they took no Effect. For, Wrongs of this Kind, ought to be meaſur'd by the Intention of the Author, not by their Succeſs. The *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, will hardly be prevail'd on to ſuſpect *Mahmut*, who has given Subſtantial Proofs of his Fidelity.

Tell me, in the Name of *God* and *Mahomet*, what was the Motive that induced thee to ſlander me? Wherein have I merited this Perſecution at thy Hands? It could not be

be Revenge, becauſe I never gave thee Occaſion: unleſs thou ſtill retaineſt a Grudge, on the Score of my ſtudying in the *Academies*; and, that at my Return from *Palermo*, thou wert not able to expoſe me, in the Preſence of the *Mufti*, in any Point of Language or Learning. But, I had rather charitably believe, 'twas thy Ambition not thy Malice, which gave Birth to thoſe Calumnies thou haſt vented againſt me. Thou envieſt me the Honour of ſerving the *Grand Signior* in this Station, thinking thy ſelf capable of diſcharging this Office more ſucceſsfully than *Mahmut*. I cenſure not thy Abilities; but, I think 'tis beſt for every Man to be content with his own Condition, ſince *Deſtiny* diſtributes the Employments of the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

Thou art Maſter of the *French* Tongue; but, doſt thou think that a complete Qualification for a Man in my Poſt? Art thou fit to converſe in the *Court* of a *Foreign Prince*, who canſt not govern thy Tongue in *that* of thy *Native Sovereign*? Thou art yet to learn a *Courtier's* Maſter-piece, which is, To diſſemble even the neceſſary Art of Diſſimulation. That is, as the *Arabians* ſay, *To have a Veil upon a Veil*; or, as the *Italians*, *To have a Mask with a Natural Face on the Outſide*. Thou art ſo far from this, that thou canſt not yet draw perfectly the firſt rough Strokes of a Counterfeit.

To

To ſpeak plain, hadſt thou by an Artificial feigning of Friendſhip to me, made Way to inſinuate thy Story into the Belief of the *Grandees*, thou might'ſt have prais'd me to my Ruine. But to go bluntly to Work, without preventive *Encomiums*, diſcover'd at once the Weakneſs of thy Judgment, and the Strength of thy Paſſion; giving the *Miniſters* Occaſion to think, There was leſs of Truth, than of Deſign in thy Accuſations.

For the Future I adviſe thee, to mind thy Books and Scholars, and meddle not with *Mahmut*, whoſe Buſineſs is, to ſtudy Men. Adieu.

Paris, 5th *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of* State.

WITH extream Joy I have received the certain News of the taking of *Canea*, by the Invincible *Ottoman* Arms.

I muſt confeſs, when I firſt apprehended the Intentions of *Sultan Ibrahim*, to make War with the *Republick* of *Venice*, I was apt

to

to hearken to ſome thinking Men in this *Court*; who, making their Obſervations, of the *Sultan's* indulging himſelf in Female Pleaſures, conjectured from thence (as by a Common Rule) that he would not have diſcovered ſuch a Martial and Active Spirit, in aſſerting the Honour of the *Ottoman Empire*. His dext'rous concealing his Deſigns, even to the very Execution of them, has ſtruck a Damp into all the *Courts* in *Europe*; inſomuch, as *Cardinal Mazarini*, this Day told the *Queen-Regent*, That he doubted, leſt *Sultan Ibrahim* would prove another *Junius Brutus*, who, being the *Nephew* of *Tarquin*, One of the *Primitive Kings* of *Rome*, for ſome Years, counterfeited an extraordinary Simplicity and Weakneſs of Spirit: but, having privately ſecured a Faction to his own Intereſts, by Popular Arts; he, to gain the *Sovereignty*, chang'd the *Form* of *Government*; procur'd himſelf to be made *Conſul*, and diſcovered a *Genius*, ſurpaſſing in Policy and mature Judgment, all his Predeceſſors.

Though the *Cardinal's* Compariſon, be diſproportionate to the *Grandeur* of the *Sovereign Emperor* of the *World*; who cannot, without a vaſt Injury, be poſt-pon'd in Virtue, Wiſdom or Power, as a *Second* or *Imitator* of any *Prince* upon *Earth*: Yet, the Character holds good in the Main, That he has timely and maturely diſſembled, the moſt Sublime Abilities and Endowments a *Sovereign Prince* is capable of, rendring there-

by

by his Enemies ſecure and careleſs; till at length, all thoſe Illuſtrious Attributes exert themſelves on a ſuddain, breaking forth like the *Sun* from an *Eclipſe*; at once dazling the aſtoniſh'd World, and ſurprizing the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*, in the Slumbers which proceeded from the Contempt of his *Sacred Majeſty*.

I thought indeed once, that the *Venetians* would have been in a Condition to have fac'd the *Ottoman Navy*, and diſputed their farther Progreſs on the Seas. I expected no leſs, than that they would have made ſome huffing Attempts on the *Iſles* of the *Archipelago*? that they would have enter'd the *Helleſpont*, brav'd the *Dardanels*, and ſailing forward, would have block'd up the *Ottoman Navy* in the *Propontis*, or driven them into the *Euxine* Sea for Shelter. And, who could have thought otherwiſe, had they been provided for a War? But, our Sage *Emperor*, by Secrecy, which is the very Soul of all great Undertakings, has anticipated their very Fears, and leap'd upon the Prey, while the Keepers were aſleep.

Had the *Chriſtian Princes* and *States*, laid aſide their Private *Punctilio's* and Animoſities, when the *Venetians* firſt made their Application to them for Aſſiſtance, it might have prov'd a doubtful War. But, inſtead of generouſly Uniting their Forces in the Common Defence of *Chriſtendom*, they began to divide their Intereſts and Hearts one from another; and that, upon the vaineſt

Motives

Motives in the World; One *State* diſputing with Another, about Precedency of Poſts in the Army; which proceeded to that Height, as to fruſtrate the Main Deſign: For, the *Pope* himſelf at laſt, is forc'd to raiſe the greateſts Aids the *State* of *Venice* are like to have; joining his Galleys with theirs, and ſending a Thouſand Foot on Board, at his own Coſt.

Thus does *Divine Providence*, out of the Diſcords of *Chriſtian* Princes, draw Occaſions to enlarge the *Sacred Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*; and to ſpread the *Ottoman* Conqueſts o'er the *Weſtern* World.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XII.

To the Magnificent *and* Redoubtable Vizir Azem.

IT appears, that the *Queen* of *France* is very Indulgent to her *Generals*, having call'd Home the *Duke* of *Enguien* from the Toils of War. This *Prince* neglecting the Wounds he receiv'd in the Battel of *Allerſheim*, not many Days after, fell into a violent Fever: So that he was carried in a Horſe-Litter to *Philipsburgh*, with no ſmall

Danger of his Life. As ſoon as he recover'd his Health, he was commanded to return to *France*, and the Charge of the whole Army commited to *Mareſchal Turenne*.

Such Tenderneſs is never ſhew'd to the Invincible *Ottoman Generals*, neither would they eſteem it a Favour, but a Diſgrace. When they go to the Wars, they make no underhand Leagues with the Elements to ſpare their Bodies; but, are reſolv'd to combat with Cold, Heat, Hunger, Thirſt, and all the Hardſhips to which Soldiers are liable, as well as with the Swords of their Enemies. They take no other Armour againſt the Rigorous Froſts of a *Ruſſian* Winter, or the Scorching Sands of a *Perſian* Summer, but an Unſhaken Reſolution, an Invincible Patience, and a Mind incapable of bowing under the Worſt Misfortunes. They are not angry with the Weapons of their Adverſaries, when they carve in their Limbs the Marks of an Honour, which will far outlaſt the Pain of their Wounds; and, in their Fleſh hew deep Characters, of an Immortal Fame, and a Renown which ſhall know no Period. They are not parſimonious of their Blood, but court their Enemies to ſpill it on the Ground, from whence it will ſpring up in Lawrels and Wreaths, to crown 'em with Triumphs and Glory whilſt they live, and to ſweeten their Memory with the Praiſe of Future Generations.

Thus, Magnanimous *Vizir*, do the *Muſſulman Hero's*, the *Props* of the *Firſt Empire* manifeſt

manifeſt their Courage, in defying of Dangers and Wounds, and ſcorning to capitulate with Fortune, for Eaſe and Exemption from Death. They know, that when they march againſt the *Infidels*, 'tis in Vindication of the *Eternal Unity*: And therefore, inſtead of endeavouring to ſhun, they court a Death ſo glorious, as that which will immediately tranſport them to the *Boſom* of our *Holy Prophet*, and to the *Inexpreſſible Delights* of the *Gardens* of *Eden*. Where this Truth is firmly rooted, there is no Room for Fear to plant it ſelf. But, the Caſe is otherwiſe with *Infidels*, who blaſpheme that pureſt *Undivided Eſſence*. They aſſert and believe a *Plurality* of *Gods*, and therefore in Time of Danger, amongſt ſo many *Deities*, they know not whom to addreſs, or whom to confide in. The Apprehenſion of Death, is terrible to them, whoſe Hope is only in this Life; whoſe Conſciences are ſtained with a Thouſand Pollutions, and yet renounce the very Method of being Clean. Who not only err themſelves, but by their Evil Example and Influence, (for I ſpeak of the *Princes* and *Great Ones*) draw Innumerable after them; to taſte of the *Tree Zacon*, which grows in the *Middle* of *Hell*.

People ſpeak variouſly of the *Duke* of *Enguien's* Conduct in the Battel of *Allerſheim*. His Creatures, extoll his Valour and Expedience with *Hyperboles*: Whilſt his Enemies, endeavour to leſſen his Reputation. Some ſay he owes his Revocation to the *Queen's*

Diſlike; Others attribute it, to the extraordinary Concern ſhe has for his Health. But ſuch as would be eſteem'd the Wiſer Sort, ſay, his Return is voluntary and ſought by himſelf, ſcorning to hold his *Commiſſion* any longer at the Pleaſure of *Cardinal Mazarin*, who, 'tis thought, firſt procured him this Employment, only to have him out of the Way, and take off his Application from the *Domeſtick* Affairs of *France*. Theſe are the Diſcourſes of the People at preſent, who yet perhaps may change their Opinions before the Sun goes down. They will always be cenſuring and diſcanting on the Actions of their *Superiors*; few being willing to think their Tongues were given 'em to lie Idle. It is but a Little Member, but often does Great Miſchief by its Activity. One of the *Ancients* gave no good Character of it, when he call'd it a *Demon*. Yet, we are not bound to believe all that the *Philoſophers* ſaid. *Æſop* gave the moſt impartial Account of this Member, when he ſaid, *'twas the* Beſt *and the* Worſt. Sometimes I ſit ſilent many Hours together; not for want of Company (for, here's a Glut of that in this Populous City) nor, becauſe I know not what to ſay (for, I could ſpeak a great Deal more, than is fit for others to hear) but, that I may ſtudy with leſs Interruption, how to ſerve my *Great Maſter*. For, much talking enervates the Judgment, and evaporates the Mind into Air. Beſides, by thus practiſing Silence in Private, I learn, the Art of reſtraining my

Words in Publick, when it is requiſite to promote the Ends at which I aim. 'Tis not fit a Man in my Station, to be open and talkative; but, to diſtinguiſh Perſons and Seaſons; to underſtand the due Stops and Advances of my Tongue; ſometimes to ſay Much in a Little, at other Times to ſay Little or Nothing at all; but, ever ſo to ſpeak, as not to lay my ſelf naked to the Hearers; yet, to ſeem a very frank, open-hearted Man, in what I diſcourſe of.

I would not have thee conclude from what I have ſaid, That *Mahmut* uſes any Reſerve to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, who are *Mines* of *Science* and *Wiſdom*, and can eaſily diſcern the Heart through the moſt artificial Veil of Words. But, it is abſolutely neceſſary for me, to uſe Diſſimulation in this *Court*; ſeeming many Times Ignorant of what I really know, that I may not be thought to know more than they would have me. I was never yet ſo indiſcreet, as to publiſh any Secret that was committted to my Charge; whereby I have gained great Confidence, with Men who delight to unboſom their Intelligence. They eſteem me a Man of Integrity, and fit to be truſted. Thus am I made privy to many Intrigues of the *Grandees*, and a Repoſitory of the *Court*-News: Whilſt they whiſper in *Mahmut*'s Ear, what is tranſacted in the Royal Bed-Chambers, and private Apartments.

By this means, I came acquainted with an Amour of *Cardinal Mazarini*, which is

known but to a few. This *Minister* has none of the Worſt Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape: Much addicted also to the Love of Women; yet, he manages his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expoſe the Honour of his *Function*. Among the Reſt, he had frequent Acceſs to the Chamber of a certain *Counteſs-Dowager*, her Husband being lately deceas'd. This was not carried ſo privately, but 'twas whiſper'd about, That a Man was ſeen often to come out of this Ladies Chamber, a little before Day; but, no Body knew who it was (for, the *Cardinal* went diſguiz'd.) At laſt, it came to the *Queen*'s Ear, who was reſolv'd to unravel this Intrigue. She cauſed *Spies* to be placed at a convenient Diſtance from the Lady's Chamber-Door, which opened in a Gallery of the *Royal Palace*, with Orders to trace him Home. That Night the deſigned *Watch* was firſt ſet, it fortun'd, that the *Cardinal* being in the *Counteſs*'s Chamber, her Maid (who was privy to this Amour) overheard theſe *Spies*, talking to each other concerning her Lady; which made her more attentive (being in a Place where ſhe could not be ſeen) till at length ſhe plainly diſcovered, That they lay in wait to find out who it was, that had been ſeen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the *Counteſs* with this News. She conſults the *Cardinal* what was beſt to be done to avoid Diſcovery. In fine, it was agreed between 'em, That the *Counteſs* ſhould put on the

Cardinal's

Cardinal's Diſguize, and he a Suit of her Clothes; That ſhe ſhould go out at the uſual Hour of his Retreat, and walk in the Gardens; That, if examin'd, ſhe ſhould pretend, This Diſguiſe was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night-Time, would not fail to offer ſome Incivilities; That ſoon after her Departure, the *Cardinal* ſhould go forth in her Dreſs, and ſhift for himſelf. This was perform'd accordingly. The *Counteſs* walk'd into the Gardens in the *Cardinal's* Diſguize, followed by the *Spies*, whilſt he goes to an Intimate Friend's Houſe, (an *Italian*, whoſe Fortune depended on this *Miniſter*) and changes his Female Accoutrements, for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The *Counteſs* having walk'd about half an Hour in the Garden, was ſeized on by ſome of the *Guards*, under Suſpicion of ſome ill Deſign. She was carried before the *Queen*, and examin'd. She then diſcover'd her ſelf, begging the *Queen's* Pardon, and telling her, That a particular Devotion, had oblig'd her to take that Courſe for ſeveral Mornings; but, if it offended Her *Majeſty*, ſhe would hold her ſelf diſpenſed with, and would forbear. The *Queen* ſeeming ſatisfied with this Anſwer, diſmiſſed her. Thus, the Amours of the *Cardinal* and the *Counteſs*, remain'd a Secret; and, there are but Three Perſons (beſides themſelves) that know any thing of it; among which, *Mahmut* is one.

Thou ſeeſt, *Illuſtrious Miniſter*, that the Reputation of my Secrecy, has gain'd me the Confidence of One of the *Cardinal*'s *Privado's*; for, I had this Relation from the *Italian* whom I mentioned, at whoſe Houſe the *Cardinal* chang'd his Diſguize. I am not without Hopes, by the prudent Management of this Diſcovery, to penetrate farther into the *Court* Intrigues. For, he that told me this Story, conſider'd not, that he made me thereby, Maſter of his Fortune; and, that it is no longer ſafe for him, to deny me any Intelligence I require of him. He has put a Key into my Hand, which will open his Breaſt at my Pleaſure.

Yet, I need not magiſterially claim Diſcoveries from him, as the only Conditions, on which he is to expect my Concealing what he has already diſclos'd. There is a more dextrous and ſerviceable Way to become his *Confeſſor*, without ſuch an ungrateful Inſult; whilſt with a well acted Candour, I feign a Relation of ſuch Things, as I ſuſpect, yet cannot be certain are true, till atteſted by himſelf; profeſſing at the ſame Time, not to believe thoſe pretended Reports I heard. If I ſhall be ſo happy, as to do any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior* by this Engagement, it will anſwer my Ends, and I ſhall not repent of my Craft.

Mahmut Salutes thee, *Sovereign Baſſa*, in the humbleſt Poſture of Adoration, lying proſtrate on the Ground, in Contemplation of thy Grandeur. Beſeeching *God*, That he would

would grant this Favour to thee, To live happily, and to die in thy Bed.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XIII.

To Egri Boinou, *a* White Eunuch.

THOU giveſt me abundant Proofs of thy Affection and Friendſhip, in frankly telling me what they ſay of *Mahmut* in the *Seraglio*. I do not expect to be free from Cenſure; and, am ſo far from being diſcouraged at the Obloquies ſome Men faſten on me, that it adds to my Comfort; it being an aſſured Mark of Innocence, To be traduc'd. I am not deſirous, that the *Arabian Proverb* ſhould be verified in me, which ſays, *That he deſerves no Man's Good Word, of whom all Men ſpeak Well.* I dread to be Popular at ſuch a Price, and will rather court the Slanders of the Envious, by a ſtedfaſt Perſeverance in my Duty, than lay a Train for the Compliments of Flatterers, by favouring Sedition. Thou knoweſt what Reaſon I have to ſay this. There needs no Interpreter between us. Though the *Black Eunuch* has recanted his Aſperſions, yet there are others who perſiſt in their Malice; and, it will be

difficult for the *Maſter* of the *Pages*, with his beſt *Rhetorick*, to exempt himſelf from the Number.

I have received both their Apologies, and have anſwered them. I wiſh they would reform this Vice; not ſo much for my Sake, who am Proof againſt their Accuſations, as for their own: For, the Injury they intended to do me, will redound moſt to themſelves. Miſery is on him, that perſecuteth his Neighbour.

He that is Merciful and Gracious, who hath ſeparated the Brightneſs of the Day from the Obſcurity of the Night, defend both thee and me from the Malice of Whiſperers, from the Enchantments of Wizards, and ſuch as *breathe Thrice* upon the *Knot* of the *Triple Cord*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THOU wilt laugh at the Hypocriſy and Folly of the *Nazarenes*, when thou ſhalt know the *Articles* agreed upon between the *Elector* of *Saxony*, and *Koningſmark*, one of the *Swediſh Generals*, on the 27*th*. of the 8*th*. *Moon*.

The *Swedes* had prevail'd on the Son of the *Elector*, to intercede with his Father for a *Truce*; but, the Old Duke would not hearken to any Thing of that Nature, till *Torſtenſon* gave Orders to the *Swediſh* Army in thoſe Parts, That they ſhould oppreſs the *Elector*'s Subjects, by exacting from them unreaſonable Taxes and Contributions; and, that they ſhould lay deſolate all the Countries about *Dreſden*, if they refuſed to pay what was demanded of them. Accordingly they took a Caſtle, which commanded a large Valley of Meadows and Corn-fields. The *Swedes* burnt the Corn on the Ground, led away the Peaſants Captives, and demoliſh'd many Towns and Villages; yet, not without ſome Loſs on their Side: For, the *Saxons* one Night ſtole upon them while they were ſecurely ſleeping, and ſlew an Hundred and Twenty, taking above Three Hundred Priſoners. Thoſe who were left in Poſſeſſion of the Caſtle, met with no better Fortune; being

being compell'd in a few Days, to ſurrender this their new Conqueſt, with Five Enſigns, and a Hundred and Fifty Priſoners, which were all carried in Triumph to *Dreſden*.

One would have thought, That theſe Succeſſes ſhould have confirm'd the *Elector* in the Averſion he had already conceiv'd for a *Treaty*, that he would rather have purſu'd his good Fortune with Arms: Eſpecially, when by entring into a Private Separate *Treaty* with the *Suedes*, he muſt needs give a great Suſpicion to the *Aſſembly* of the *Deputies*. But, the Old Duke doated; and, what neither the repeated Solicitations of his Son, nor the continual Ravages which *General Koningſmark* made in his Territories, could procure from him, that he granted to the charming Addreſſes of a Beautiful Lady.

The *Elector*'s Son adhering much to the *Swediſh* Intereſt, and finding all other Means ineffectual to oblige his new Friends; It was agreed upon between him and *Koningſmark*, That he ſhould at leaſt perſwade his Father to a *Truce* of a few Days: That during this Ceſſation of Arms, the Son ſhould invite his Father to a Banquet, where *Koningſmark* ſhould be preſent, with ſome of the Principal *Suedes* in his Army. All this ſucceeded according to their Wiſhes. The good Old Man conſented to a Ceſſation of Arms, and to give *Koningſmark* a Meeting at his Son's Banquet. The *German* Gallantry, and indeed that of all *North-Europe*, conſiſts much in their Exceſſive Drinking: He is eſteem'd the moſt polite

polite Man, who can bear moſt Wine, with leaſt Alteration of his Temper. This they call *Carouſing*. The Son had provided Plenty of thoſe Wines, which grow on the Banks of the *Rhine*, eſteem'd the wholeſomeſt and moſt delicious of all theſe Parts. It is not neceſſary to repeat particularly, their firſt Salutes and Addreſſes: Both Parties ſeem'd emulous to exceed in Civilities. They fell to their Wine with Freedom and Mirth, after the Manner of the Country. When in the Midſt of their Glaſſes, whilſt the Heart of the Old *Duke* was elevated with the Juice of the Grape, came into the Room a tall Perſonage all in Armour, and making his Obeiſance to the Company, deliver'd a Letter to *General Koningſmark*. The *General* having receiv'd it, the Stranger was invited by the *Elector*'s Son to ſit down with them. He was Maſter of the Feaſt, and onely *Koningſmark* and the Stranger, beſides himſelf, were privy to the Intrigue.

The Stranger unbuckling his Helmet, and pulling it off (for, all the Reſt of the Company were uncover'd, it being the Hotteſt Day in all the *Summer*) diſcover'd a Face and Hair, much like one of thoſe *Nymphs*, deſcrib'd by *Poets* and *Painters*.

The *Duke* could not withdraw his Eyes from this ſurprizing Beauty, nor fix his roving Thoughts: Sometimes it put him in Mind of *Ganymede*, the diſcarded Minion of *Jupiter*; but *Ganymede* was never ſeen in Armour. Then he thought of *Adonis*, then

of

of the *Babylonian Pyramus*, the *Indian Atis*. In fine, he run over all the Celebrated Youths of the *East*, to match the Beauty of this Illustrious Stranger. He drank and gaz'd, whilst his Son and *Koningsmark*, were pleas'd to see the Bait take. From ruminating on our Sex, he pass'd to that of Women: And, remembring that in some former Battels between the *Suedes* and *Germans*, several Ladies had disguised themselves in Armour, and followed *General Torstenson* to the Field, he concluded presently, That this was some beautiful Female of *Suedeland*.

This Thought, put the Old *Duke* into a pleasant Fit of Raillery, yet not without some Mixture of Passion for this lovely *Heroine*. There was something so peculiarly graceful in all her Carriage and Address, as charm'd the *Elector*'s Heart. The Women in those Parts of *Europe*, are not so precise in their Conversation with Men, as in the *East*. And, 'tis a great Point of Education, so to adjust the *Punctilio's* of their Deportment, as neither to appear too open, nor too reserv'd. This was her Master-piece; for, she so equally divided the Parts she was to act, both of a Maid and a Soldier, that neither entrenched on the other, but she acquitted her self with exquisite Honour and Gallantry.

The next Day after the Banquet, the Son renewed his Mediation for a *Treaty*; but the *Elector* seemed cold. All his Thoughts were busied in ruminating on his fair Enemy.

Not to detain thee longer, in expectation

of

of the Iſſue; The Love of this young *Amazon* had taken ſo deep Root in his Heart, that he would grant Nothing but for her Sake, neither could he deny any Thing which ſhe deſired. Thus by this Stratagem, they accompliſh'd their Aims, and he condeſcended to a *Treaty*, after Fourteen Days Debate on the *Articles*: Of which I here ſend thee a True and Particular Copy, that thou maiſt find ſome Divertiſement in the Folly of the *Infidels*. The *Articles* are as follows:

" THAT it ſhould be lawful for the *Duke* " to keep *due Faith* to the *Emperor*; " nor ſhould he be obliged, to admit any " Thing contrary to the *Intereſt* of the *Em-* " *pire*.

" That the *Elector* ſhould not lend the " *Emperor* above Three Regiments of Horſe, " nor ſhould permit him to raiſe Soldiers in " his *Principality*.

" That the *Swedes* ſhould have free and ſafe " Paſſage through *Saxony*, provided they " came not within Three Miles of *Dreſden*.

" That there ſhould be free Traffick, be- " tween the *Elector*'s Subjects and the *Swedes* " by Land and Water.

" That at the End of Three Months, each " Party ſhould be obliged to declare, Whe- " ther they would prolong the *Truce*, or " break it off.

" That the *Elector* ſhould again enjoy his " Revenues except thoſe which were drawn " from *Leipſick*. That he ſhould pay the

" *Swedes*

" *Suedes* Eleven Thouſand Rix-Dollars a-
" Month, and a certain Quantity of Corn.
" That the *Elector* ſhould do Nothing
" which might hinder the Siege of *Magde-*
" *burgh.*

Theſe *Articles*, at firſt Sight appeared to be equally favourable to the *Saxons*, as to the *Suedes*. But, in Reality, they ſerved onely as an Umbrage to deeper Deſigns, which the *Suedes* had in Agitation. For, this was the Firſt Step to draw the *Saxon* off from the *Emperor*'s Party; and *Torſtenſon* was now ſecure, that whilſt the *Suedes* ruſhed farther into *Germany*, the *Saxons* would not moleſt them behind.

For my Part, I neither underſtand the *Policy* nor the *Integrity* of the *Elector*, in ſigning theſe Articles; nor, how he can reconcile the *Firſt* of them, with *any* of the *Reſt*: To give ſafe Conduct, and kind Entertainment to the Enemies of his *Sovereign*: To be obliged not to lend him any more Aſſiſtance, than his Enemies ſhall allow, nor ſuffer him to raiſe Forces at his own Charges: To be cheated of his own Revenues, and tamely yield to pay a Monthly Tribute beſides: To be tyed up from ſuccouring one of the Principal Towns in his *Principality*, at that Time beſieged by the *Suedes*; this is a new Method of keeping *due Faith* to *Sovereigns*, or of obſerving common Prudence for ones ſelf. But, Women and Wine cauſe a Wiſe Man to ſtumble, as the *Arabians* ſay. And this Old Prince,

is

is bleſſed in a hopeful Son, who is not aſhamed to turn *Pimp*, that ſo he may betray his Father to his Mortal Enemies. But, let the *Chriſtians* proceed in their Falſhood and Treachery, one againſt another, while every good *Muſſulman*, proſtrates himſelf *Five Times* a-Day; and prays in his Integrity, for the Conſummation of that Time, wherein *God* has determin'd to put a Period to the *Monarchies* of theſe *Infidels*, and to reduce them to the Faith and Obedience of his *Holy Law*.

I wiſh ſome of my Friends, would ſend me ſome Relation of what paſſes in the *Eaſt*: I have heard Nothing of Moment out of *Aſia*, theſe many *Moons*. I could almoſt think my ſelf baniſh'd from the *Eternal Providence*, while I reſide among theſe *Uncircumciſed*.

Think ſometimes on *Mahmut*; and, if thou canſt not relieve his Melancholy, at leaſt pity him, whom all the Honours and Pleaſures of theſe *Weſtern* Parts, would not be able to exhilarate, ſo long as he apprehends himſelf forgotten by his Friends at *Conſtantinople*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed Hogia, Derviſe, Eremit, *Inhabitant of the* Sacred Cave, *at the Foot of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia the Happy.

THY Remembrance is as the Dew of the Evening, or the Midnight Breezes in *Africk*, after the ſcorching Fervors of a Summers Day, when neither Trees nor Houſes, nor higheſt Mountains afford any Shadow. Such are the Employments of State, keeping the Mind in as reſtleſs an Activity, as that which the *Philoſophers* ſay, is the Occaſion of Heat. Such alſo the Refreſhment I find in thinking on thee, whoſe Soul is a Manſion of Tranquillity, an *Umbrella* of Temperance and all Vertue. Thither I retreat for Reſpiration, from the Fatigues of Worldly Buſineſs. Pardon the bold Acceſs of an humble Slave, who cannot be ſo happy as to viſit thee any otherwiſe than by Letters, yet would be miſerable in the Want of this Privilege.

Ever ſince I had the Honour to kiſs the Duſt of thy Feet in that *Sacred Retirement*, I was fill'd with Love and Admiration of thy Sanctity. Thrice happy are the Neighbouring Shepherds, whoſe Flocks feed under thy auſpicious Protection. No fierce Lions, nor ravenous Tygers, dare violate that Sanctuary;

or,

or, hunt for Prey within thoſe Meadows, conſecrated by thy Preſence. That Rich and Flow'ry Vale, was firſt ſecured, with an Eternal Immunity from Spoil and Rapine, by the Bleſſing of our *Holy Prophet*. Now that Bleſſing ſeems to be redoubled by thy Prayers and Abſtinences, who inheriteſt his Spirit as well as his Abode. 'Twas in that *Holy Cave*, the *Meſſenger* of *God* faſted for the Space of Three *Moons*: Thy whole life there, is one continued Abſtinence. When thou lifteſt up thy Venerable Hands to Heaven in Prayer, the Enemies of our *Holy Law* are ſeiz'd with Fear and Trembling: Thou art the *Guardian Angel* of the *Ottoman Empire*. Thy Body attenuated with Twenty Years Faſting, is purified almoſt to *Immortality*: Thou art become a *Denizon* among the *Spirits*. Neither the Beaſts of the Earth, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fiſh of the Sea, will charge thee with their Blood: Thy Table never ſmoak'd with ſlaughter'd Dainties. Every Tree affords thee a Feaſt, and the Meadows regale thee with a Thouſand harmleſs Delicacies. Thy Thirſt is allay'd with the Cryſtal Streams; and, when thou art diſpoſed to Banquet, the *Arabian* Sheep ſupply thee with *Nectar*. Thus, like a prudent Traveller, thou accuſtomeſt thy ſelf before-hand, to the Diet of the Country whither thou art going: Thou liveſt the Life of *Paradiſe*, here on *Earth*.

Thou art not privy to the Wickedneſs of the Age: That Cell guards thee from other Mens

Mens Vices: while thy incomparable Humility, defends thee from thy own Vertues. Thou art not puffed up with thy ſublime Perfections. Pride is a Serpent, which commonly poiſons the Root of the faireſt Endowments. But thou haſt cruſh'd this Serpent in the Egg.

In that Solitude, the *Angel* open'd the Heart of the *Sent of God*, and took out from thence the *Devil's Seed-Plot*. When *Mahomet* awaked (for, this was done while he lay in a *Trance*) he ſaid, *I am a Worm*. When *Gabriel* ſaw his Humility, he pronounced a Bleſſing on the Place; That whoſoever ſhould dwell in that Cave, *ſhould be Meek as* Abraham, *Chaſt as* Joſeph, *and Temperate as* Iſmael. Thou haſt experienc'd the Effect of his Benediction.

There is another Happineſs alſo attends thy Retirement: Thou liveſt free from Cares and Anxieties: Thou committeſt the Publick Good to the Conduct of thy Sovereign, and thy Private Welfare, to the Protection of Providence; neither diſquieted for the one, nor ſollicitous for the other. Who riſes, and who falls, in the Favour of the *Sultan*; who purchaſe the Governments of the *Empire* by their Merits, or who by their Money; whether it be better to remain in the *Seraglio*, or to be made *Baſſa* of *Ægypt*, are Cares that never moleſt thee. Thou canſt ſit in that *Sanctuary* of *Peace*, and pity thoſe whoſe Ambition, and the Love of Glory, has driven into the *Toils* of *War*. Thou canſt behold

behold with Compaſſion, the burdenſom Attendants of the Great; their Labours by Day, and their Watchings by Night; their reſtleſs Thoughts, and buſy Actions; macerated Bodies, and uneaſie Souls: While with indefatigable Pains they purſue mere Shadows, endeavour to graſp the Wind, or ſecure to themſelves a Bubble, which is no ſooner touched, than it vaniſhes. Thou in the mean time, art filling thy Mind with ſolid Knowledge, and laying up Poſſeſſions which ſhall never be taken from thee: For, the Soul carries her Goods along with her, to that *Other* World.

I often wiſh my ſelf with thee; and, the Remembrance of what I once enjoy'd in thy Converſation, cannot be effaced by Diſtance of Time and Place. The farther I am from thee, the more ardently do I long to ſee thee. But, even in theſe Innocent Deſires, there is neceſſary a Mortification; ſince, we are not born for our ſelves, but to comply with the *Myſterious* Ends of *Fate*. I am appointed to ſerve the *Grand Signior* in this Place; Where I endeavour to acquit my ſelf a *Faithful Slave*, and a *Good Muſſulman*. If I fail in the *Firſt*, my *Great Maſter* will puniſh me; if in the *Laſt*, *God*, and his *Prophet* will revenge it. Yet I hope every Frailty, will not be eſteem'd a Tranſgreſſion; ſince the Heart and the Hands, go not always together. I often ſtrive to imitate thy Abſtinence, but my Appetites are too Strong for me; I return to my Old Courſe again, like a Bow that is forcibly

cibly bent. Yet I ſin not in this, ſince it is not required at my Hands.

Pray for me, *Holy Man* of *God*, that while I aim at the *Beſt* Things, I may not fall into the *Worſt*; and, by ſtriving to arrive at *Perfection*, I may not crack thoſe Powers which are requiſite to keep me ſtedfaſt in the High-way of *Moral Vertue*. I leave thee to thy Contemplations, and the Society of thy Courteous *Angels*, who ever wait at the Door of thy *Cell*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XVI.

To Uſeph Baſſa.

I Formerly acquainted thee, That *Uladiſlaus* King of *Poland*, ſought *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sueden* in Marriage; but, that his Propoſal was rejected. Now thou mayſt know, that this *Monarch* has made a more ſucceſsful Amour, being married to *Louiſe Marie de Gonzague*, *Princeſs* of *Mantua*. The *Nuptial* Solemnities were performed in this City, by the *Ambaſſador* of *Poland*, who was his Maſter's *Proxy*. The greateſt Part of the laſt *Moon*, was ſpent in Maſks, Banquets, and *Court*-Revels, to Honour the *Eſpouſal* of this

this New Queen; who is ſince gone towards *Poland*, being attended to the Frontiers by a numerous Train of the *Nobility*, with all the Ceremonies and Regard due to a Perſon of her Rank.

The *French*, who are never ſparing in Words, are too liberal in the Praiſes they beſtow on this Princeſs. For, if all were true they ſay of her, ſhe might be liſted in the Number of *Angels*: Whereas, ſome more impartial Eyes, have diſcover'd ſuch Imperfections, as ſpeak her yet on this Side a *Saint*. But, ordinary Vertues in *Princes*, dazzle the Multitude; borrowing a greater Luſtre from the Nobility of their Blood, and the Eminence of their Quality: Whilſt, their Vices are either ſhrowded from the Vulgar, or made to paſs for Vertues, in the Artificial Dreſs, which Flatterers put on them. 'Tis under this Advantage, the New Queen of *Poland* is cry'd up for a *Diana*; though a late *Satyriſt*, vindicates her from being half ſo Cruel as that *Goddeſs*: It being no Secret, That a Young *Italian Marquis*, had ſomething kinder Uſage, than had *Acteon*, when he accidentally encountred this Princeſs, as ſhe was walking alone one Evening in a Grove belonging to her Palace.

I am no Patron of Libels; nor would I ſpeak irreverently of thoſe, whoſe Royal Birth claims Reſpect from all Mortals. But, the Stupidity of the *Nazarenes* provokes my Pen, who allow their Women all the uncontroulable Freedom and Opportunities, that

that commonly give Birth to the moſt irregular Amours, and yet believe 'em Innocent. They are perfect Idolaters of that Sex; not having learned, with the illuminated *Muſſulmans*, That Women are of a Creation Inferior to that of Men, have Souls of a lower Stamp, and conſequently more prone to Vice; and, that they ſhall never have the Honour to be admitted into Our *Paradiſe*.

But thou, who believeſt the Doctrines Clear and Intelligible, and haſt kiſs'd the Garment of the *Sent* of *God*, wilt not ſuffer thy Reaſon to be blinded by the Enchantments of theſe deluding Fair Ones; but ſo love Women, as ſtill to remember thou art a Man, which is ſomething more Sublime.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is hard to gueſs, where the *French* Victories will terminate. Either Fear, or the Deſire of Novelties, opens the Gates of moſt Cities to them; and, when that will not do, the Force of their Cannon makes a Paſſage into the ſtrongeſt Holds of their Enemies, and puts whole *Provinces* under their Subjection.

Their Enemies ſay, That the *French* never beſiege a Town, but their firſt Aſſaults are made with Bullets of Gold; and, when that will neither prevail on the *Governour*, nor win a Party, then they only try the Force of the courſer Metal. Yet, this will appear but a Slander, if thou conſidereſt a late Action of the *Duke* of *Orleans*, when he lay down before *Bourburgh*.

He had ſcarce finiſh'd his Trenches, when the next Morning an Arrow was found with a Letter faſtned to it, not far from his Tent. The Letter was directed to the *Duke*, and ſubſcribed by the *Governour* of the Town. The Contents of it were, to ſignifie to him, *That if he would give him Fifty Thouſand Pieces of Gold, and continue him in his Office, he would the next Night open the Gates, and let in his Army*; and, *that before Mid-day, he would ſend a Meſſenger to know his Pleaſure.*

The *Duke* waited the Arrival of the Meſſenger, who ſeconded what his *Maſter* had ſaid. But, the Magnanimous *Prince*, in ſtead of accepting his Offer, ſent him back to his *Maſter* with this Meſſage, *That he came not before the Town as a* Merchant, *to purchaſe it at the Price of a needleſs Treaſon; but as a* Soldier, *at the Head of an Army, fluſh'd with continual Victories:* Summoning him forthwith to ſurrender at Diſcretion, *That being the only Way to experience his Generoſity.*

This Year has been ſignaliz'd with much Action in *Flanders*, *Catalonia* and *Italy*. The Field was ſhared among many brave *Generals*.

The *Duke* of *Orleans* had the Command of the Army in *Flanders*, where he took the *Forts* of *Vandreval*, *Bourburgh*, *Link*, *Dringhen*, *Bethune*, St. *Venant*, *Guiſca*, *Lens*, *Mardike*, *Lillers*, *Mening* and *Armentiers*.

Theſe Places were won by ſeveral Parties, under the Commands of the *Mareſchals de Gaſtion*, *de Rantzan*, and the *Duke* of *Gnize*; who all acted in ſeparate Bodies, under the *Duke* of *Orleans*.

Nor was the *Count d' Harcourt* idle in *Catalonia*, where he ſucceeded in the Charge of the *Mareſchal de la Mothe*. The firſt Effort of his Arms, was the retaking of *Agramont*, which the *Spaniards* had ſeiz'd; a ſtrong City, and which kept a large Part of *Catalonia* in Subjection.

From hence he marched toward *Roſes*, one of the moſt Important Places for Strength, under the *Spaniſh* King's Dominions, and go-

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vern'd by an experienced Soldier, who fail'd not to defend the Place to the laſt Extremes; but, after a Siege of Two *Moons*, was compell'd to yield for want of Proviſions.

After this, the *French General* cut off Seven Hundred *Spaniards*, who were poſted to hinder his Paſſage over a River. The next Day, the whole Armies meeting in the Plains of *Liorens*, there was a furious Encounter; in which, the *Spaniards* loſt Ten Regiments of Horſe on the Spot; the Reſt threw down their Arms and yielded. The *Marqueſs* of *Mortare*, one of the *Spaniſh Generals*, was taken Captive; with other Perſons of Note; among which, was the *Standard-Bearer* of *Spain*.

Yet, this was but the Engagement of One *Wing*: For, when the Other entred the Combat, the Slaughter was dreadful. Of the *Spaniards* were ſlain, Six Thouſand Horſe, and Sixteen Hundred Foot. And Three and Twenty Hundred of them were made Priſoners. The *French* loſt not above Three Hundred in all, and had but a few wounded.

This Battel has brought infinite Glory to the *Count d' Harcourt*. After which, there happen'd Nothing remarkable in *Catalonia*, ſave the taking of *Balaguier*, which is like to end this Years Campagne on that Side.

Prince Thomas of *Savoy* commanded in *Italy*, but had no great Number of *French* in his Army, the *Main Body* being drawn off to ſerve in *Catalonia*. Yet, vexed to ſee the Succeſs of the *Spaniards*, who had poſſeſs'd themſelves of a Strong Caſtle, and

kept the Field in a *Bravado*, as if he were not able to face them; he raiſed ſome Recruits and entred the *Milanez*, where he took the City and Caſtle of *Vigevano*. After this, deſigning to return into *Piemont*, he found all the Paſſages block'd up by the *Spaniards*, who had a far greater Army than his. Yet, aſſuming Courage, he attempted to paſs the River *Moura*; and, the Enemy preſenting themſelves to oppoſe his Deſign, he gave them Battel, and killed Five Hundred and Threeſcore of them; among which were Nine Officers of Principal Command and Quality: On his Side, were loſt Two Hundred Common Soldiers, and Twelve Officers; among which, was his Brother *Prince Maurice* of *Savoy*. Theſe are the Chief Actions on that Side. As for *Portugal*, there has happened Nothing in that Kingdom, worthy of Remark.

I have in this Letter, Sage Governour of the *Imperial* City, obſerv'd the Method thou enjoinedſt me. I have acquainted thee, with whatſoever has Occurred in the preſent War of *France* and *Spain* during this Year.

'Tis diſcourſed here, That the *Venetians* will lay Siege to *Canea* next *Spring*, in Hopes to recover that Important Place, from the Arms of the Victorious *Ottomans*.

The *Duke* of *Orleans* will be on his March to *Flanders*, toward the latter End of the next *Moon*, reſolving to make an early Campagne, being alarm'd with the late Loſs of *Mardyke*, which the *Spaniards* took by Surprize without

without much Bloodſhed; having not the fourth Part of a Hundred Men kill'd on their Side. Whereas, when the *French* took it from them, it coſt Five Thouſand Lives of the beſt Soldiers the King of *France* had in his Army.

The Hour of the Poſt will not permit me to ſay more, than that I am the humbleſt of thy *Slaves*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Will not make Tryal of the Virtue of Friendſhip at this Time, in the Way that *Philoſophers* propoſe to be uſed between ſuch as own that Title. I will not complain of the Dolors I undergo, that ſo by making thy Compaſſion ſhare them with me, I may eaſe my ſelf of a Part. It appears to me a puſillanimous, if not an unjuſt Action, for a Man to transfer his Sufferings, by diſcovering 'em to his Friend, and deſignedly throw that upon another, which is ſcarce tolerable to himſelf.

I am ſick; and, Cuſtom has rendred this almoſt as Natural to me as Health. My Conſtitution, is not Proof againſt the envenom'd Arrows, that are ſhot from the *Stars*. Nor am I Conſtellated, to reſiſt the Secret Conta-

gions that lurk in the *Elements*. The Herbage of the Field languiſhes, when poyſon'd with Inviſible *Atomes* from above; and, all the Leaves of the Foreſt wither, when touch'd with the baneful Emiſſions of certain *Meteors*, or ſcorch'd with the winged Exhalations of the Night. So our Bodies receive a Thouſand Impreſſions from Things without us, and not a few Maladies from our ſelves. The very Channel of Life, proves many Times the Vehicle of Death; while our Lungs ſuck in unwholſome Airs, and our very Breath becomes our Bane. We have Radical Poyſons in our Complexions, which though they do us no hurt, while we let them lie dormant; yet, once excited by our Paſſions and Vices, they become noxious and Fatal, hurrying us into the Chambers of Death, by unaccountable Diſeaſes, and Pains which are under no *Predicament*.

This makes me bear my preſent Diſtemper with an equal Mind, becauſe I know its Original, and 'tis not in the Liſt of thoſe Maladies which have no Name: Whereby I can eaſily calculate its Duration, and almoſt point to a Day, when I ſhall be well again. For, 'tis in the Number of thoſe, *Phyſicians* call *Acute*: and, the Anguiſh it inflicts, confirms that *Title*.

Take not this for a Complaint; nor, what I am about to ſay, for a *Paradox*, when I tell thee, That I know not which is greater, my Pleaſure or Pain during this excruciating *Fever*. Theſe Affections border ſo near one upon

on another, that I find it difficult to diſtinguiſh 'em. They ſeem to be Inmates to each other, and blended together in their Roots. Sure I am, they are ſo twiſted and interwoven in my Conſtitution, That I never felt One without the Other. Every Man may experience, That his ſtrongeſt Deſires, are compounded of theſe Two Paſſions; and, the very Moment of Fruition it ſelf, cannot ſeparate 'em. The Minute of Enjoyment, is but conſecrated to his Loſs, while the Height of his Joy is the Riſe of his Grief, ſince the ſmalleſt Particle of Time, cannot diſtinguiſh the Life and Death of his Pleaſure.

Do but reverſe this Contemplation, and apply it to my Sickneſs, and thou wilt find no Riddle in my Words, when I aſſure thee, That as the Torment of my *Fever* advances, ſo does my Eaſe. Pleaſure and Pain, ſit and ſhake Hands in my Heart, embrace and equally divide its *Syſtole* and *Diaſtole* between 'em.

Yet I muſt needs own, I am indebted, for this Allay of my Dolors, to the Preſence of my Mind; which I ſuffer not to be torn from it ſelf, or carried away by the violent Motion of my agitated Spirits. Were it not for this, a *Fever* would prove a *Hell* upon *Earth*, and every *Pulſe* a Tormenting *Fury*. My very Drink (which is all my Subſiſtence now) would appear but the loathſome Diſtillation of that *Tree*, whoſe *Unpalatable* and *Scalding Gum*, is appointed for a *Beverage* to the *Damned*. The ſofteſt Entertainment of my

Bed while awake, would but be a Tranſlation of the Tortures of *Ixion* and *Syſiphus*; and, the flattering Intervals of Sleep, would but renew the Sufferings of *Tantalus*. Whereas now, whether aſleep or awake, my Mind keeping aloft in her proper Sphere, buſied in the Contemplation and Enjoyment of her ſelf and Superior Objects, partakes not in the *Fever* of my Body; but, as if on the cool Top of ſome high Mountain, ſurveys all the Valleys beneath, without being ſenſible of their raging Heats.

I owe this Tranquillity, in the Midſt of Bodily Perturbations, to the *Examples* of Ancient *Philoſophers*, which, thou knoweſt, have far more Influence than *Precepts*. Ever ſince I read, That *Plotinus* could chaſe away the racking Tortures of the Gout and Stone, by the ſole Force of his Thought, I daily try'd the Experiment, ſpurr'd on by Emulation of his Vertue; as judging it ignoble in a *Muſſulman*, to give the Palm to a *Pagan* in any Point of Maſculine Bravery.

'Tis recorded of the ſame *Philoſopher*, That by the mere Strength and Majeſty of his Mind, he diſſipated the *Enchantments* of *Apollonius Tyaneus*; and, the *Infernal Spirits* confeſs'd, They were baffled by that *Thinking Man*. As if his Soul were of the Nature of *Meduſa*'s Head, which turned all into Unactive *Statues*, who did but look on it.

Surely, great is the Efficacy of Contemplation, hinted at in the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *He that can ſee his own Eyes without*

out a Glaſs, ſhall be able to move the Bulls Horns. Which Myſterious Expreſſion, is thus interpreted by the Learned *Avicen.* A *Prophet* or *Spiritual Man*, who always converſes within ſhall have power to ſhake the *Foundations* of the *Earth.* Which, thou knoweſt, reſt on the *Horns* of a *Bull*, according to the *Doctrine* of our *Holy Lawgiver.*

I need ſay no more to convince thee, That I am in a *Fever.* My thus expatiating and running from one Thing to another (when I thought to have ſaid all in a few Words) will ſatisfie thee what Temper I am in. Yet, recollecting my ſelf with Comfort, That I know my Diſtemper, I will crave Leave to tell thee a ſhort Story, of a Man who was ſick for many Years, and yet the ableſt *Phyſicians* in *Paris*, could not diſcern his *Malady.*

This Perſon was an *Officer* of the City; whoſe Buſineſs 'twas, to arreſt Men that were in Debt. He was obſerv'd, to be the ſubtleſt of all his Brethren, and the moſt dextrous at plotting another Man's Ruine. This augmented his Eſtate, and he grew extremely rich. But, in the One and Fortieth Year of his Age, he was ſeiz'd with an unknown Malady, a Diſtemper to which the moſt skilful were Strangers. He languiſh'd Five Years in a Condition, which mov'd all Men to Pity. 'Twill be tedious to recount the Symptoms of his Illneſs. At length, he died; and, according to his own Will, was diſſected. The *Phyſicians* found all Parts of his Body decay'd and waſted; but, when they came to his Head,

they were above Measure astonish'd, to see a Nest of *Serpents* instead of Brains. This was concluded by all, to be the Source of his Distemper; and, People descant variously on it. Some say, 'twas a *Judgment* of *God* inflicted on him, for his cruel Subtlety, in trepanning Men out of their Liberties by a Thousand Wiles. Others are of Opinion, That it is a *Natural* Product; it being usual in some Constitutions, for this Sort of Creature to be bred out of their Vitals. A *Merchant* that had been in *Peru* told me, That in a *Province* of that *Empire* there were People, who by drinking the Water of a certain River, had *Serpents* often engender'd in their Bowels; That he had seen one presented to the *King* of *Spain*, which was taken out of a Dead Man's Heart, a Cubit in Length. He said 'twas of a Crimson Colour, without Scales or Eyes; neither was it Venemous. This he asserted very solemnly, and with Imprecations.

I tell thee, Dear Friend, if these Things be true, who can be sure he harbours not some such loathsome Inmate in his Body? Yet I would not have thee grow Melancholy upon it, and disturb thy Repose. The Day will come, when we shall all be metamorphosed into *Worms* and *Serpents* in the *Grave*.

In the mean while, live thou happily, in the *Favour* of thy *Sovereign*, in the *Enjoyment* of thy *Health*, the *Vigor* of thy *Senses*; and, have sometimes in thy Thoughts, a Man full of Infirmities, without murmuring,

Mahmut,

Mahmut, that loves his Friend in all Conditions.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XIX.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to his* Highneſs.

I Wiſh I cou'd time my Letters ſo, as to gratify all the *Miniſters* of the *Bleſſed Port* by making each alternately, the firſt Relator of ſome acceptable News, in the Myſterious *Divan*, where all humane Events are ſcan'd with Impartial Judgment. But, every *Moon* does not preſent us with Sieges or Battels; neither can I receive Intelligence of all remarkable Events, ſo ſoon as they come to paſs. What I ſhall now tranſmit to thee, is an Account of what has been omitted in my *Diſpatches* to the other *Miniſters*.

Europe is a Field, fertile in Rebellions, Tumults, Diſorders and Unnatural Wars. No Part of *Chriſtendom*, which is not polluted with Treaſons, Perfidies, and Maſſacres; no Corner undefiled with Human Blood. The Son conſpires the Death of him who firſt gave him his Life. The Brother lays Trains to enſnare the Partner of his Blood, the Offspring of her

her that bare himſelf. No Bond of Affection or Tye of Conſanguinity, is of Force to reſtrain theſe *Infidels*, from purſuing each other with Malice. Neither has their Religion any more Influence on their Paſſions, than the *Fables* of the Ancient *Poets*. In Publick and Private, all Things are govern'd by Intereſt. Thus, while every Man and every *State*, are onely byaſs'd by the narrow Principles of Self-preſervation; they abandon the General Good of *Chriſtendom*, and expoſe it as a Prey to the next daring Invader.

There is no Reaſon, that we ſhou'd grieve at this Folly of the *Nazarenes*. 'Tis from their Impiety and Vices, the Vertue and Wiſdom of the Victorious *Muſſulmans* receive the greater Luſtre; who are created to diſplant theſe *Uncircumciſed*, and inſtruct the Nations which they poſſeſs'd, in the *Faith free from Blemiſh*.

Yet, Since the Depredations which the *Suedes* have made in *Germany* and *Denmark*, the neighbouring *Crowns* and *States*, notwithſtanding their Inſincerity, have ſeemingly interpoſed their Endeavours to prevent the worſt Effects of a War, ſo deſtructive to the Common Intereſt of *Chriſtendom*. *Deputies* were ſent from all Parts, to *Munſter* and *Osnaburgh*, with Inſtructions from their reſpective *Sovereigns*. They have ſquander'd away much Time in vain Overtures of *Peace*; whilſt the *Suedes* daily get Ground on one Side of the *Empire*, and the *French* are not Unſucceſsful on the other.

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The Enemies of *France*, ſenſible that they cannot reduce this *Crown* by open Force, have Recourſe to Artifice. They endeavour to corrupt her Allies, and inſinuate into the Minds of the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, all thoſe Apprehenſions, which may ſerve to improve the Jealouſie they had already conceiv'd of the *French* Neighbourhood. Suggeſting, That the *Spaniſh Netherlands* are the onely Bar, which ſtops the Armies of *France* from over-running *Holland*, and the reſt of the *United Provinces*. In fine, they have prevail'd on them to enter into a Separate *Alliance*, and not to treat in Conjunction with the other *Miniſters* at *Munſter*.

On the other Side, The *French* by their *Agents* in *Holland*, endeavour to unmask the Artifice of the *Spaniards*; repreſenting, That they have no other Deſign in theſe Inſinuations, but to breed an Ill Underſtanding between this *Crown* and the *United Provinces*; that ſo, by their ill Offices, in Time Things may come to a Rupture, and the *States* be depriv'd of the Friendſhip and Protection of *France*, which alone is able to ſupport that *Commonwealth*, againſt the Pretenſions of their old Enemies, the *Spaniards*. All *Europe* is aſtoniſh'd to ſee, that notwithſtanding the utmoſt Condeſcenſions of the *French Court* to conſerve Peace, yet the *States* led by their *Ill Deſtiny*, ſhou'd embrace the Propoſals of *Spain*. This makes a great Impreſſion on all the *Miniſters* aſſembl'd at *Munſter* and *Oſnaburgh*, who now conclude, That the *Spaniards*

ards onely ſeek Occaſions to perpetuate the War in *Europe*; that whilſt the *Princes* of the *Empire* are engag'd in a Defence of their Territories, and the *Suedes* and *French* are buſi'd in purſuing their Conqueſts, they may pick a Quarrel with their New Friends, whom they have depriv'd of a more powerful Protection, and re-eſtabliſh themſelves in the *Revolted Provinces*.

The *Deputies* have had ſeveral Conferences about this Important Affair; and, the Reſult of their Counſels, is, to ſollicit the *French Court*, to uſe its utmoſt Power, to prevent the ill Conſequences which this *Separate Treaty* will bring along with it.

'Tis diſcours'd here, That *Monſieur de la Tuillerie*, will be recall'd from the *Court* of *Suedeland*; being eſteem'd the fitteſt Man, to diſſwade the *Hollanders* from this New *Alliance*; He having been already employ'd in ſeveral Negotiations with the *States*, and is well vers'd in the Methods of treating with that Nation.

This ſome judge to be the Reaſon, of the *Sieur Chanuts*'s being ſent to *Suedeland*, that he may reſide at *Stockholm*, and continue to act there in the Abſence of *la Tuillerie*.

So nice and delicate is this Affair, that all *France* cannot afford another Man duely qualify'd, to manage it with any Probability of Succeſs. If he ſhew not more Candour in this Negotiation, than he did when he was ſent to mediate a *Peace* between *Suedeland*

land and *Denmark*, he will receive but ſlender Thanks at his Return. But, if he ſucceeds, 'tis ſaid, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has declared, he will merit to be inſtall'd in the *Order* of the *Holy Spirit*. I have formerly ſpoken of this in one of my Letters, as the moſt Eminent *Order* of *Knighthood* in *France*.

I wiſh the *Chriſtians* may ever find Difficulties, to obſtruct the Meaſures they take to eſtabliſh an *Univerſal Peace*; and may continue to amuſe and vex one another, till the *Day* of the *Scourge*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

IT is not yet publickly known, what Deſigns have mov'd this *Court*, to order a mighty Fleet to be fitted out to Sea. But, it is privately whiſper'd, That they will ſail to the *Levant*, to aſſiſt the *Venetians* againſt the *Turks*.

People diſcourſe variouſly, according to the Strength or Weakneſs of their Reaſon; and, Five Days ago, an Old Man went to *Cardi-*

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nal Mazarini, pretending to ſpeak by *Inſpiration:* He told him, That 'twas in vain to truſt to their Winged Caſtles, (ſo he call'd the Ships) the Multitude of their Armies, or in the Treaſures of their Money; for, a *Decree* was ſign'd in *Heaven*, againſt all the Nations in *Europe*; That the *War* was begun *Above*, between the *Potentates* who have the *Cuſtody* of *Kingdoms* and *Empires*; That they ſhould ſoon ſee the *Banner* of the *Eternal*, diſplay'd in the *Firmament*; That the *Stars* ſhould fight in their Courſes, againſt the *Wicked Profeſſors* of *Chriſtianity*; That the *Iſmaelites* ſhould come out of their Holes, and ſhould flow down like a Torrent from the Mountains of the *Eaſt*, over-running all *Chriſtendom*. In fine, That *Germany*, *France*, *Italy* and *Spain*, ſhould be laid Deſolate, their beautiful Cities ſack'd, and the Inhabitants led into Captivity; That the *Pope*, with all his *Prieſts*, ſhould be exterminated; and, that all Nations ſhould embrace *One Law*.

They put him in Priſon, but he was found walking next Day in the Streets. The *Keeper* chain'd him in Irons; but, in the Morning he was ſtanding at the Gate of the Priſon, preaching to the People. Some ſay he is a *Chymiſt*, and has found out the *Maſter Secret:* Others ſay, he is a *Prophet:* But, moſt judge him to be a *Magician*. He ſeems now to have loſt his Vigor, not being able to releaſe himſelf from the Chains, which faſten him to the Ground where he lies. Yet he continues to foretel the Ruine of *Chriſtendom*.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, he will be ſent to *Rome*, there to receive *Sentence* of the *Holy Father*, according to his Demerits. I am no Admirer of *Viſionaries*; yet, there appears ſomething extraordinary, in the Conſtancy of this Man. Time will demonſtrate, whether he be a *True* or a *Falſe Prophet*.

A *Courier* came to this City laſt Night from *Suedeland*, who brings Letters from *Monſieur Chanut*, which ſay, That he has received great Encouragement to hope for the Ships which he was to buy in *Suedeland*. Thou haſt already heard, that *Monſieur la Tuillerie*, *Ambaſſador* from this *Crown* to Queen *Chriſtina*, was thought the only proper Inſtrument, to diſſwade the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, from entring into a Separate *Treaty* with *Spain*; and that therefore *Monſieur Chanut*, was ſent to reſide in his Abſence at *Stockholm*, to obſerve what paſſes, and to continue the *Alliance* between the Two *Crowns*.

This *Miniſter* arrived in *Suedeland*, the 15*th*. Day of the *Moon* of *December* in the laſt Year; where *Monſieur la Tuillerie*, had prepared all Things ready for a ſpeedy Diſpatch of his Negotiation; having the Day before his Arrival, made known to that *Court*, the Pleaſure of the King of *France* and the *Queen-Regent*; whoſe Letters were receiv'd by Queen *Chriſtina*, with all the Marks of Royal Affection; ſhe telling the *Ambaſſador*, That ſhe infinitely honoured the Perſons of the King and the *Queen-Regent*; and, that

ſhe

ſhe would give them ſuch Proofs of the Integrity of her Friendſhip, as would demonſtrate, That ſhe was ſenſible of her Obligations to them, for what they had contributed to the good Succeſs of her Affairs: And, that there was nothing more dear to her, nor more fixed in her Reſolution, than to conſerve inviolably, the *League* that was between them. She farther told the *Ambaſſadors*, That it was with no ordinary Complacency ſhe now beheld Two *Miniſters* of *France* in her *Court*, after ſhe had been without any for a long time. In fine, ſhe aſſured them, That whatſoever could be ſpared from the neceſſary Defence and Service of the Kingdom, whether Ships, Arms or Men, ſhould not be wanting to the Aid of the King of *France*.

By this thou mayſt perceive, that though the King of *France* has powerful Armies by *Land*, yet he is defective in *Naval* Forces: Or, if he has Ships enough to defend his own Realms by Sea, and to ſerve as Convoys to his Merchants, it muſt be concluded, that ſome Foreign Expedition is deſign'd, which has put him upon this extraordinary Method to encreaſe his Fleet.

I thought it highly neceſſary to acquaint thee with this Paſſage, that the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, Auguſt and ever Happy, may conſult what Meaſures to take with this *Prince*, if it be true, that he Deſigns to break the *League*, which he made with *Sultan Ibrahim* Four Years ago. There is but little Confidence to be repoſed, in the moſt Solemn Oaths

of

of *Chriſtian Monarchs*, who hold not themſelves obliged, to keep *Faith* with thoſe whom they eſteem *Infidels*; and, thou knoweſt, that is the beſt *Title* they can afford the *Obſervers*, of the *moſt perfect Law* in the *World*. Yet, the *French*, among all the Nations of the *Meſſias*, ſeem to bear the greateſt Reſpect to the *Ottoman Empire*. But they are inconſtant, and changeable, which is an Argument of Inſincerity. They are very prompt and warm in contracting Friendſhips, and as ready to infringe thoſe Sacred Bonds, on the leaſt Occaſion, eſpecially where Intereſt and Ambition have the Aſcendant.

The *Venetian Reſident* at this *Court*, makes daily Viſits to the *Queen-Regent*, and has frequent Conferences with *Cardinal Mazarini*. Many *Couriers* paſs between *Munſter*, *Stockholm*, and this City. Yeſterday one arrived from the *Venetian Ambaſſador* at *Munſter*, giving an Account, That the *Secretary* of that *Embaſſy*, whom he had ſent to Queen *Chriſtina*, was return'd with the Promiſe of Eight Ships of *War*, lent by that Queen to the *Republick*, to aſſiſt them againſt the All-conquering *Muſſulmans*.

It ſeems, as if *Sueden* were become the Common *Arſenal* of *Europe*, from which the other Kingdoms are ſupply'd with all the Inſtruments of War. But, what is moſt obſervable, is, That the *Venetians* obtain'd not this Favour, without the Mediation of the *French Miniſter* at *Stockholm*. By which it ſeems evident, That this *Court* has newly entred into

into a Private *League* with the *Republick*; And, that they Deſign to ſurprize the *Ottomans*, with ſome ſudden Enterprize by Sea.

I ſhall not let a Moment eſcape, which may preſent me with the leaſt Opportunity, to diſcover what is in the Hearts of theſe *Infidels*.

If thou wilt favour me with thy Inſtructions, I ſhall make the ſafer Steps. *God*, whoſe Eye penetrates into all Obſcurities, enlighten us with a Ray of that Wiſdom, which once revealed to his *Meſſenger*, the ſecret Conſpiracy of the *Coreï's*, when they plotted to deſtroy the *Temple* built without *Hands*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe, *in* Auſtria.

I Received thy Letter with Abundance of Complacency, in that it argues the Continuance of thy Friendſhip; and, that I trace therein no Footſteps of an Angry Pen, notwithſtanding the Liberty I took to deſcant on thy Manner of Life. On the Contrary, thou ſendeſt me an Apology full of Meekneſs. Thy Reaſons have a marvellous Force in them; they ſeem to ſpring from a Soul vegete and living, yet dead to Paſſion. Thou almoſt perſwadeſt me to affect a *Monaſtick* Life, which may not unfitly be term'd, *a Sociable Solitude.*

I much admire, what thou ſay'ſt concerning *Silence*; and wiſh I could practiſe that *Paſſive Vertue.* It is the firſt Step to Wiſdom, the Nurſe of Peace, and the Guardian of Vertue. Words do but ruffle and diſcompoſe the Mind, betraying the Soul to a Thouſand Vanities. Therefore, *Pythagoras* enjoyn'd his Diſciples Five Years Silence, before he admitted them to his *Myſterious Philoſophy.*

But tell me, why thou didſt not rather chuſe to live in a *Deſart*, remote from Men, where thou wouldſt have no Temptation to ſpeak, unleſs thou wert diſpoſed to hold a Con-

Conference with the Trees, or Beaſts, or hadſt a Mind to ſport thy ſelf, and have thy Words retorted by mocking *Echo's?* If a *Recluſe* Life be thy Choice, for the ſake of Contemplation, I would adviſe thee to turn *Hermit*. But perhaps, thou dareſt not venture thy ſelf among the *Satyrs* of the *Wilderneſs*; or, thou art afraid of the Wild Beaſts. As for the Firſt, they are either the Dreams of *Poets*; or if there be any ſuch *Beings* in Reality, they will not hurt thee, ſince thou voluntarily forſakeſt the Company of Men, to become a *Sylvan*, as they are. As for the Latter, I muſt confeſs, I cannot diſcommend thy Fear, there being no Friendſhip or Intelligence common between us and the Lions, Tygers, Bears, *&c.* of the Foreſt. Yet, I can tell thee for thy Comfort, That by long and aſſiduous Practice, the fierceſt of theſe Creatures have been taught to converſe with Men, to obey their Commands, and to perform the Parts of Diligent Servants, and faithful Friends.

The *Wilderneſs* will afford thee a fair Opportunity, of ſtudying the Natures of Plants and Animals, the various Alterations in the Elements, the Influence of the Winds and Rains, Meteors and Exhalations; with many other Secrets, which are hid from the greateſt Part of Men, who are buried alive in populous Towns and Cities, baniſh'd from the Familiarity of their Mother-Earth, and moſt of her genuine Products.

In

In the *Deſart*, the unforc'd Harmony of Birds, ſhall lull thy Soul in innocent and grateful Slumbers; the gentle Winds ſhall waft Immortal Whiſpers to thy Raviſh'd Ears, breathing unutterable Sounds from *Paradiſe*. The murmuring Streams, ſhall warble forth their ſoft and ſweet, Eternal *Stories*. All ſhall conſpire to ſerve thy Contemplation, and to tranſport thy Mind with *Sacred Ecſtaſies*.

If after all this, thou ſhalt preferr the *Monaſtick* Encloſure; Follow thy Reſolution, and be Happy. Only remember, That tho' thy Body be ſhut up within thoſe Walls; yet, if thy Mind ſtraggle in Vain and Worldly Thoughts, thou art no longer a *Recluſe*. Adieu.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

IF all be true, that I have Reaſon to ſuſpect, thou wilt find a warm Divertiſement at Sea this *Spring*. Though the *Europeans* have ſeem'd ſlow in their Preparations to aſſiſt the *State* of *Venice*, ſuffering their ſeparate Intereſts to ſuperſede the Care of that *Republick*, yet now they turn their Eyes thither. Their Backwardneſs hitherto, is owing to the Secrecy, with which our Sage *Emperour* meditated the preſent War. His Counſels were never whiſper'd out of the *Seraglio*, till the ſame Winds tranſported the News, which wafted our *Invincible Fleet* to the Shore of *Candy*. Now they behold the Ocean, cover'd with the Ships of the *Eaſtern Empire*, Fear ſurprizes them; the *Princes* of the *Nazarenes* tremble. They look no longer on the *Republick* of *Venice* with the Eyes of Envy, becauſe of her Preheminence in Traffique, but with another Regard: They conſider her, as the *Bulwark* of *Chriſtendom*; the only Bank, which has hitherto ſtemm'd the Tide of the *Ottoman* Puiſſance, and ſtopp'd our Victorious Armies from overflowing all *Europe*.

I have informed the *Reis Effendi*, of what I knew concerning the *Naval* Forces which are fitting out, in ſeveral Parts of the *North*

and

and *Weſt*, to aid the *Venetians*; but I have not told him what the *Chriſtians* ſay of thee; neither am I willing to believe it. They ſpeak of thee, as of a Man not more difficult to be corrupted, than was thy Predeceſſor, who was ſtrangled by the Order of the *Sultaneſs*-Mother. This Cenſure, I hope, is an Effect of their Impotence; while they flatter themſelves with the Imagination of bribing him, from whoſe Courage and Fortune they can expect Nothing but Defeats.

They truſt much in the Force of thy Birth and Education, and diſcourſe of a certain *Magical* Character, imprinted in thy Soul, when thou waſt baptiz'd, which, they ſay, is indelible; And, they promiſe themſelves, That thy Native *Chriſtianity*, has more Influence on thy Heart, than Forced *Circumciſion*; and, that thou wilt not Fight with any Zeal, againſt Men of the ſame Principles, as thoſe who gave thee thy Breath. But, they confide more in the Charms of their Gold, with which they deſign to bribe thee. In fine, they drink Healths to the *Honeſt Renegado*. So they term him, who commands the whole Fleet of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I do not give Credit to theſe Calumnies, having good Grounds to boaſt of thy Integrity. However, I counſel thee, by ſome extraordinary Service to thy *Maſter*, to give the Lye to theſe *Infidels*: And, ſuffer not that, which at preſent may be but a bare Suſpicion, to be improved by thy Neglect or Cowardiſe, into a palpable Evidence, That

thou art falſe and perfidious to the *Supreme Lord* of the *Globe*.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXIV.

To Adonai, *a* Jew *at* Venice.

NOW thou art fixed, 'tis Time to write to thee: Thou haſt been a Rambler theſe Three or Four Years, and no Body knew where to find thee. I have received Eleven *Diſpatches* from thee, ſince thy firſt Departure from *Genoua*: Wherein thou haſt informed me, of many Paſſages of *State*. Now I deſire thee, to ſend me ſome Remarks of the different Nature of the People thou haſt ſeen, their various Cuſtoms and Laws, with whatſoever was worthy Obſervation in thy *Travels*.

Italy is a fair Field, yet produces *Darnel* as well as *wholeſom Corn*. It is a Beautiful Garden, yet bears *Aconite* intermix'd with her *Roſes*: Great Vertues, and no Leſs Vices. This Region is famous for the Wiſdom of its Inhabitants, and for their *Proverbs*: It is the *Arabia* of *Europe*, in many Sences. Yet, much leſſened in its Renown, ſince the Decline of the *Roman Empire*. The *Goths* and *Vandals*,

Vandals, turned all into *Deſarts*, where they came; and, have left ſuch Impreſſions of their *Northern Barbariſm* behind them, as made the People they conquer'd, half-Savages. Hence came the General Decay of Learning and Knowledge in theſe *Weſtern* Parts: Hence the Corruption of Ancient Manners. The Great, the Noble, and the Wiſe, bowed under the Yoke of their *New Maſters*, learned their Faſhions, and gloried in their Shame. Their Examples influenc'd the Vulgar; Debauchery became Modiſh and Authentick: Thus, a General Depravation of priſtine Integrity took Place, and Men became Vicious by a Law.

Neither has Wickedneſs planted it ſelf onely in *Europe*: The Sea could not ſtop this Boundleſs Evil. *Aſia* is infected alſo, and the Vice of *Italy* is tranſported to the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. Thou haſt ſeen all the Chief Cities between the *Alps* and *Rhegium*, which is the utmoſt Angle of *Italy*, to the *South*: tell me whether *Sodom* could exceed any of them, in Licentiouſneſs: We will not except, even *Rome*, the Seat of the *Chriſtians Mufti*. Theſe *Uncircumciſed*, have learned of thy Nation, to call the *Ancient Philoſophers*, *Infidels*; but, had any of thoſe *Sages* liv'd to ſee the Abominations of the *Modern Nazarenes*, they would have deſpiſed the *Faith* which produced no *better Works*.

Adonai, put in Practice the Import of thy Name; be *Lord* of thy ſelf; and, if thou

ſtumbleſt at the *Light* of the *Muſſulmans*, walk in that of *Moſes*, but ſhun the *Paths* of the *Chriſtians*; for, they are enveloped in Darkneſs, and grope at Mid-day. Live according to *Reaſon*, and thou ſhalt be Happy. Adieu.

Paris, 18th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THE preſent War of *Candy*, is like to render that *Iſland* as much the Subject of the World's Diſcourſe, as it was formerly famous, for being the *Cradle* of *Jupiter*. In thoſe Days, it was called *Crete*; much celebrated in the Writings of the *Greek Poets*. Afterwards, it became a *Province* of the *Roman Empire*; then of the *Grecians*; next it ſubmitted to the *Saracens*. But, in the time of the *Chriſtian* Expeditions in *Paleſtine*, when *Baldwin*, *Earl* of *Fanders*, was Crown'd *Emperour* of *Conſtantinople*, this *Iſland* came into his Poſſeſſion: Which he gave to a certain valiant Commander in his Army, a Man of a Noble Deſcent; of whom, the *Venetians* purchaſed it; and in their Hands, it has continued ever ſince. But now, in all Probability,

bability, it will be the Prize of thoſe Arms, which Nothing Sublunary can reſiſt.

The Poſts from *Italy* and the Sea Coaſts of this Kingdom, confirm each other's News; all agreeing, That notwithſtanding the Utmoſt Efforts of the *Venetians* and *Candiots*, to hinder the Relief of *Canea*; yet, our *General* is got into that Haven, with vaſt Quantities of Proviſions, and a ſufficient Reinforcement of Men. They add, That Forty Thouſand of our Soldiers have made a Deſcent in another Part of the *Iſland*, have gain'd the Forts of *Ciſternes*, *Colmi*, and *Bicorno*, and were on their March toward *Suda*, with a Deſign to beſiege that Place. They accuſe our *General* of barbarous Cruelty, in that he cauſed Five of the Principal *Noblemen* of that Kingdom, to be put to Death; becauſe they refuſed to betray their Country, or enter into the Intereſts of the *Grand Signior*.

I muſt confeſs, Magnificent *Aga*, That whatever may be ſaid in Commendation of this *General*'s Policy, and Fidelity to his *Maſter*; it is no Argument of the Goodneſs of his Diſpoſition. I rather admire the Temper of the *Duke* of *Orleans*, who when *Gravling* was ſurrendred to him, juſt as he entred the Town, was heard to ſay theſe Words: *Let us endeavour by Generous Actions, to win the Hearts of all Men; ſo may we hope for a daily Victory. Let the* French *learn from me, this new Way of Conqueſt, to ſubdue Men by Mercy and Clemency.*

Theſe are Heroick Sentiments, and agree well with the Character of this *Prince*, who is ſaid, never to have been the Author of any Man's Death, nor to have revenged himſelf of any Injury: Yet, a valiant Soldier, an expert Commander, and no bad Politician.

It is not hid from the *Court*, with what a Matchleſs Vertue he diſmiſs'd a Gentleman, that was hired to murder him. This *Aſſaſſin*, was ſuffered to paſs into the *Duke*'s Bed-chamber one Morning early, pretending Buſineſs of great Moment from the Queen. As ſoon as the *Duke* caſt his Eyes on him, he ſpoke thus; *I know thy Buſ'neſs, Friend; thou art ſent to take away my Life: What Hurt have I done thee? It is now in my Power with a Word, to have thee cut in Pieces before my Face: But, I pardon thee; go thy Way, and ſee my Face no more.*

The Gentleman ſtung with his own Guilt, and aſtoniſh'd at the excellent Nature of this Prince, fell on his Knees, confeſs'd his Deſign, and who employ'd him: And, having promis'd eternal Gratitude for this Royal Favour, departed without any other Notice taken of him; and, fearing to tarry in *France*, entred himſelf into the Service of the *Spaniſh* King. It was his Fortune afterwards to encounter the *Duke* of *Orleans*, in a Battel in *Flanders*. The *Duke*, at that Inſtant, was oppreſſed with a Crowd of *Germans* who ſurrounded him; and, in the Conflict, he loſt his Sword. Which this Gentleman perceiving, nimbly ſtepp'd to him,

and

and deliver'd one into the *Duke*'s Hands, ſaying withal, *Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency. Thou gaveſt me my Life, now I put thee into a Capacity to defend thy own.* The *Prince*, by this Means, at length eſcaped the Danger he was in; and, that Day, the Fortune of War was on his Side. The *French* had a conſiderable Victory.

Thou ſeeſt by this, that *Heroick* Actions have ſomething *Divine* in them, and attract the Favours of *Heaven*. No Man ever was a Loſer by good Works; For, though he be not preſently rewarded; yet, in Tract of Time, ſome happy Emergency or other ariſes, to convince him, *That Vertuous Men are the Darlings of* Providence.

Thou that art near the Perſon of the *Grand Signior*, mayſt find an Opportunity to relate this Story to him, which may make no unprofitable Impreſſion on his Mind. *Princes* ever ſtand in Need of faithful Monitors.

Adieu, Great *Miniſter*, and favour *Mahmut*, with the Continuance of thy Protection and Friendſhip.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER XXVI.

To Naſſuf, Baſſa *of* Natolia.

I Received thy Letter, as an Argument of the Continuance of that Friendſhip which was between us, when we lived together in the *Seraglio*. Since that Time, thou and I have been employed Abroad, in different Services of our *Auguſt Emperor*, who has now rewarded thy Fidelity with a Command; which, if it be not adequate to thy Merit, is nevertheleſs agreeable to thy Wiſhes.

I congratulate thy Honour, and wiſh thee a gradual Encreaſe of it; for, ſudden and violent Leaps are dangerous. But, our Glorious *Sultan*, diſcovers his Abilities in Nothing more eminently, than in adapting Places of Truſt to the Deſerts and Capacities of his Faithful *Slaves*. So that, if he ſhould in Time think fit, to exalt thee to the Higheſt Dignity in the *State*, we might from the Choice of ſo wiſe a Prince, preſage thee a better Fortune, than befell one of thy Name, in the Reign of *Sultan Achmet* III. who, from a *Slave* ſold in the Market for Three Sequins, was advanced to an Honour too weighty for his Vertue; being made *Vizir Azem*, and *Lord* of the moſt delicious *Provinces* in *Aſia*. But, being Ambitious of abſolute *Sovereignty*, he plotted Treaſon againſt his

his *Maſter*; which being diſcovered, the Fatal *Firm* was ſign'd, and all his Deſigns were ſtifled with a Bow-ſtring.

By this thou mayſt comprehend, how neceſſary it is for *Princes*, not to overload any Man with *Dignities*, beyond the Proportion of his Humility and Faithfulneſs. Yet, Rewards well placed, give new Vigor to the Endeavours of a *Slave*; whereas, when good Services are ſlighted, it does but quench the Ardour, with which they were perform'd. Few Men are ſo Spiritual, as to do Great and Heroick Things, purely for the Sake of internal Complacency. And, I doubt not, but the *Decii* themſelves, in ſo freely ſacrificing their Lives for their Country, had Regard to Humane Glory. Even *Seneca*, whom one would take for the moſt mortify'd *Stoick* of that Age, by his *Writings*; yet, is conceived to have found more Encouragement, in the Treaſures of Gold, with which *Nero*'s Bounty had fill'd his Coffers, than in all his *Morals*, of which he had ſuch refin'd Sentiments, and elegant Expreſſions.

What I have ſaid, thou haſt Wiſdom enough to apply to thy Self, without being vain-glorious: Let thoſe whom thou employeſt in any meritorious Services, and who diſcharge their Truſt well, be encourag'd with the ſame Proportions of Bounty. Munificence will not only add to thy Glory, but alſo advance thy Intereſt. Since, thou wilt ever have Occaſion for thy *Slaves:* And, he who has once taſted thy Liberality, as a Reward for any Eminent

Performance; had he no other Motive, than the Pleaſure of renewing ſo profitable an Experiment, will freely hazard his Life, to ſerve thee in an Extremity.

This Method thou wilt find of no ſmall Uſe to thee, in the Wars to which thou art going; where it will be neceſſary for thee, to recompence the leaſt ſingular Bravery of the meaneſt Soldier, not only with applauſe, but with ſome Preferment in the Army. This will not only prove a Spur to others, but even to the Perſon ſo rewarded; and put him upon new Efforts of Courage, to attract the Eyes of his Munificent General. This will be the Way for thee, in Time, to have an Army compoſed all of Captains, or Men qualified for ſuch.

Yet let not this diminiſh the Severity of that Diſcipline, which is requiſite to retain a proſperous Army in their Obedience. I counſel thee, to be ſtrict in requiring the leaſt Military Duty; and, Induſtrious in performing thy own Part, which will be an Example to the Reſt: Yet, rather be forward to lead in Labours, than in Dangers; in Regard thou wilt be more ſerviceable in a Battel, by thy Counſels and Orders, than by perſonally entring the Combat. In all Things, prefer the Welfare of the *Ottoman Empire*, to whatſoever elſe is moſt dear to thee; even to thy own *Honour*, which yet ought to be dearer to thee than thy *Life*.

If thou thinkeſt I have taken too much Liberty to adviſe thee, accuſe thy ſelf for having

having honour'd me with thy *Friendſhip*, which admits of no *Reſerves* in *Converſation*.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is a vaſt Diſappointment to the *Venetians*, that our *General* in *Candy* has ſo opportunely revictuall'd *Canea*, and encreas'd the Garriſon there. *Moroſini* is blam'd for this, by thoſe that wiſh him no Good. What will not Envy ſuggeſt, when it beholds a Man on the Top of Honour? This *General*, to give an Enemy his Due, is a Man of Spirit and true Fortitude: neither courting, nor ſhunning Dangers in the Service of his Country; but when once engag'd in Perils for that Cauſe, he is fearleſs as a Lyon. If he has not hitherto had Occaſion to give the *State* ſo deſperate a Proof of his Loyalty, as once did the *Roman Curtius* (who bravely gallop'd into the Bottomleſs *Chaſm*, to pacify their Angry *Gods*) yet he has often demonſtrated, That his Courage and Fidelity, come not ſhort of the Ancient *Heroes*. In a Word, he has done too much for the *Republick* of *Venice*, to eſcape the Spleen of other Grandees. All muſt be

Generals,

Generals, or the War will not proſper. Each Man's Ambition Dictates this to the *State*, That a Man of Conduct, would ſoon expell the *Turks* out of that *Iſland:* Thus, in his Conceipt, laying a Train for his own Promotion.

Wouldſt thou know *Moroſini*'s Crime, that excites all this Paſſion? To ſpeak the Truth, it was an Overſight advantageous to the *Ottomans*. He put out with his whole Fleet to Sea, and left the Port of *Canea* open. By which Means, Three of our Ships got in with Plenty of Proviſions. So that the Town is now in a Condition to ſuſtain a long Siege, and the *Venetians* deſpair of ever recovering it. Yet *Moroſini* has made ſo plauſible an Apology, that the *Senate* have acquitted him; not judging it conſiſtent either with Juſtice or their Intereſt, to ſuffer one Miſcarriage, the Effect of a fair Intention, to out-weigh his numerous Merits and Services. For, the Occaſion of his thus ſuddenly abandoning the Avenue of that Haven, was, to chaſe ſome of our Veſſels, then under Sail not many Leagues off; and the Taking of thoſe Veſſels, on Board of which were Abundance of *Slaves*, juſtifi'd to the *Senate*, the Truth of his Pretenſions. However, there are not wanting ſuch as ſay, he held a private Correſpondence with our *General*: Others, That the preſent *Governour* of *Canea*, had formerly taken Captive at Sea a Son of *Moroſini*'s, whom he now offer'd to reſtore, in caſe he would withdraw his Ships from before the Haven,

for

for a few Days. I know not how far this may be credited. But, 'tis a certain Truth, That *Morosini* has his Son again, and he defended himself by pleading, That he redeem'd him by exchanging a *Mahometan* Captive of Equal *Quality*, whom he had aboard his Ship.

And, thou knowest, That this Manner of Barter, is lawful in War. *Adonai* the *Jew*, sends me this Intelligence; and, I dare believe him: For, since the Instructions I sent him to *Genoua*, he has taken Care to ascertain his Reports. I wish it were as true, That *Morosini* cou'd be prevail'd on, to accept the Friendships of the *Sublime Port*. But, the Character of that *General*, gives me no Encouragement to hope, for so fortunate a Treachery, from his severe Vertue.

However, I will hope and believe, That the *Eternal Patron* of *True Believers*, will give such a happy Issue to the *Ottoman* Arms in *Candy*, and all other Parts, as shall dispose the *Nazarenes*, that remain unconquer'd, to honour *Him* whom they have hitherto despised and blasphem'd; even the *Prophet*, who cou'd neither Write nor Read.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician *at* Conſtantinople.

THE Time of Year is now come, wherein the Earth turns her Inſide out; and, *Nature* calls forth the hidden Vertues of that Element, to grace the World with an Infinite Variety of pleaſant Forms and Colours. The Eye is loſt in ſuch a Crowd of different Beauties; and, every Sence is raviſh'd with delightful Objects. The Young Men and Virgins throng the Fields, to behold the Reſurrection of Flowers and Herbs; and, the Old, feel new Vigours ſpringing in their Bodies, as though they had been in *Medea*'s Cauldron. Even *Mahmut* himſelf, who has droop'd all the *Winter*, now begins to lift up his Head, and partake in the Common Reſtauration of all Things.

If I am capable of gueſſing at the Occaſion of my frequent Sickneſs, I believe it may, in Part, be attributed to the Want of freſh Air, in the Place where I Lodge. There is a vaſt Difference between the Streets of *Paris*, and thoſe of *Conſtantinople*. I ſeem to my ſelf to be buried alive in this cloſe City, where my Chamber-Window, affords me no farther Proſpect than I can ſpit: Whereas, in *Conſtantinople*, the Gardens are ſo intermix'd with

with Houſes, That it looks like a City in the Midſt of a Foreſt; and, by the Advantage of its Situation, is always refreſhed with Breezes from the Sea.

Beſides the Impurity of theſe *Infidels*, who empty all their Filth in the Streets, ſo that the Dirt of *Paris* may be ſmelt ſome Miles off; the Uncleanneſs of their Diet, contributes in no ſmall Meaſure to my Diſtemper; being forced either to feed on Fleſh with the Blood in it, or live on Herbs. They laugh at the Niceneſs of the *Muſſulmans*, who will eat no Meat, that was knock'd down or ſtrangled. They ſeem to be greedy of Blood, ſaving it in Veſſels; and, mixing it with Flower of Wheat, make a certain Bread thereof, which they devour without the leaſt Squeamiſhneſs. A *True Believer*, would tremble at the Sight of ſuch Impiety. I tell thee, it is impoſſible to live among them, and not be polluted: They have no Methods of Purification. They wallow, and hug themſelves in their Uncleanneſs: they are worſe than the Beaſts.

Now the *Spring* has provided a new Banquet wherein there is no Impurity, I am reſolved to live like a *Muſſulman*, and conform to the Precepts of our *Holy Lawgiver*; Who, when he beholds my Zeal and Abſtinence, will ſend the *Angel* of *Health* from his *Paradiſe*, to repair my decay'd Conſtitution.

The *French Philoſophers*, are buſied in an Inquiſition after certain Kinds of Birds, which from the Second Day of this *Moon*, they ſay

are

are not to be found in the whole Kingdom, though the Woods and Fields were full of them during the *Winter*. Some are of Opinion, That they fly to the *Moon*; asserting, That if their Wings will but carry 'em beyond the *Magnetick* Force of the Earth, it will be no Pain to glide through the Upper Aiery Region, till they arrive within the Attractive Energy of that *Planet*, where they will *Naturally* seek Rest. Others, with more Probability, say, That these Birds take their Flight to some other Region on Earth, whose Climate is more agreeable to their Natures, at this Time of Year.

I wish I could as easily once a Year take my Flight to *Constantinople*, where my Heart is *Winter* and *Summer*. Adieu, Dear *Hali*, and pity *Mahmut*, who counts himself unhappy in Nothing so much, as in being absent from his Friends.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

To the Tefterdar, *or* Lord-Treaſurer.

IT appears, That *France* has ſome extraordinary Deſign by Sea: When and where 'twill be put in Execution, is not yet known; but the vaſt Preparations that are making, ſeem to threaten ſome Foreign Invaſion, rather than a Naval Combat: It looks, as if they had an Expedition in Hand greater than that of *Xerxes*; to make a Bridge over the Ocean, and join the Separated Parts of the World together. New *Arſenals* are built, in ſeveral Maritime Towns; and, all the Foreſts are cut down to fill them with Timber for *Ships* of *War*: The Mountains are left naked of Trees, and the ſtately Woods are tranſplanted into the Havens. An Infinite Number of Men are employ'd in making Cordage, Chains, Bullets, Anchors, Ordnance, and all other Neceſſaries belonging to a Navy.

This is *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Project, under Pretence of ſetting the Poor of the Kingdom at Work, and diſburthening the *Commonwealth* of Vagabonds and Idle Perſons. But, *Mahmut* is not placed here, to be amus'd with State-Umbrages. It is evident, that this *Miniſter* deſigns to render his *Maſter* formidable on *both* Elements. *Agents* are ſent

to

to buy Ships in all Parts; and, the very Peasants are forced from the Vineyards and Fields, to Man the Greatest Fleet that ever this Kingdom fitted out to Sea.

Last *Moon* the *Sieur de Quesne*, was sent to assist *Monsieur Chanut*, in purchasing Vessels in *Suedeland*. It seems, there had been some Demurrs in his Negotiation; to remove which, this latter was sent with fresh Instructions. But, *Monsieur Chanut* rejected him; And, Ten Days ago came an *Express* from that *Minister*, desiring, that a more Intelligent Colleague might be sent him; in Regard, he found it difficult to treat successfully, with a People too much elated with continual Victories.

Upon this, the *Court* have sent a *Courier* to *Stockholm*, with new Orders; whereby he is forbid to make any farther Overtures in Order to the Continuance of the *League* between these Two *Crowns*: That *France* may not always appear in a Suppliant Posture, whilst the *Suedes* seem careless to conserve a Friendship, which they themselves first coveted.

These Misunderstandings, may in a short Time proceed to a greater Alienation; and, in the End, to an open Rupture. Which has the more Probability, in that, *General Koningsmark* lately stopp'd some *French* Troops in their March, under Pretence of seeing their Passports; but really, as 'tis thought, to corrupt the Soldiers, and withdraw them from the Fidelity they owe their Sovereign.

This

This is highly resented here; and, they begin to discourse, of making *Peace* with *Germany*.

What the Issue of these Things will be, is yet in the Dark; but *God*, from whose *Throne* hangs the *Chain* of *Destiny*, which reaches to the Center of the Earth, will, I hope, so dispose of all Humane Events, That the Quarrels of the *Nazarenes*, shall minister Occasion to the *Osmans*, to encrease the Territories of our Puissant *Emperor*.

Paris, 1st. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Cannot but highly applaud the Reſolution thou haſt taken, as thy Letter intimates, to enquire into the *Grounds* of the *Religion* thou art of. This ſhews, that thou ſetteſt a Value on thy Reaſon, and thinkeſt thy ſelf beyond the Pupillage of a Child; that thou eſteemeſt thy ſelf of Years, to make a Choice of thy *Religion*, and not to take it up on the bare *Credit* of thy *Forefathers*. 'Tis certain, that *Error* may be *Traditional* as well as *Truth*: And the *Pagan Idolaters*, pleaded a Greater *Antiquity* for the *Altars* of their *Gods*, than could the *Followers* of *Moſes*, for the *Temple* of *Jeruſalem*, the *Tabernacle* in the *Deſart*, or for the Promulgation of the *Law* it ſelf on *Mount Sinai*: Since, there was ſcarce a Region on the *Continent*, which had not *Eſtabliſh'd Rites* and *Ceremonies* of *Worſhip*, long before *Moſes*, or even *Jacob*, the Great *Father* of the *Iſraelites* were born.

Among the Reſt of the Nations, *Arabia*, my Native Country, was peculiarly bleſs'd with the Footſteps of the *Illuſtrious Ibrahim*, Grandfather to *Iſrael*, from whom the *Jews* deſcend. In this Happy Country, that Renowned *Prophet* ſojourned, converſed with *Angels*:

Angels: And, with the *Majeſty* which cannot be Uttered: he Preached the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, Converted the People from their *Idolatry*, built an *Oratory* at *Meccha*, and was taken up into *Paradiſe*.

Iſmael his Eldeſt Son, and Heir of his Father's Spirit, as of his Territories, trod in the Footſteps of the *Aſſumpt* of *God*. He brake down the *Idols*, aſſerted *One God*, the *Reſurrection*, the *Day* of *Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. His *Off-Spring* Multiplied, and Peopled all the *Eaſt:* The *Princes* of this *Holy Line*, ſubdued the *Infidel* Nations, and rooted themſelves in the moſt fertile Regions of *Aſia*, profeſſing themſelves *Muſſulmans* or *True Believers*. Thus paſſed the *Light* of *God* from the *Face* of *Ibrahim*, to his *Poſterity* by Succeſſive Generations; till at Length, it reſted on the *Face* of *Mahomet*, Our *Holy Lawgiver*, and was encreas'd with admirable Splendors, by the frequent Viſits of the *Angel Gebrail*. He took the *Root* of *Evil*, out of the *Prophet*'s Heart; brought him down the *Alcoran* from *Heaven*, and gave him Victory and Honour; call'd him by a New Name, *THE SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*; carried him to the *Throne* of *God*, through *Legions* of *Devils*, that waited below the *Moon* to deſtroy him. And finally, made his *Sepulcher* Glorious and reſorted to, by the *Believers* of all Nations on the Earth.

I ſend thee this *Abſtract* of the *Muſſulman Hiſtory*, to the End, thou maiſt ſee what Pretenſions

tenſions the *Children* of *Iſmael* have to the *True Law*; which you, of the *Poſterity* of *Iſaac* would monopolize to your ſelves: As if, *God* had not ſent *Prophets* to all *Nations*, to lead them into the Right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*. Nevertheleſs, take not theſe Things on my Credit, but examine the *Records* of thy *own Nation*, and the *Hiſtory* of *paſt Times*. Weigh all Things in the Balance: Conſult thy Reaſon, which is an indefectent Light, to thoſe who follow it. Your *Law*, was once Pure and Uncorrupted; but, in Time, the *Devil* inſerted many Errors: He ſeduced your *Fathers*; they return'd upon their Steps, and fell back into *Idolatry*. Then *God* raiſed up the *Meſſias*, to reform all Things; but, Him ye rejected. And when he was taken up into *Paradiſe*, ye reported, *That He was hang'd on a Tree*. In this, the *Nazarenes* are your Fools, and fight againſt themſelves; Whilſt they aſſert, as you do, That he who is *Immortal* and *Triumphant*, among the Hundred and Twenty Four Thouſand *Prophets*, *Was crucified betwixt Two Thieves*; Thus bringing a Reproach on the *Apoſtle* of *God*, and on their Own *Faith*; in believing Things, inconſiſtent with the Goodneſs and Power of the *Divine Majeſty*. Without Doubt, *Jeſus*, the *Son* of *Mary*, is Aſcended *Body* and *Soul* into *Paradiſe*; Who, whilſt he was on *Earth*, ſaid, *Worſhip One* God, *Your* Lord *and Mine*.

Let

Let me not ſeem importunate, or troubleſome. I ſeek not to circumvent thy Reaſon, but to direct it. Think Seven Times, before thou Change Once. I will procure thee Books of our *Law*; Peruſe them with Judgment; and tell me then, Whether thou haſt ever ſeen any *Writing* comparable to the *Alcoran?* The *Majeſty* of the *Style*, ſpeaks it above *Humane Original:* It is exempt from Contradiction, from the Beginning to the End: It confirms the *Old Teſtament*, which thou believeſt: It is all over cloath'd with Light. Doubtleſs, it is no other, than a Tranſcript of the *Book* written in *Heaven.*

If after all thy Search, thou ſhalt determine otherwiſe, follow thou *Thy Law*, and I will follow *Mine.* We both Worſhip *One God*, *Lord* of the *Univerſe.*

Paris, 10th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the same.

LET not the Fear of displeasing those of thy Nation, hinder thee from embracing the *Truth*. *God* shall protect thee from the Malice of *Unbelievers*. Thy Interest is already great among the *Mussulmans*; our *August Emperour* will augment both that, and thy Honour. Take hold of the strongest Knot, and adhere not to *Tagot*. The Cleanliness and Delicacy of the *Mussulmans* may invite thee, which far exceeds that of the *Jews*, and yet is void of *Superstition*: We only obey the sincere Dictates of *Nature*, which teach us, That so long as the Soul dwells in this Mansion of Flesh, it partakes of Bodily Pollutions. 'Tis to avoid these, we abstain from certain Meats and Drinks, which cannot be touch'd without Contamination. To this End, do we observe that superlative Niceness, in our Washings and Purifications, which discriminates us from all the World beside. Doubtless, Our *Law* is but the *Law* of *Moses*, refin'd and sublimated from the Dregs of adventitious Error.

Write often to me, and whatever Reasons may prevail on thee not to change thy *Religion*, let no Arguments tempt thee to swerve from thy *Fidelity* to the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns* on Earth, the *Grand Signior*, in whose Veins runs the most Exalted Blood of Humane Race.

Here

Here is a Report in this City, That the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, will demand the Queen of *Sueden* in Marriage: let me know if it be true, that I may inform the *Miniſters* of the *Lofty Port*, from whom Nothing ought to be concealed, that occurs of Moment betwixt the Two *Poles*.

Inform me alſo, what paſſes of remarkable in the *Aſſembly* of the *Deputies* at *Munſter*, and whether it be true, That the *Danube* has lately overflow'd its Banks, and carried away Four Hundred Houſes in its rapid Courſe.

Such Stories are told here, by thoſe who know not how to paſs away their Time, but in hearkning after Foreign News, to furniſh themſelves with Matter to amuſe the Credulous, and beget Admiration of their Intelligence.

I have ſent thee a *Watch* of my making; If thou acceptеſt it with good Will, 'tis a ſufficient Acknowledgment.

May *God*, whoſe Preſence fills the *Univerſe*, diſcloſe himſelf to thee, in the Way of *Salvation*, and continue to breathe good Motions into thy Soul.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Kaimacham.

A *Donai* the *Jew*, has much improv'd himſelf, in his late Progreſs through *Italy*: He is grown a perfect *Stateſman*; having found out the Way to penetrate into Secrets, and to diſpatch Buſineſs without any Noiſe. He may prove very ſerviceable at *Venice*, during the preſent War of *Candy*. His Acquaintance in that City, gives him Acceſs to the Cabals of the *Senators*; who ſpare not, over their Wine, to whiſper the Counſels of the *State*, and to deſcant on the Meaſures that are taken to defend that *Republick*, againſt the Invincible Proweſs of the *Ottoman* Armies.

It is publickly known, That they have ſent *Embaſſadors* to the *Crown* of *Moſcovy*, that of *Poland*, and to the *Coſſacks*; inviting them to enter into a *League*, againſt the *Grand Signior*. But, few are acquainted with the private *Treaty* they are making, with the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*. We owe this Diſcovery, to the Diligence and Wit of this *Son* of *Iſrael*. He has drawn the Secret, from the Mouths of ſeveral Eminent *Counſellors* of *State*; and aſſures me, That the *Senate* have made ſuch Propoſals to that *Governour*, as cannot fail of inducing him to Revolt.

This may prove of ill Conſequence, if not timely prevented: The pernicious Example of this *Baſſa*, may incite others to tread in his Steps,

keps, eſpecially his Neighbours of *Sidon* and *Damaſcus*, who have for a long Time medi-ated a Sovereignty, Independent of the *Throne* which firſt eſtabliſh'd 'em in thoſe Charges. Beſides, the ſingle Forces of this *Baſſa*, will be able to give a powerful Diverſion to the Arms of the *Empire*, already engag'd in *Candy*, *Dal-matia*, and other Parts, by Sea and Land. He ſays, the *Venetians* ſpeak much in Praiſe of this *Baſſa*'s Juſtice, whereof they relate many Ex-amples: Among the Reſt, A certain *Cook* a-mong the *Franks* of that City, was accus'd of dreſſing and ſelling putrify'd Fleſh, whereby many that eat thereof were infected with the *Plague*. Complaint being made of this to the *Baſſa*, he ſends for the *Cook*, and exa-mines him about it: He reply'd, That he ſold none but good and wholeſome Meat; for, if it happen'd, that at any Time he was forc'd to keep any Fleſh in his Houſe above Three Days, he ſo ſeaſon'd it with Spices and Herbs, as made it very ſavoury, and without any ill Scent.

The *Baſſa*, not having Patience to hear any more of this fœtid Apology, commanded his Arms and Legs to be cut off, and the Veins to be ſeared up: Ordering, that during the ſhort Time he had to live, he ſhould have no other Food, but what was made of his own Limbs.

They relate one more Paſſage, of a Com-plaint that was made by a Peaſant, whoſe Daughter this *Baſſa*'s onely Son had raviſh'd: The *Baſſa* compell'd him to marry her with

this Charge, *Let me hear no more Complaint of thee, unleſs thou art reſolved to leave me without a Son.*

It is reported here, That the King of *Perſia*, has made a *Peace* with the *Great Mogul*, and that they will both turn their Forces againſt our *Auguſt Emperour*.

Here is alſo a *Courier* arriv'd from *Marſeilles*, who brings News of the Revolt of *Cavarra*; the Inhabitants of that Place, having ſhaken off the Obedience they owe to the *Sultan*, and put themſelves under the Protection of the *Venetians*: and, that *General Grimani*, has taken Four Ships of *Ragouſa* laden with Ammunition for our Army. He adds alſo, That *Moroſini* has Thirty ſmall Veſſels, beſides Galleys, under the very Walls of the *Dardanells*. I long ago ſuggeſted to the *Vizir Azem*, That the Weakneſs of thoſe Caſtles, would one Time or other encourage the *Chriſtians*, to perform ſome notable Exploit in the *Helleſpont*. But, *Mahmut*'s Counſel was not regarded: Now the Event juſtifies my Advice, the *Port* will conſult the Security of that Avenue. I wiſh they do not practiſe the *Trojan* Wiſdom. The *Venetians* have a powerful Fleet; If they block up the *Helleſpont*, and hinder our Ships from ſailing into the *Archipelago*; and the *Coſſacks*, in the mean while, cover the *Black Sea* with their Barks, committing a Thouſand Piracies and Ravages. What will become of the *Imperial* City? Whence will they provide Suſtenance for ſo many Millions of People, as inhabit that City and the Parts adjacent? Theſe

These Things are worthy of Conſideration: And thou, who haſt the Care of that *Capital Seat* of the *Ottoman Empire*, wilt not blame *Mahmut*, for putting thee in Mind of the Danger which threatens even the *Seraglio* it ſelf at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, Sage *Miniſter*, and referr the Reſt to thy Wiſdom. My Letters are all regiſter'd; and if Affairs ſhould ſucceed ill, it will be manifeſted, That *Mahmut*, who watches Night and Day, to ſerve the *Great Maſter* of the *World*, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the *Monarchy* of the *True Faithful*.

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Juſtice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for Thy *Maſter* and Mine, renders worthy of Excuſe.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. III.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Moſt Magnificent and Illuſtrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

OSmin the *Dwarf*, whom I formerly mentioned, remains ſtill in the *Court*; and continues his good Offices, in communicating to me ſuch Paſſages as come to his Knowledge. He has a ſubtle Wit, and bears no hearty Love to the *Chriſtians*, though he be One himſelf in *Profeſſion*,

feſſion. He frequently viſits me, and truſts me with his Secrets. One Day he convinc'd me by evident Circumſtances, That *Cardinal Mazarini*, was projecting to give ſome ſecret and ſudden Blow to the *Ottoman Empire*, for which *Oſmin* ſeems to be concern'd by a Natural Inclination; being, as I told thee, born of *Mahometan* Parents. He was uneaſie, till he had acquainted me with his Apprehenſions; and, I gave him ſuch Inſtructions, as I thought moſt proper on this Occaſion. I ſet my Thoughts on the Rack, to prevent ſo dire a Miſchief. And, having premeditated well on this Affair, I pitch'd on a Courſe, which would at once clear me from the *Cardinal*'s Suſpicion; and, by ſeeming to favour his Deſigns, would abſolutely overthrow them. I went to him boldly one Day; and being admitted to his *Cloſet*, I thus addreſs'd that *Politician:*

"THERE are now Nine Years e-
"laps'd, Great *Miniſter*, ſince I
"firſt breath'd the Air of *France*; during
"all which Time, I have not only ſhar'd
"in Common with the Natives, the Bene-
"fits which have accru'd to this Noble
"Kingdom, under the Auſpicious *Mini-*
"*ſtry* of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his no leſs
"Eminent *Succeſſor*; but have alſo re-
"ceiv'd many particular Honours from
"that Illuſtrious *Prince* of the *Church*, to
"which

"which Your *Eminence*, has been pleased to make some undeserv'd Additions. "'Tis to you both, I owe the Character "which has introduc'd me into the Acquaintance and Favour of the *Nobility*; "who, on that Score, have thought me "Worthy to Instruct their Children, in "the *Greek* and *Arabick* Tongues; have "vouchsafed to admit me to their *Salt*; "and to encourage me with the Hopes, "of finding a Comfortable Repose in the "Bosom of the *Gallican Church*, after a "tedious Peregrination from my own "Country.

"When I reflect on all the accumulated Blessings I enjoy, under the Protection of Your *Eminence*; Blessings "equally transcending my Ambition, as "they do my Merits; I apply all my "Studies, to find out some acceptable "Way of Acknowledgement, to my Gracious *Benefactor*. And, because nothing "can be more Welcom to the *Guardian* "of *France*, than the Means of advancing the Publick Good of the Kingdom "committed to his Care; I now presume, "as a Testimony of my Gratitude, to "propose to Your *Eminence*, some Speculations, which if put in Execution, "will in my Judgment, not only render

" *France* the moſt Formidable and Abſo-
" lute *Monarchy* on *Earth*, but alſo tie
" the whole *Catholick* World in Eternal
" Obligations to her; and give juſt Rea-
" ſon to change the *Style* of his *Moſt*
" *Chriſtian Majeſty*, from *Eldeſt Son of*
" *the Church*, to that of *Father of all Chri-*
" *ſtendom.*

" Your *Eminence* will not wonder at the
" Zeal of a Stranger, or the Care that
" *Titus* of *Moldavia* takes for *France*: In
" being Sollicitous for this Kingdom, I
" conſult the Welfare of my own Coun-
" try, and of all the Nations which pro-
" feſs the *Faith* of *Jeſus*; ſince it is eaſie to
" ſee, That in the *Fate* of *France*, that of
" all *Europe* is involv'd.

" It is a long Time ſince the Diſmem-
" ber'd Reliques of the *Roman Empire*, bor-
" dering on *Aſia*, found themſelves too
" weak to reſiſt the Puiſſance of the *Ot-*
" *toman* Arms. All *Greece* was ſoon o'er-
" run, by the Warlike *Turks*. *Tranſyl-*
" *vania*, *Walachia*, *Moldavia*, with the
" greateſt Part of the *Upper Hungary*,
" quickly became *Tributaries* to the inve-
" terate Enemies of the *Chriſtian* Name.
" And, *Germany* it ſelf is ſo enfeebl'd by
" their repeated Incurſions, that all the
" *Emperour* can do, is, to make diſhonou-
" rable

" rable and coſtly Compoſitions, buying a
" Precarious Peace with little leſs Charges,
" than would ſerve ſome more Fortunate
" Prince, to carry on a Glorious and Suc-
" ceſsful War. Neither is the *State* of
" *Venice* in any better Condition of De-
" fence, the *Turks* having par'd away
" whole *Provinces*, from that once flou-
" riſhing *Common-wealth*; and, by their
" continual Invaſions and Hoſtilities, re-
" duc'd her to a Neceſſity of Merchan-
" dizing with the *Ottoman Port* for *Peace*.
" Which is no ſooner concluded, but, on
" the leaſt Pretence, is broke again, by
" thoſe, who hold themſelves not oblig'd,
" to keep *Faith* with *Chriſtians*. Behold,
" at this Time, without Provocation on
" the Part of *Venice*, or a Declaration of
" War by the *Grand Signior*, the late
" *League* broken on a ſudden, and in a
" moſt Clandeſtine Manner. Behold *Can-*
" *dy* environ'd with their *Fleet* by *Sea*, and
" her fertil Plains, cover'd with *Armies*
" of *Mahometans* by *Land*. Behold her
" Cities in the Hands of her Enemies, and
" her Villages laid Deſolate; her *Nobles*
" put to the Sword, and her *Merchants*
" led into Captivity. In fine, behold this
" afflicted *Common-wealth* yet ſtruggling
" with her *Fate*, and ſending her *Ambaſ-*

" *ſadors*

" *ſadors* to all the *Princes* and *States* of " *Chriſtendom*, Demanding, or rather, " in a ſuppliant Manner, Imploring their " Aſſiſtance. Yet, ſhe finds little or no " Help from any but the *Pope*, and the " *Knights* of *Malta*. And, his *Holineſs* has " enough to do, to preſerve the *Patrimony* " of the *Church* from Violence. The *State* " of *Genoua*, is too intent upon her Traf- " fick, to regard the Calamities of her " Neighbours. And, all the *Princes* of *Italy* " have ſuch Diverſions at Home, as ren- " der their Application to Things Abroad, " very Cold and Indifferent. In the mean " while, the *Turks* gain Ground, double " their Strength, and encreaſe their Vi- " ctories! O Deplorable State of *Chri-* " *ſtendom!* Is there no Redreſs for theſe " Miſeries? Yes ſurely, there is! and ſuch " a Redreſs, as only lies in Your Power, " Great *Miniſter*, to apply; which, in " the Experiment, I dare aſſure will " prove Effectual.

" I do not pretend to the *Viſions* and " *Inſpirations* of *Peter* the *Hermit*, who " garbl'd *Secular* and *Divine* Offices; and " arming himſelf in Habiliments of Steel, " went Dragooning up and down *Chri-* " *ſtendom*, at the Head of a Confuſed " Rable, to render himſelf Popular, and

" acquire

"acquire the Triple Character, of *Pil-*
"*grim*, *Prieſt* and *Captain*. The ill Suc-
"ceſs of his raſh *Expeditions*, ſhew'd, That
"he was only ſtung with a *Religious Ca-*
"*price*, and that *God* approv'd not his
"*Folly*. I do not go about to propoſe
"another *Cruſade*, or contrive a Way to
"ſhed whole *Deluges* of *Humane Blood*,
"with no other Conſequence, than to ſtain
"*Hiſtory*, with the Sanguine *Memoirs* of
"*Chriſtendom*'s Vanity and Misfortune.
"Beſides, that would be found Impra-
"cticable in this Age, which was eaſie to
"put in Execution, Five or Six Hundred
"Years ago: The World is not ſo *De-*
"*vout* now, as it was in thoſe Days; nei-
"ther are Men ſo prompt to run the
"Riſque of their Lives, on *Religious Er-*
"*rands*, for the Honour of being eſteem'd
"*Martyrs*. 'Twill be difficult to find out
"a New *Liſt* of *Godfrey*'s, *Baldwin*'s, *Guy*'s,
"and other *Hero*'s, to lead the *Cham-*
"*pions* of the *Croſs*, through all the Hard-
"ſhips of Sea and Land, ſo many Hun-
"dred Miles, into Remote and Deſolate
"Regions; to combate not only with
"Fleſh and Blood, but with Famine, Pe-
"ſtilence, and all the Miſeries of Human
"Life; And, as if this were not enough,
"to ſheath their Swords alſo in each

"others

"others Bowels, for *Punctilio's*, meer "Trifles of miſtaken Honour, and ill-"tim'd Emulation. And, all this only, "to purchaſe the Empty *Title*, of *King* "*of Jeruſalem*; or the Precarious Autho-"rity of a *Grecian Emperor*: Both ſhort "liv'd Honours; the One to be loſt in a "little Time, with all *Paleſtine*, to the "*Saracens*; the Other, depending only "on the Pleaſure of the Multitude! Such "were the Glorious Fruits of the *Chri-"ſtian* Arms in thoſe Days! Such the "Triumphs, attending Our Victories! "Theſe the Trophies, which our *Fa-"thers* erected to their own Diſgrace; "when, after a War of ſo many Years, "they left the *Holy Land* in a worſe Con-"dition than they found it; and, of ſo "many Hundred Thouſand Men as "marched thither, threatning the utter "Subverſion of the *Saracen Empire*, there "ſcarce return'd enough, to diſperſe the "News of their own Overthrow.

"Waving therefore theſe *Viſionary* raſh "*Expeditions*, I now propoſe to Your *E-"minence*, an Undertaking, which tho' "it may make leſs Noiſe in the World, "yet carries more Probability of Succeſs; "and, will not only promote the Intereſt "of *France*, but redound to the Advantage "of all *Europe*.

"No

" No Man who is acquainted with *Hi-*
" *ſtory*, can be ignorant, what Claims the
" *Kings* of *France* have made to the *Em-*
" *pire* of the *Weſt*, ſince the Days of *Char-*
" *lemaine*, the Royal *Predeceſſor* of his
" Preſent *Majeſty*, who was dignified
" with the *Imperial Title*, by the *Sovereign*
" *Biſhop*. Neither is it unknown by what
" Artifices, the *Houſe* of *Auſtria* have pro-
" cured the *Tranſlation* of this *Sacred Au-*
" *thority* to their Own *Family*.

" Your *Eminence* is ſenſible, by what
" Tyrannous and Unjuſt Methods, they
" have maintain'd themſelves in this high-
" eſt Pitch of Humane Glory; and, not
" content with this, how they have
" aſpir'd after the *Monarchy* of the *Whole*
" *World!* All the *North* have groan'd un-
" der the Burden of their Inſupportable
" *Tyranny*. And, their Encroachments
" on the *South*, have render'd that *Line*,
" little leſs Infamous. They ſpare nei-
" ther *Civil* nor *Eccleſiaſtical* Rights, in
" the Purſuit of their Ambition; not even
" the *Patrimony* of *St. Peter*, which has
" ever been eſteemed *Sacred* and *Inviolable*,
" by *Chriſtian Princes*: they have ſack'd
" *Rome* it ſelf, and led the *Supreme Paſtor*
" of the *Church* into *Captivity*. What
" ſhould I ſpeak of the *Hollanders*, *Suitzers*,

" *Griſons*

" *Griſons* and other Nations, which, im-
" patient of the *Auſtrian* Yoke, revolted
" from their *Cruel Maſters*; and, have
" ever ſince aſſerted their Liberty, by the
" Force of their Arms? What ſhould I
" mention, the frequent Troubles in *Bo-*
" *hemia*, *Tranſylvania* and *Hungary*, when
" the Inhabitants of thoſe Countries,
" grown deſperate with their daily Op-
" preſſions, have bravely endeavour'd to
" redeem themſelves and their Poſterity,
" from perpetual Servitude; but, for
" Want of a Powerful *Protector*, have
" been forc'd to yield to their *Old Ma-*
" *ſters?* That *Inceſtuous Race*, are grown
" Odious to the Whole World: Even the
" *Princes* of the *Empire*, are forced to
" ſwother their Reſentments, when they
" Elect One to poſſeſs the *Imperial Diadem*,
" whom they cannot but hate!

" That therefore which I aim at in this
" Addreſs, is, to repreſent to Your *Emi-*
" *nence*, how eaſie it will be in this Juncture,
" for his moſt *Chriſtian Majeſty*, to recover
" the *Imperial Crown*, which of Right be-
" longs to None but the *Succeſſors* of the
" renown'd *Charlemaine*; and, which even
" the greateſt Part of the *Germans* them-
" ſelves, wiſh to ſee placed on the Head
" of *Lewis* XIV. Moſt of the *Electors*,

" are

"are already inclining to the Intereſts of "*France*: It will not be difficult to win "the Reſt. The *Hungarians*, *&c.* long "for a Deliverer; And, the other *Pro-* "*vinces* beyond the *Danube*, will freely "open the Gates of their Cities, to let in "*his* Armies, whom they look on as "the *Hope* of all *Chriſtendom*. The *Hel-* "*vetians*, who are *Allies* of this *Crown*, "will not fail to perform their Part. "The *Suedes* have already pluck'd many "*Feathers*, from that *Ravenous Eagle*. "And, the Forces of this *Crown*, have "blunted her *Talons*. Another Cam- "pagne will quite deplume her, ener- "vate her laſt Vigour, and end the tedi- "ous Controverſie.

"Let not therefore an Untimely Peace "with the *Emperour*, ſo much talk'd of, "ſtop the Current of the *French* Tri- "umphs! Let not the Siniſter Practices "of *German Penſioners* in the *Swediſh Court*, "occaſion a Rupture between Two the "moſt Potent and Victorious *Crowns* in "*Europe!* Or rather, let not *Queen Chri-* "*ſtina*, reap the ſole Glory of ſo for- "tunate and profitable a War! His *Ma-* "*jeſty* has a Formidable *Army* by *Land*; "and, in a ſhort Time, will have an In- "vincible *Fleet* by *Sea*. Continual Victo-

"ries

" ries, court the Perſeverance of the " *French* Valour; whilſt the Juſtice of " your Cauſe, invites to the Battel.

" All Things conſpire, to put a Period " to the *Auſtrian* Grandeur. Only ſnatch " the preſent Opportunity; which once " loſt, may never be recover'd again. " 'Twas only the ſudden and unexpected " Fate of *Henry* IV. this King's Grand- " father, of Eternal Memory, that hin- " der'd him from putting in Execution " the ſame Deſign I now propoſe. And, " if *Lewis* XIII. did not proſecute it, " 'twas becauſe he wanted a favourable " Juncture. Now, behold, it offers it " ſelf: 'Tis in your Power, *Supreme Di-* " *rector* of the *State*, under his *Majeſty*, " to build the *Fortune* of *France* ſo high, " that all the *Nations* of *Chriſtendom*, may " repoſe under its *Shadow*. Purſue the " Succeſs which *Heaven* has already gran- " ted. And, when all *Europe* is thus ſettled " in a Durable *Peace*, either making Ho- " nourable Friendſhips with, or entirely " ſubmitting to, this new *Gallick Empire*; " then will be the Time to call the *Otto-* " *mans* to an Account, for the Ravages " and Spoils they have committed in " *Chriſtian* Countries, and to carry Our " Arms to the Walls of *Conſtantinople*, and

" drive

"drive these *Barbarians*, back to their "Primitive Rocks and Deserts; from "whence they have thus long straggled, "to ruine the most desirable *Provinces* of "*Asia* and *Europe*; nay, and of the *Whole* "*World*.

"There is no other Way but this, in "my Judgment, to stop the Progress of "the *Turkish* Victories. Since it is im-"possible, to make a Durable *Peace* a-"mong *Christian Princes*, but by Con-"quest; I mean, such a *Peace*, as will in-"spire them with the Resolution, and "put them into a Capacity, to unite "all their Forces, in a War against the "*Mahometans*. As for the present Con-"dition of the *Republick*, if their Losses "were greater, than they are like to be, "yet they will be inconsiderable, in Com-"parison of the mighty Gain which will "afterwards accrue, not only to them, "but to all the *Christian* Nations, by "advancing the *French Crown* to that "Height of Grandeur, design'd for "it by *Fate*. Hitherto the *Christian* "*Princes*, have only endeavour'd to ap-"ply a Remedy to the Part particular-"ly affected; from whence, if by For-"tune they chas'd the Distemper, it "soon brake out in some other Mem-

"ber;

"ber; Whence it came to paſs, that "we loſt *Province* after *Province*, and "the *Turks* are almoſt gotten into the "*Heart* of *Europe*. If therefore, We de- "ſign to drive them thence, it is neceſſa- "ry to follow this Method, which will "be found the only Way, to pluck this "Evil up by the Roots.

"Go on then, Moſt Prudent and Il- "luſtrious *Guardian* of the *Crown*, de- "ſtin'd to Command the *Earth*; Go "on, and lift up our Great *Maſter*, to "the Wreath with which the *Tutelar* "*Angel* of *Europe*, is ready to environ "his *Sacred Temples*. Let not the *Ger- "man Deputies* at *Munſter*, any longer "amuſe You with feigned Overtures of "*Peace*. But, purſue the Propitious "*Fate* of *France*, which waits to lead "Our Armies to Victories, Triumphs "and Glories; and to eſtabliſh a New "*Empire* in the *World*, to which all Na- "tions ſhall pay Homage, and fly for "Protection.

Thou ſeeſt, Illuſtrious and Serene *Vizir*, that I have us'd much Flattery in this Addreſs. It is a neceſſary Vice in the *Court* of *France*, where no *Diogenes* can have Audience. It cannot be expected, That I ſhould diſcover by the *Cardinal*'s Anſwer, what his Senti-

Sentiments were of my Project. He is of a debonair Humour, and will rather feign *Vertues* to commend in another Man, than put him to the bluſh by mentioning his Real *Vices*. This is an Effect of his *Natural Diſpoſition*, which he is wiſe enough to improve to the *Ends* of *Policy*. There being no ſubtiler Artifice to gain a Popular Eſteem, than by the Reputation of a Generous Temper.

However, I think I ſaid Nothing that could juſtly offend Him, unleſs he were endued with the Incommunicable Gift of diſcerning Hearts. For otherwiſe, at the Worſt, he could but tax me with a Loyal Preſumption and Miſtake, in propoſing Things altogether Impracticable.

Theſe were ſuch, thou wilt eaſily diſcern, when thou conſidereſt, That though they appear fair and eaſie in the Attempt, as the Circumſtances of *Europe* are at preſent; yet, the Revolution of a few *Moons*, may quite change the Face of Affairs; new and unthought of Difficulties may ariſe; the *Emperour* may make a *Peace* with *Suedeland*; the *Pope* might interpoſe his Mediation and Authority; the *Aſſembly* at *Munſter* might have a Concluſion according to their Wiſhes; the *Electoral Princes*, might be more firmly faſtned to the Intereſt of the *Empire*. Beſides, another Campagne may prove as fatal to the *French*, as the former have been propitious. After all, if they ſhould find Encouragement

ment to begin this Enterprize, and ſhould meet with anſwerable Succeſs in the Proſecution of it; yet, a Thouſand Occurrences would emerge, to hinder them from enjoying their new-gotten *Empire* long; or, from being able to maintain a War againſt the *Empire*, whoſe Subjects are Infinite, and Treaſures Inexhauſtible.

If thou, who art the Light of the *Oſman Monarchy*, ſhalt approve of what I have done, my Happineſs will be great; nevertheleſs, thy Reproofs will not make me Miſerable, ſince they are Arguments of thy Condeſcenſion and Favour.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Iſmael Mouta Faraca, *a* White Eunuch.

THY Letter is come ſafe to my Hands, accompany'd with a Munificent Preſent from *Egry Boinou*, who, thou telleſt me, is depriv'd of his Eyes by the *Grand Signior*'s Order. I condole the Calamity of my Friend, yet accuſe not the Juſtice of Him who is *Maſter* of us all. We are *Muſſulmans*, and muſt not diſpute the *Pleaſure* of *Heaven*, or the *Commands* of our *Sovereigns*. It is an Argument of their Clemency, when they retrench their Anger, and ſpare the Lives of their *Slaves*. The *Sultan* is merciful in a higher Degree, in not extending his Hands to the Wealth of our Friend; but, has left that, and his Liberty untouch'd: Whereby he is ſtill in a Capacity, of enjoying many Pleaſures, which are denied to Thouſands who have their Sight.

I do not write this, as if I were void of Compaſſion toward my Friend. I owe him ſtill the ſame Affection, as when he was able to read the Sincerity of it in my Face. But, I would not have the Loſs of his Eyes, abate the Sight of his Soul, which is his Reaſon. Let him remember, That a Famous *Philoſopher* has done that voluntarily to himſelf, for the Sake of a leſs interrupted Contemplation, which

which is impoſed on our Friend as a Puniſhment. There is no outward Diſaſter, can hurt the Opticks of a Mind guarded with Patience, and ſhut up within the Circle of its own Light. Such a Soul, is impregnable againſt all the Aſſaults of *Fortune*, and triumphs over *Deſtiny* it ſelf.

Beſides, our beloved *Eunuch*, can ſtill converſe with his Friends; which is a Privilege, the *Deaf* would almoſt give their *Eyes* to enjoy. It is hard to determine, which of thoſe Two *Sences* would be miſs'd with leaſt Regret; eſpecially, to a Man, who by his excellent Voice, and Skill in *Singing*, ſeems to be the very *Soul* of *Muſick*.

What is it in all this infinite Variety of Viſible Objects, that affects the Eye with ſo refin'd a Pleaſure, but the harmonious Diſpoſition and Symmetry of the Parts, which compoſe the whole Scene of the Univerſe? And, may not that Pleaſure be tranſlated to the Ear, when it receives the proportionate Meaſures, and exquiſite Cadencies of Sounds? Certainly, *Muſick* is no other, than Beauty to the Ear, as Beauty is Muſick to the Eye.

But our Friend *Egry*, needs not theſe Encouragements: He underſtands the Way to make himſelf Happy, and has Wiſdom enough to put it in Practice.

The *Grand Signior*'s Fury is pacified. *Egry* Lives. He has Houſes and Gardens; Gardens repleniſhed with all Manner of Fruits and Flowers, to gratify his *Taſte* and *Smell*. He is Maſter of much Treaſure in Silver and Gold, and

of

of many *Slaves*. If all theſe cannot contribute to his Felicity, he is *Maſter* of *Himſelf*, which is *Eſſential Happineſs*.

Thou who ſucceedeſt him in that honourable Poſt, and guardeſt the Avenue of the *Majeſtick Chamber*, where the Addreſſes and Supplications of all the *Princes* of the Earth are made at the Feet of our *Auguſt Emperour*; watch thy Sences, and obey thy Reaſon. Remember thy *Predeceſſor*'s *Fate*, and forget not *Mahmut*; but, above all Things, forget not thy Self. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM extremely ſurprized, and equally troubl'd at the ſevere Puniſhment which *Sultan Ibrahim* has inflicted on *Egry Boinou*. His Succeſſor, *Iſmael Mouta Faraca*, ſent me the firſt News of it, but ſaid nothing of the *Eunuch*'s Crime. Neither wou'd I requeſt that ſatisfaction of a Man, who derives a new Luſtre, from the Tragical Eclipſe of my Friend; leſt my Love ſhou'd have betray'd my Diſcretion, and tempted me to utter that, which is not proper for a *Slave* of the *Sultan*'s

to expreſs. Our Thoughts are our own whilſt we keep them chain'd up in our Breaſts; but, if once we ſuffer 'em to take Air in words, they become another Man's, who may make uſe of them to our Ruine. I never had Familiarity enough with *Iſmael*, to truſt him with Reflections of this Nature. Beſides, his own Letter to me, diſcover'd too much Freedom to be void of Deſign, it being the firſt that ever paſs'd between us; which, for that Reaſon, ought to have been dictated in a Style more reſerv'd. I ſet him a Pattern in my Anſwer; not letting a Word eſcape my Pen, which might ſpeak leſs Reſignation to the Will of our *Maſter*, than Tenderneſs for my Friends Suffering.

But, with thee I dare uſe greater Freedom: My long Experience of thy Integrity, will juſtifie this Boldneſs. Tell me, my *Dgnet*, was it not the Blindneſs of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s Paſſion, which has robb'd *Egry* of his Sight? Anſwer me without Diſguize; Was it not ſome Caprice of Jealouſie? Was it not becauſe the *Maſter* thought he ſaw too much, that the *Slave* ſees not now at all? If that Sence was not judg'd Criminal in *Egry*, why was it in particular puniſhed? But, 'tis in vain to meaſure the Cruel Frolicks of a *Sovereign Monarch* by a *Rule*, who makes his *Will* a *Law*.

The *Chriſtians* ſay, the *Ottoman Princes* are Butchers, and the whole *Empire* a Shambles; where Perſons of all Degrees, are ſacrific'd to the Luſt or Paſſion of a *Tyrant*. I tell thee, though

though I approve not the Licentious Tongues of theſe *Infidels*; yet, it appears too true, That ſo uncontroulable a Power as the *Eaſtern Monarchs* are inveſted with, prompts them to commit many Violences, for which Juſtice can make no Plea. It were to be wiſh'd, That the Practices of the *Sublime Seraglio*, did not too often verifie it. Suffer me to be exaſperated a little, for the Cruel Sentence executed on my Friend, the moſt accompliſh'd Perſon within the Walls of that *Magnificent Palace*. Doubtleſs, he owes the Loſs of his Eyes, to the Grudge of ſome Envious Minion, who would not brook ſo dangerous a Rival in the *Sultan*'s Favour. For, this Unfortunate *Eunuch*, who charm'd all Hearts, had made ſome Impreſſion alſo on the Cruel *Ibrahim*'s. He often lov'd to hear him ſing the lively *Dorick* Strains, to chaſe away his Melancholy: For, *Egry* is a Second *Orpheus*, whoſe Voice thou knoweſt, inſpir'd the Trees and Rocks with Paſſion. Beſides, he has many other Gifts, which render'd his Perſon and Converſation delectable to all; and taught the whole *Seraglio*, new Leſſons of *Platonick* Love.

When thou haſt receiv'd this, I deſire thee, to give him a Viſit: Thou knoweſt his Houſe at *Galata*. Embrace him in my Name, and give him a Kiſs of Faithful Friendſhip. Forget not alſo to return him my Acknowledgements, for the *Diamonds* he ſent me. And, chear him with this Thought, That one Day, his Eyes ſhall be renew'd in *Paradiſe*, far

brighter than thoſe Glittering *Jewels*. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER IV.

To Dicheu Huſſein Baſſa.

'TIS not eaſie to gueſs at the Motive, which induc'd the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to begin this Years Campagne in ſo Rigorous a Seaſon. It was the Firſt *Moon*, and the Ground was covered with deep Snows (An ill Time, to march in an Enemies Country.) And, when theſe Snows were diſolv'd, Floods follow'd. It ſeems as if he were thirſty of Fame, and would acquire the Character of a *Hardy Warriour:* Reſolving to ſhun no Fatigue, which might advance the Reputation of his Arms.

The *Duke* of *Enguien*, ſpurr'd on with a glorious Emulation, ſoon followed with another Army, but by a different Road. There are Four *Mareſchals* of *France*, gone with them. Theſe Early Marches, make a great Noiſe. But, little of Action could be expected, while the wary *Flemmings*, knowing the Paſſes of the Country, and the Force of the Floods, have kept their *Winter*-Quarters; ſpending

ſpending that Time at Eaſe, in preparing all Things Neceſſary for a more ſeaſonable Campagne, which they have now begun.

In this, the *Spaniſh* Policy deſerves Commendation; who would not expoſe the Health and Lives of their Soldiers to unneceſſary Rigors, but waited till the *Sun* had well dry'd up the unwholſome Damps of the Earth, and ſhedding his benigner Influence through the Air, invited them forth into the Field. But, when I thus approve the Wiſdom of the *Spaniard*, think not, that I condemn the ſprightly *Genius* of the *French*, who ſeem to approach neareſt the Bravery of the *Muſſulman* Armies.

The Action of a *French* Officer, was worthy of Remark; who being ſent from the Camp, with Letters to the King and Queen, arrived at the *Court* the 24*th*. Day of the Second *Moon*, whilſt the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had deliver'd his Meſſage, the *Chamberlain* of the *Royal Houſhold*, appointed him a Lodging for that Night in the King's *Palace*, he being to return to *Flanders* the next Day. But, he generouſly refuſed it, ſaying, *It became not him to lie in a Bed of Down, when his* General, *with the whole Army, were forc'd to ſleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore, cauſing ſome Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repoſe thereon in the open Air. The Young King, extreamly pleas'd with his Gallanty, order'd him a Hundred *Pieces* of *Gold*; and recommended him to the *Duke* of *Orleans*, as one

of the braveſt Men in his Army.

I ſwear by the Whiſtling of the Winds, and the Ruffling of the Leaves, that I honour ſuch Vertue even in an *Infidel*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER V.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THY Letter is come to my Hands, with the Preſent of *Kopha*; which is ſo much the more acceptable, becauſe thou broughteſt it thy ſelf from the *Valley* of *Admoim*, the Place of my Nativity. It is an evident Sign, that thou haſt not forgot thy Countryman, in that thou condeſcendeſt to oblige him in ſo peculiar a Manner. The Place where we drew our firſt Breath, is always dear to Mortals; and, the Remembrance of that delicious Vale, affects *Mahmut* with ſingular Delight. 'Tis true indeed, I was brought from thence, before I could diſtinguiſh one Place from another; but, I have viſited that Region ſince, and have Reaſon to pronounce it, the moſt Delectable Part of *Arabia*. Had the *Grecian Poets* ſeen that *Paradiſe*, they would not have ſo extoll'd the celebrated Fields of

Tempe

Tempe in *Theſſaly*. This Happy Vale, is the *Elyzium* of the *World*, bleſs'd with an *Eternal Spring*.

Thou art highly oblig'd to the *Sultan*, for the Liberty he has given thee to viſit the Place of thy Cradle, and to ſojourn ſo long among thy Kindred. Thy Father was famous in that Country, for hunting of *Lions*, and other *Beaſts* of *Prey*. I have heard ſome of our *Tribe*, praiſe his Valour and Dexterity, in the Chaſe of thoſe Fierce Animals. They told me, That in the Space of Two Years, he had preſented the *Beglerbeg* with Twenty *Lions* Heads, kill'd by his own Hand: That he had Three Tame ones in his Houſe, which he had taken when Welps from a *Lioneſs* of prodigious Bulk: That the Walls of his Houſe were hung with the Skins of *Tygers*, *Panthers* and *Lions*, the Trophies of his Indefatigable Diligence, Skill and Courage, in Purſuit of Wild Beaſts. In a Word, they ſaid he was the moſt ſucceſsful Hunter in all *Arabia*. If thou inheriteſt his *Inclinations* as well as his *Blood*, (for, they commonly go together) thou haſt had a fair Time, to range the Foreſts, and purge the *Deſart* of thoſe Ravenous Creatures. Were it not for the Enmity of the *Gnats*, the *Eaſt* would be over-run with theſe Savages. They ſay, this little deſpicable *Inſect*, deſtroys more *Lions*, than all the *Huntſmen* in *Aſia*. For, ſwarming about them in the Heat of *Summer*, they chiefly faſten on their Eye-lids; which they ſting ſo vehemently, that the *Lions* think-

ing to eaſe themſelves by ſcratching, often tear their own Eyes out, and ſo are famiſh'd.

To underſtand well the different Natures of Beaſts, is a Study fit for Kings. 'Twas the Glory of *Solomon*, to be accurate in this Knowledge: And, *Alexander the Great*, had ſuch an Eſteem for it, that he beſtowed on *Ariſtotle* the *Philoſopher*, Eight Hundred Talents, only for writing a *Treatiſe* of *Animals*. Our *Holy Prophet* was eminent above all other Mortals, for his Familiarity with the Brutal Generations; underſtanding their Qualities and Language, and often diſcourſing with them. When he lived in the *Deſart*, a *Libbard* continually waited at the Door of his *Cave*, and did all the Offices of a kind and faithful Servant. Such Grace is given but to a few.

But, I forget my own Opportunity, of venting my Affection to my Country and my Friends. I forget, that I am writing to one, who is newly come from *Arabia*. Would to *God* I could ſee thee, were it but for an Hour: I have a Thouſand Queſtions to ask about my *Relations*; and what Changes have happened, ſince I was there.

But, I muſt ſacrifice theſe Natural Fondneſſes to the Will of *Deſtiny*. I am a double Exile: And, ſince it is for the Service of the *Grand Signior*, I am reſign'd.

Adieu, Happy *Miniſter*; and, if *Mahmut* may be admitted ſometimes to mingle with the Train of thy better Thoughts, he

ſhall

ſhall count himſelf happy, where-ever he is.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 7th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VI.

To Huſſein Baſſa.

THE taking of *Retimo* in *Candy*, has fill'd the *Nazarenes*, with Apprehenſions of greater Calamities.

The firſt fortunate Strokes in a War, make deep Impreſſions on the Enemy; the Vulgar looking on them, as the *Index* of their future *Deſtiny:* But, repeated Succeſſes chill their Vitals, bereave 'em of Courage and Hope, leaving 'em Nothing but Ominous Portents, and Superſtitious Preſages of their approaching Ruine. So hard a Thing it is, to judge of Humane Events, without being carried into Extreams. They already give over the whole *Iſland* for loſt. I wiſh and believe it may prove true. Yet, at the ſame Time, I know the Fortune of War is uncertain; and, another Campagne, may repair or revenge the Damage they have ſuſtained in *this* and the *former*.

The *Venetians* loſt Five Thouſand Men before the Walls of that Town; among whom, was *General Cornaro*, the *Viceroy* of the *Iſland*,

ſlain in the firſt Onſet; beſides what were killed by our Soldiers, when they entred with the retreating *Candiots*, and ſacrific'd all to the Heat of Martial Paſſion.

But, that which appear'd moſt Ominous to their Cauſe, though the preſent Damage were leſs, was the falling out of the *Sopraveditor* and the *Proveditor* of the *Iſle*: Who not agreeing about the Extent of their different *Commiſſions*, formed Two Parties; between whom there happened a furious Encounter, in which Four Hundred were ſlain on both Sides.

Theſe ſiniſter Events, occaſion'd the *Republick* to make freſh Applications to the *Court* of *France*; and, an *Ambaſſador* is ſent from this *Crown* to *Conſtantinople*, in Order to mediate a *Peace*. They call him *Monſieur de Varennes*; a Man of a preſumptuous Diſpoſition, and who delights to attempt difficult Things. When there could not be found a Perſon, willing to undertake a Negotiation, which carries ſo little Probability of Succeeding; this Gentleman, in a *Bravado* offered himſelf; telling the *Queen*, That he made no Doubt, of ſo repreſenting Matters to the *Grand Signior*, as would infallibly produce a *Peace*.

It had been eaſie for *Cardinal Mazarini* (whoſe Counſel the *Queen* follows in all Things) to have hindred this Man's Voyage. But, thoſe who are acquainted with the Picque that is between them, conclude, That the *Cardinal* conſented to his *Commiſſion*, on purpoſe

to

to lay a Train for his future Diſgrace; as knowing, the Boldneſs of his Temper, was far from being ſeconded with equal Wiſdom and Conduct; and, that though he was prone to undertake Great and Hazardous Actions, yet he never had the good Fortune to accompliſh any thing of Moment.

They that know this Gentleman's Character, ſay, That any Example will encourage him to ruſh into Labyrinths and Perils. And, where Examples are wanting, he is Ambitious to be made one himſelf. He fears not to tread in the Footſteps of ſuch, as have miſcarried in the moſt Deſperate Enterprizes; but, promiſes himſelf Succeſs, where a Thouſand have fail'd. In fine, he is eſteemed the raſheſt Man living.

I ſend thee this Deſcription of the *French Ambaſſador*, that thou mayſt communicate it to the *Sovereign Divan*. It will be no ſmall Advantage, to know the Temper and Qualifications of Foreign *Miniſters*, reſiding at the *Auguſt Port*: Eſpecially at this Juncture, whereon the *Fate* of *Chriſtendom* depends. Beſides, there cannot be too great Caution us'd, to obviate the ſubtle Trains of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, I fear, is contriving no kind Offices to the *Ottoman Empire*.

I kiſs the Hem of thy Veſt, *Illuſtrious Baſſa*, and bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

THE Captain *Baſſa*, has the Reputation of a good *Seaman* among the *French*. They highly applaud his expeditious Relief of *Canea*, and no leſs commend the Secrecy, with which he landed his Army and took the Town of *Retimo*. The *French* are generally great *Criticks* in *Military* Affairs; and are not ſo partial to the Honour of the *Chriſtians*, as to deny the Praiſes that are due to an expert *Leader* among the *Muſſulmans*. Yet, they are inconſtant, and ſeldom retain the ſame Sentiments long. Every Circulation of their Blood, begets new Friendſhips, new Opinions, new Cenſures. In this, they ſeem to inherit the Vices of the Ancient *Gauls*, as well as their Country.

A *Roman Emperor*, who made War in this Nation, has left excellent *Memoirs* behind him; wherein among other Things, he deſcribes the *Nature* of the *Gauls*, their *Diſpoſitions*, and *Geneal* Inclinations. He that ſhall read his *Writings*, which were penn'd above Sixteen Hundred Years ago, and ſhall converſe with the preſent *French*, will eaſily conclude, That the *Latter* are a Living Tranſcript of the *Former*; and, that their Humour and Actions, are exactly copied from his Words. Yet, in Nothing does the Character of the Primitive

Gauls,

Gauls, ſuit more truly to the preſent Inhabitants, than in their furious Onſets in a Battel, and their equal Readineſs to Flight. Their *Firſt* Aſſault ſeems to ſpeak 'em *More* than *Men*, their *Second*, *Leſs* than *Women*; and, they ſeldom venture on a *Third*.

Wilt thou know then, how they obtain ſo many Signal Victories? It is by Stratagems and Money. Where they cannot circumvent their Enemies, they corrupt a Party of 'em with Bribes and Penſions. Thus they purchaſe their Conqueſts, with a more powerful Metal than Steel. The Force of Gold, to which all Things yield, lays *Cities* and *Provinces*, at the Feet of this Invincible *Monarch*.

But, I pray *Heaven*, ſo to proſper the Armies of the *Empire* founded on *Vertue*, that this *Infidel Prince*, and all the *Nazarenes*, may experience their Gold to be as Ineffectual as their *Swords*, againſt the Valour and Juſt Revenge of the *True Believers*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign Guide *of the* True Believers.

THOu, who art all Goodneſs, the Arch-Type of Clemency and Vertue, wilt not number me among the Importunate, for ſo often troubling thee with Diſputes of our *Holy Law*. I ask thee no Common Queſtions; neither am I captious, ſeeking Occaſions to darken what is Apparent, or invalidate the Teſtimony of *Him* who touch'd the *Hand* of *God*. I revere the *Holy Oracles*, and the *Book* not dictated on *Earth*. Every *Chapter* I read in the *Alcoran*, makes me bleſs the *Angel*, who took ſo many Flights, to bring down the *Sacred Pages* from *Heaven*. And, my Reverence is encreas'd towards that *Volume* of *Glory*, when I conſider, it was not haſtily compos'd; every *Verſicle*, being the Product of *Divine* Premeditation. Doubtleſs, it excells all the *Writings* in the World. No *Scripture*, before or ſince, has approach'd to the *Myſterious* Elegance of thoſe *Celeſtial* Lines. Yet methinks, I find a great Profundity of Wiſdom in the *Treatiſes* of the *Ancients*.

Thou wilt ſay, My Station requires me to read Men more than Books, being not ſent hither to Contemplate, but to act for the Intereſt of my *Maſter*, and the *Ottoman Empire*.

pire. 'Tis true, my Buſineſs is now to unravel the Deſigns of the *Infidels*; but, bear with me, if I tell thee, That in Order to this I took no wrong Courſe, when in my Younger Years, I apply'd my ſelf to Books, which are but Men turn'd Inſide out, or Metamorphos'd into Letters; againſt whom, thus ſurviving themſelves, the Stroak of Death cannot prevail.

Thoſe who have erected Statues of Gold, Silver, Braſs or Marble, to the Memory of departed *Heroes*, can but tranſmit the *Effigies* of their Bodies to Poſterity; which, thou knoweſt, is the Ignobler Part of Man: And herein, they come ſhort of the *Ægyptians*, who have the Art of preſerving the Bodies themſelves Incorruptible, for a Thouſand Generations. But they who left their *Writings* to Poſterity, have oblig'd the World with an Immortal and Lively Image of their Mind: This is properly the Man, and lives for ever; when the Body is conſum'd in the Grave, and the Statue perhaps is eat up by Time, or demoliſh'd by Envy.

Pardon this Digreſſion, *Oraculous* and *Unerring Mouth* of *God*, I have a great Deal to ſay, and cannot comprehend it in a few Words. It has been enjoyn'd by our *Holy Doctors*, That a *Muſſulman* ſhould not read the *Books* of *Prophane Infidels*. But tell me, thou who art the *Reſolver* of *Doubts*, Whether this *Precept* is extended to all, without Exception; or, Whether a *Diſpenſation* may not be allow'd, to ſuch as read thoſe *Books* with One Eye,

Eye, whilſt the Other is fix'd on the *Law*, which balances the Mind with Truth? The *Alcoran* tells us, That the *Devil* has inſerted ſome *Falſities* in the *Beſt Writings*: But, is it not poſſible for a Man, to ſeparate the *Good* from the *Bad?* I read in the *Book* of *Glory*, many remarkable Things concerning *Alexander the Great*: But, is it unlawful alſo to peruſe what has been writ by others, of the *Life* of that *Famous Warriour*, and *Holy Prophet?* Both *Grecian* and *Roman Hiſtorians*, have related his Adventures in *Aſia*, his Battels with *Darius* the *Perſian Monarch*, and *Porus* the *Indian*. They praiſe his Continence and modeſt Regard to *Syſigambis* and her Daughters, when they were his Captives; his Inviolable Friendſhip to *Epheſtion*, whilſt living, and the affectionate Tears he ſhed for him, after his Death. Yet, they condemn him of cruel Ingratitude, for ſacrificing *Clitus* to his Choler, and the Fumes of Wine, who was a Faithful Friend, a Valiant Soldier, and once had ſaved his Life in a Battel. They cannot paſs over the Burning of *Perſepolis*, without ſome Reflections on the unmanly Softneſs of this Warriour; who, to pleaſe his Concubine, gave Orders, that the Faireſt and moſt Magnificent City in *Aſia*, ſhould be ſet on Fire. The *Perſians* boaſt, That that City was built all of *Cedar*; That *Cyrus* had wholly diſplanted not only *Mount Libanus*, but the choiceſt Nurſeries of that fragrant Wood, through all *Aſia*, to build this glorious City, in Emulation of *Solomon*, King of the *Jews*, who was by other

ther Princes thought to value himſelf too high, for building the *Temple* at *Jeruſalem* of the ſame Materials. They add, that *Alexander* found in this City, Ninety Millions of Caracks in Gold; that after the Debauch was over, and the Flames had conſum'd to Aſhes this *Phœnix* of *Aſia*, the *Conquerour* wept, and commanded the Money he had found there, ſhould be expended in raiſing Another in its Room, more glorious than the Former; but, that *Thais*, who had perſwaded him to ruine it, was the only Obſtacle to its Re-edification. For, ſuch was her Empire over this *Monarch*, that he could deny her Nothing.

What I have ſaid of *Perſepolis*, is recorded by *Perſian Hiſtorians*; Other Writers make ſome Mention of it, but not ſo particularly. There are ſome alſo, who mention his demoliſhing of *Tyrus*; a City ſo Ancient, that 'tis ſaid to be firſt built by one of the *Grandchildren* of *Noah*; of whom, thou knoweſt, the *Alcoran* ſpeaks often. They tax him alſo with Cruelty, in cauſing Two Thouſand of the Chief *Tyrians*, to be crucified, as a *Sacrifice* to *Hercules*. Thou art beſt able to Judge, Whether this be agreeable to Truth; for, what *Muſſulman* will believe, That the Victorious *Prophet*, was guilty of ſo Barbarous an *Idolatry*.

The Method he took to ſubdue this Impregnable City, is an Argument of his Invincible Courage; and, that there is Nothing Impracticable, to a Mind arm'd with Reſolution and Perſeverance.

Tyrus

Tyrus was ſituated above Half a Mile in the Sea, when the *Macedonian* demanded a Surrender. The Citizens truſting to the Strength and Heighth of the Rock whereon they liv'd (for, 'twas a perfect *Iſland*) and to their Diſtance from the Shore of the *Continent*; bid Defiance to him, whom *God* had ordained to ſubdue all Nations, between the Extremities of *India* and the *Pillars* of *Hercules*. The *Conquerour*, enflam'd at their Refuſal of offer'd *Peace*, prepares for an Aſſault. He attempted, without the *Miracle* of *Moſes*, to make a Path for his Army through the Sea. He follow'd the Steps of the *Babylonian Monarch*, who, not Three Ages before, had joyned this Proud Neſt of Merchants to the Firm Land. Twice his Induſtrious Soldiers rais'd a Cauſey, above the Waves, to the very Walls of *Tyrus*; and as often was their Labour defeated, by the Watchful *Tyrians*. When, the Third Time he prov'd ſucceſsful; and, in Spight of all their Reſiſtance by Fire and Sword, after a Siege of Six *Moons*, he ſcal'd the Walls of that Queen of Maritime Cities; and convinc'd the World, That no Humane Force could put a Stop to *his* Conqueſts, whom *Deſtiny* had appointed, to chaſtiſe the *Nations* of the *Earth*.

That *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, which ſpeaks of this *Renowned Worthy*, tells us, *That he marched ſo far* Eaſtward, *till he came to a Country where the* Sun *riſes*. This Paſſage the *Chriſtians* ridicule, ſaying, That the Sun riſes and ſets in all Countries; and, that there is

is no Stated Point of *East* and *West*, in the Fabrick of the World; ſince the ſame Place which is *East* of one Country, is *West* of another. Thus, the Deſpiſers of our *Holy Law*, cavil at the *Alcoran*, and ſay, 'Tis compos'd of *Old Wives Tales*; a Rude indigeſted Collection of *Eaſtern Romances*, and Superſtitious Fables, calculated for the Meridian of Ignorance; firſt promulg'd in the Savage and Unpoliſh'd *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, and afterwards propagated by the Sword through thoſe Countries, whoſe Vices had baniſh'd their Learning, and render'd them flexible to a *Religion*, whoſe higheſt Pretenſions conſiſted, in *Gratifying* the *Senſes*.

Theſe *Criticks* conſider not at the ſame Time, That they argue againſt the *Old* and *New Teſtament*, (which is eſteem'd the *Alcoran* of the *Chriſtians*) wherein there is often Mention made, of the *Riſing* and *Going down of the Sun*; of *East* and *West*, as proper Points or Marks, from which to take the Situation of Countries. Aſſuredly, in this they are captious: For, though there be no ſtated Point of *East* or *West* in the *Globe*; yet *India* being the neareſt Region of this *Continent*, to that Part of the *Horizon* where the *Sun* daily firſt appears, it has not without Reaſon, gain'd the Additional *Epithet* of *East*. And 'twas here the *Macedonian Heroe* ſweat, becauſe he could conquer no farther, unleſs he would have begun a War with the *Fiſh* of the *Sea*.

There are many other Paſſages related of *Alexander's*

Alexander's Temperance, Moderation, Juſtice, Fortitude and ſuch like Vertues; and, ſomething of his Vices. But, I will not tire thee with all that is ſaid of this Invincible *Monarch*, nor trace him in all his Marches through *Aſia*. I will not trouble thee with what they ſay of his Journey into *Ægypt*, and aſpiring to be call'd, the *Son* of *Jupiter Ammon*; his being poyſon'd at *Babylon*, in the Height of all his Triumphs; and, the Cantonizing his *Empire*, among his *Chief Captains*. Whatſoever in theſe *Hiſtories* is agreeable to the *Holy Alcoran*, I acquieſce to; what is repugnant to that Summary of Truth, I reject as a *Fable*.

Tell me, thou *Sovereign Reſolver* of *Doubts*, Whether on theſe Terms, I may not read the *Writings* of *Infidels*? *Books* are a Relief to the Mind oppreſs'd with Melancholy, and eſpecially *Hiſtories*, which alſo bring Profit, by rightly informing us of the Tranſactions of Paſt Ages: So that Things, which were done Thouſands of Years ago, are made preſent to us. Where then is the Crime, in Reading theſe *Memoirs* of the *Ancients*? Is it not conſiſtent with the *Faith* of a *Muſſulman* to read theſe *Hiſtories*, becauſe they were penn'd by *Heathens*? Muſt we reject all that the *Pagans* did or ſaid? Why then are the *Works* of *Plutarch* had in ſuch Veneration by the *Princes* of Our *Law*? I tell thee, I not only read *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Zenophon*, *Polybius*, with many other *Hiſtorians* that were *Pagans*, but I improve by their *Writings*. Such rare Examples of Vertue, ſuch Illuſtrious Patterns of Juſtice,

Juſtice, ſuch Solid Precepts of Morality, as theſe Authors abound with; cannot, in my Opinion, hurt any Man, who deſires to ſquare his Life by the beſt Rules.

I read alſo the *Poets*, whoſe *Fables* and *Parables*, ſeem to me, but to veil many excellent and profitable *Maxims* of *Human Life*.

The *Story* of the Birth of *Typhon*, his Warring with *Jupiter*, and his final Overthrow; denotes the monſtrous Riſe of Factions in a *State*, and their Ruine.

The *Cyclops* being employ'd by *Jupiter* in making Thunderbolts, and killing *Æſculapius*, for which they themſelves were afterwards ſlain by *Apollo*; intimates the Uſe, which Sovereign Princes make of Cruel, Covetous and Unjuſt Officers: Who when they have fulfill'd the Pleaſure of their Maſters, are abandon'd by them, to the Revenge of the Oppreſs'd Subjects. This is commonly experienc'd in all *Monarchies*, and eſpecially in the Mighty *Empire* of the *Oſmans*; where the *Baſſa's*, though the *Grand Signior*, for the Ends of *State*, connives a while at their unjuſt Oppreſſion of the *Muſſulmans* under their Government, yet in due Time, to ſhew his Abhorrence of their Villainies, conſigns 'em over to the *Executioner*. Thou knoweſt, to whom the Bow-ſtring was ſent laſt; I wiſh his *Succeſſour* may not equally merit it.

Actæon's being devoured by his Dogs, onely for ſeeing *Diana* in a *Bath*; might have ſerv'd as a Warning to *Uſeph*, the *Black Eunuch*, who could not reſtrain his Tongue, from babbling

ling out the private Amours of *Sultan Ibrahim*. It was Danger enough to know the Secret; but, to divulge it, was a ſure way to incurr the Revenge of the *Prince*.

Not much unlike was his Error, who tho' he did not report to others, yet had the Preſumption to check his Sovereign to his Face, and reproach Him with Luxury. Had he been acquainted with the *Fable* of *Endymion* and the *Moon*, it would perhaps have taught him, That it is not the Part of a *Favourite*, to take Notice of his *Maſter*'s ſtol'n Pleaſures, but rather to invite him ſometimes from the *Toils* of *State* and *unbend* his *Mind* with *Recreations*.

There are many other profitable Remarks, hidden under the Fictions of the *Poets:* which, though they may ſeem *Myſterious* at firſt View, yet being examined with a little Attention, prove as eaſie to be underſtood, as the *Hieroglyphicks* were of old to the *Ægyptians*, who knew no other Letters.

God, the *Firſt Intellect*, who imprinted his *Mind* on *Tablets* of *Marble*, in *Letters* of *Arabick*, and Writ the *Decalogue* with a *Beam* of his *Glory*; having alſo inſpir'd all Nations with the Knowledge of *Letters*, grant That whilſt I read the *Records* of the *Gentiles*, I may not forget the *Precepts* of the *Alcoran*.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Murat Baſſa.

A *Courier* came to this City laſt Night, bringing News of the Taking of *Courtray* by the *French* Army. This is a conſiderable Town in *Flanders*, and commands a great part of the Country. The *Duke* of *Orleans*, inveſted it on the Ninth of the laſt *Moon*; and on the Eighteenth, lay down before it with the whole Army. The *Spaniſh Generals*, haſten'd to its Relief, and brought Thirty Thouſand Men of Six Nations, to combat with the *French*. But they quarrel'd about Precedency of Poſt. High Words paſs'd between the *Duke* of *Lorrain* and *General Lamboy*. Thus, while they ſpent their Time in Needleſs Conteſts, the *French* took the Town: And, having left a ſtrong Garriſon there, Part of the Army, commanded by the *Mareſchal de Grammont*, is marched to joyn the *Hollanders*, with Deſign to attack *Antwerp*; and the Reſt follow the *Duke* of *Orleans*, who they ſay, intends to beſiege *Mardyke*. This is a Sea-Town, that has Nothing in it conſiderable enough to tempt a *Conquerour*, ſave the Haven, which is of great Importance in thoſe Seas.

We have had no Rains here theſe Three *Moons*, which makes the People fear a *Famine*. Proviſion of all Sorts, is very Dear; and

and thoſe who have great Quantities of Corn will not bring it to the Markets. The Fruits are all blaſted, and a Diſtemper rages in the City, which fills all Places with Death and Mourning. The Cattel drop down dead in the Fields, and the Rivers are almoſt dried up. Men languiſh and wither, as if parch'd up by ſome inward Fire. Fearful *Apparitions* are ſeen in the Air; each Night brings forth New *Prodigies*. The People lament the *preſent*, and preſage greater Calamities *to come*. While *Mahmut* perſeveres unmov'd; and neither moleſts himſelf nor others, about the *Inevitable Decrees* of *Deſtiny*. I keep in the Path of my Duty, without turning to the *Right* Hand or to the *Left*. I ſerve the *Grand Signior* faithfully: I pray for his Health, and for the Welfare of the *Empire*. I neither give Alms to the *Infidels*, nor do them any Injuries. In fine, if I cannot reap any Profit from other Mens *Vertues*, I take Care their *Vices* ſhall do me no Harm.

'Tis ſaid, there will be a *Proceſſion* here ſhortly, whereat the *King*, the *Queen-Regent*, and the whole *Court* will aſſiſt bare-foot, for an Example to others. The Body of a certain Female *Saint*, whom they eſteem the *Patroneſs* of this City, will be taken out of the *Church* where it lies, and will be carried with other *Reliques* of *Saints*, through the Streets of *Paris*, to atone the Wrath of *Heaven*, which ſeems to be kindled againſt them.

In the mean Time, I pray *Heaven*, to ſend down its Bleſſings on the *Ottoman Empire*; and,

and preſerve the *True Faithful*, from the Three *Scourges* of *God*.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER X.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

I Perceive thou haſt follow'd the Advice I formerly gave thee, to read *Hiſtories*, wherein thy Letter ſpeaks thee very Converſant. Thou wilt have no Reaſon to repent of a Labour, that affords ſo agreeable a Diverſion, eſpecially to a *Soldier* and a *Stateſman*. They open the Graves, and call forth the Dead, without diſturbing their Repoſe; and preſent to us thoſe *Hero's* living, talking and acting Great Things, whoſe Bodies have lain buried in Silence and Obſcurity many Ages. They introduce us into the Cloſets of *Princes*, revealing their moſt Secret Counſels. They make us familiar with the *Intrigues* of *Politicians*, and the *Stratagems* of *Warriours*. In fine, there is Nothing Publick or Private, in the *Courts* or *Camps* of the Greateſt *Monarchs*, to which an *Hiſtorian* is a Stranger.

I applaud the Choice thou haſt made of *Grecian Hiſtories*, and others of the *Eaſt*;

yet, I counſel thee, not to neglect thoſe of the *Weſt*. The Ancient *Roman* Writers, are full of rare Examples; and Modern *France*, which emulates all Great and Glorious Undertakings, takes equal Care to commit to Poſterity, the *Lives* of Illuſtrious Perſons. I ſay not this, in Contempt of other Countries in *Europe*. The *Chriſtians* of theſe Parts in General, are accurate *Hiſtorians*. They are univerſally Learned; in Regard, there is no Kingdom in *Europe*, where they have not *Schools* and *Academies*, where all *Languages* and *Sciences* are taught. The Ploughmen in the Field, ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*; which thou knoweſt, are now grown obſolete, and no where to be learn'd but in *Books*. The *Mechanicks* are *Philoſophers*; and, every Man ſets up for an *Hiſtorian*, or an *Antiquary*. It was not ſo in former Times, when the *Eccleſiaſticks* had engroſs'd all Manner of *Learning* to themſelves, except ſome few of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, who had the Advantage of *Patrimonial* Libraries, and Leiſure to apply themſelves to Study. For, then it was difficult to purchaſe *Books*, there being but few; and, for thoſe they were obliged, to the Labour of the *Scribe*. Hence it came to paſs, that only ſuch as had Plenty of Money, and a ſtrong Inclination to Knowledge, monopoliz'd the choiceſt *Manuſcripts* into their Hands, and bequeath'd them as a Legacy to their *Off-Spring*. But, ſince the Invention of *Printing*, *Books* are infinitely multiply'd, grown Cheap and Common. And, thoſe

thoſe *Hiſtories* and *Sciences*, which before were ſhut up in the *Latin*, *Greek*, or ſome of the *Oriental Languages*, are now tranſlated into the Vulgar *Speech* of every Nation; whereby the loweſt Sort of People who can but read, have the Privilege to become as Knowing as their *Superiors*, and the *Slave* may vye for Learning with his *Sovereign*. This makes the *Nazarenes*, upbraid the *True Faithful* with Ignorance and Barbariſm, becauſe *Printing* is not ſuffered throughout the *Muſſulman Empire*. They conſider not, the *bad* Conſequences of this *Art*, as well as the *good*: And, that the Liberty of the *Preſs*, has fill'd the World with Errors and Lyes. Beſides, they are Strangers to the Education of the *Muſſulmans*, who are generally taught the *Arabick* and *Perſian Tongues* from their Childhood: In which Two *Languages*, how many famous *Hiſtories* have been writ? There is no Point of uſeful Wiſdom, which is not compriz'd in the *Writings*, of the *Eaſtern* Sages. And, as for unprofitable Treatiſes and Pamphlets, with which the *Europeans* abound, they are ſuperfluous and burdenſome, bringing a double Loſs, both to Writer and Reader; while they rob them of their Time and Money, and commit a Rape on their Underſtandings. Add to this, the Fatal Effects which this deprav'd Indulgence of *Printing*, has produc'd in *Chriſtendom*. What Sacrileges, Maſſacres, Rebellions and Impieties, have overflow'd moſt Parts of the *Weſt* in this licentious Age? What Hatred among

Chriſtians, What Seditions among Subjects, Diverſities in Religion, Contempts of all *Law*, both *Divine*, *Natural*, and thoſe of *Nations?* The Vices, at which former Times would have bluſh'd; nay, at the very naming of which, our *Fathers* would have ſtarted, as at a *Prodigy*, are in theſe Days committed openly, without Shame, without Contradiction; whilſt there are Authors, who dare publickly aſſert the Cauſe of Impiety, and patronize all Manner of Prophanations.

But thou, who haſt the Honour to guard the *Incorruptible Seat* of *Juſtice* and *Vertue*, the Bright *Throne* of the *Oſman Emperours*, who are the *Shadows* of *God* on *Earth*; haſt made ſuch a Choice of *Books*, as commends thy Wiſdom, and the Sincerity of thy Morals. Thou wilt not ſuffer thy Imagination to be tainted, with thoſe enchanting *Ideas* of Evil, which are drawn by the Pens of ſome Elegant *Writers*. All that thou ſeekeſt in *Books*, is to inform thy Underſtanding, rectify thy Judgment, and enflame thy Affections with the Love of Vertue. To this End, ſerve the *Divine Precepts* of our *Holy Doctors*, and other Learned Sages; the *Writings* of *Philoſophers*, and the Examples of Renowned *Heroes*. From theſe thou gathereſt Strength, to practiſe the Four *Maternal* Vertues, and all the Good Qualities, that ſpring from thoſe *Roots*.

Go on, and encreaſe in the Graces and Accompliſhments, which ſhall render thee Worthy to be made the *Subject* of a *Particular*

lar Hiſtory; while the *Old* ſhall recommend, and the *Young* ſhall, covet, nothing more paſſionately, than to read the *Life* of *Caſſim Hali, Janizar-Aga.*

Mahmut ſalutes thee with a Kiſs of Affection. Reverence thy ſelf, and all Men will Honour thee: So taught *Pythagoras.*

Paris, 17th. *of the* 8th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1646.

LETTER X'.

To the ſame.

I Had forgot to perform in my other Letter, what thou commandedſt me. Yet, knowing the Eſteem thou haſt for *Women* of Vertue and rare Endowments, and with what Pleaſure thou readeſt their *Stories*; I ſhould never ſend any *Diſpatch* to thee, wherein there is not a Relation of ſome *Heroine.* I will be more diligent hereafter, to obſerve the Diſpoſition of my *Superiours*; and will endeavour, to procure a Collection of the *Lives* and *Characters* of all the *Famous Women*, that have been Recorded in *Hiſtory.* In the mean while hear what the *French* ſay, of *Chriſtina* Queen of *Suedeland*, of whom thou requireſt a Deſcription.

She is the onely Daughter of *Guſtavus A-*

dolphus, the moſt Victorious *Prince*, that ever govern'd that Nation; and, one of the moſt Succeſsful *Warriours* in the World. As his whole Life was led in the Field, ſo there he received an Honourable Death, being ſlain in the Battel of *Lutzen:* Some ſay, by the Treachery of *Duke Albert*; who had in Appearance, deſerted the *Emperour*, and offer'd himſelf a *Voluntier* to *Guſtavus Adolphus*. I formerly mention'd this *Duke*, and that he was kill'd by a *Swediſh Lady*. If the Suſpicion of the *Suedes* be well grounded, and that *Duke Albert* was really Guilty of the Murder of *Guſtavus*, it may be, This was the Motive which brought thoſe *Amazons* into the Field, to revenge the Death of their *Prince*. But, it is impoſſible to be aſſur'd of the Truth, among ſo many different Opinions.

When the *French* ſpeak of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, they cannot reſtrain their Words on this Side a *Panegyrick*. They ſay, he was a *Prince* above all Praiſe. 'Tis certain, his very Enemies admired his unimitable Courage, and matchleſs Fortune. I have ſent thee the true *Effigies* of his Face, wherein thou wilt ſee, a moſt agreeable Mixture of Majeſty and Benignity, creating Reſpect and Love at the ſame Time in the Beholders. He was ſo familiar with every one, as if he had forgot himſelf, as well as he was a Stranger to Pride. He was a great Student in his Youth, and made himſelf Maſter of *Latin*, *French* and *Italian*; being alſo perfectly skill'd, in Ancient and Modern *Hiſtories*. He had a wonderful Faculty

culty, in diſcovering Impoſtures; a dextrous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being Ready at Counſel, and ſwift in Execution; and, as cunning at a Stratagem, as he was bold at an Onſet. He was Liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit; but, a ſevere Puniſher of Diſorders in his Army. And, that which Crown'd all the reſt of his Vertues, his Piety to *God* was ſingular and worthy of Remark. The *French* relate a Memorable *Saying* of this King, when he was once in his Camp before *Werben*. He had been ſolitary in the Cabinet of his Pavilion ſome Hours together, and none of his Attendants durſt interrupt Him; till at Length, a Favourite of his having ſome important Matter to tell him, came ſoftly to the Door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his Knees at *Prayers*. Fearing to moleſt him in that *Sacred* Exerciſe, he was about to withdraw his Head, when the King ſpied him, and bid Him come in, ſaying unto him, *Thou wondereſt to ſee me in this Poſture, ſince I have ſo many Thouſands of* Subjects *to pray for me. But, I tell thee, That no Man has more Need to pray for Himſelf, than He, who being to render an Account of his Actions to None but* God, *is for that Reaſon, more cloſely aſſaulted by the* Devil, *than all other Men beſide.*

Guſtavus was born in the Year 1594. At which Time, they ſay, a *Comet* was ſeen in the *Form* of a *Sword*, with its Point directed toward *Germany*; which the *Aſtrologers*

of thoſe Times, interpreted as a Preſage of that King's Warlike *Genius*, and of his future Conqueſts in the *Empire*. He came to the Government, before he had ſeen full Seventeen *Winters*, and was cut off in the Eight and Thirtieth Year of his Age.

It is ſaid, That a few Days before his Death, when his Soldiers received Him with Infinite Acclamations, and all the Marks of an unuſual and intemperate Joy, he ſeemed to be troubled at it, ſaying, *That he took that Exceſſive Demonſtration of his Soldiers Love, for an* Omen *of ſome approaching Diſaſter; And, that he was aſſured,* God *would, by taking him away, teach them, That there is no Confidence to be repos'd in any* Mortal.

After the Death of *Guſtavus*, the *States* of the *Kingdom* aſſembling, proclaimed *Chriſtina* Queen; And, during her *Minority*, committed her to the *Tutelage* of Five Principal *Officers* of the *Kingdom*, who alſo took on them, the whole Care of the *Commonwealth*.

She is perfect in Seven *Languages*. Well vers'd in Ancient and Modern *Philoſophy*; And, a complete *Hiſtorian*. In fine, ſhe has acquired the *Title*, of the *Moſt Learned Princeſs of her Time*.

She is of a Graceful and Majeſtick Aſpect: Has a piercing Eye: Wears Part of her Hair looſe about her Temples, and flowing down in Curls to her Shoulders; the Reſt braided up behind, in Form of a Wreath. Thus is ſhe repreſented by her *Picture*, which I have

ſeen

ſeen in a Gallery of *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Palace, who profeſſes a great Veneration for this Queen. Could I have purchas'd her *Portraicture*, as I did her Father's, I would have ſent it thee: But, all the Pencils in *Paris* are hardly ſufficient to ſupply the Cloſets and Galleries of the *Nobles*, with this Admired *Figure*. She is become the *Idol* of the *French*.

Many great *Matches* have been offered her; but, ſhe refuſes all, either for Reaſon of *State*, or Diſlike of the Perſons, or an Averſion ſhe has for a *Married* Life; or through Oppoſition of her *Nobles*, who ſeem to covet to be governed by a *Maiden-Queen*. Soon after her Father's Death, the King of *Denmark* attempted to make her his Wife; but his Redreſs was abruptly rejected.

No better Encouragement did the King of *Poland* lately meet with, who Twice ſollicited the ſame Thing for Himſelf, and was as often repulſed. But this, 'tis thought, proceeded from ſome Politick Reaſons; he being deſcended of *Sigiſmund*, a former *Abdicated* King of *Sueden*; all whoſe *Poſterity*, are for ever excluded from enjoying the *Swediſh Crown*, by a Law.

The *Engliſh* alſo gloried in a *Virgin Queen*, the laſt Age: Her Name was *Elizabeth*; whom thou can'ſt not but have heard of. She was the Daughter of *Henry* VIII. King of that Nation. She was a *Princeſs* of an extraordinary *Genius*, remarkable for her Wit and Learning. 'Twas one of her Subjects, who, the

firſt of all Mortals, ſail'd round the *Globe*: And, by his fortunate Service, ſhe vanquiſh'd the reputed *Invincible Armada* of *Spain*. She governed her Kingdom with ſuch exquiſite Conduct, as made the Greateſt *Potentates* revere her Wiſdom. 'Tis to her Bounty, the *United Provinces* owe the Riſe of their preſent Grandeur and Riches; when they addreſs'd this Potent Queen in Form of Humble Suppliants, entitling themſelves, *The poor diſtreſſed States*. But now, they're *High* and *Mighty*; puſhing for an Equality with *Sovereign* Princes.

I cannot comprize in a Letter, all that may be ſaid of this Great Queen. Beſides, *Hiſtorians* vary in her Character. Thoſe that ſpeak moſt impartially, ſay, That ſhe had Extraordinary *Vertues*, yet was not free from Great *Vices*. We muſt not expect in any Mortal, a Temper exempt from the Common Malediction; much leſs in that *Sex*, whoſe Natural Weakneſs, claims our Indulgence and Excuſe. It is admirable to ſee, or hear of a *Female*, whoſe Active Soul can diſingage it ſelf from the Common Frailties of *Women*, and perform Things ſcarce below the Power of *Maſculine* Vertue.

If thou thinkeſt my Letter too tedious, accuſe thy ſelf, for commanding me to write of Perſons, whoſe Uncommon Gifts and Tranſcendent Vertues, the moſt Accurate *Hiſtorians* can but render in *Epitome*; and, the moſt durable *Records* of *Fame* will injure, in not being capable to tranſmit them to *Eternity*.

We

We ought not to contemn the Excellencies of the *Nazarenes*; who, though they are Unhappy in not knowing the *Alcoran*, yet they have a *Law* engraven on their *Hearts*; which if they obſerve, they ſhall be in the *Number* of the *Bleſſed*.

I am no Stranger to thy Moderation and Juſtice; being fully ſatisfied, that thou honoureſt Vertue, even in the moſt prejudic'd Enemy of our *Holy Profeſſion*. Let the *Furioſo's* among the *Muſſulmans* or *Chriſtians* ſay their Pleaſure; thou and I, ſhall be conformable to our *Holy Lawgiver*, in believing, *That the Innocent and Good of all Religions, ſhall have no Reaſon to tremble, at the* Second Sound *of the* Trumpet.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to the* Grand Signior.

THE *Duke* of *Orleans*, is newly return'd from the Campagne in *Flanders*. He ſeems to be either tired with the Fatigues of War, or at leaſt, to be ſatisfy'd with his Exploits this *Summer*.

After the Conqueſt of *Courtray*, of which thou haſt heard in the *Divan*; this *Prince* march'd directly to *Bergues*, which he took after a Siege of Six Days. Then being join'd by the *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Forces, he lay down before *Mardyke*. This Town had been in the *Spaniards* Poſſeſſion, ever ſince laſt *Winter*. Now it held out to a Miracle: but, after a Stout Reſiſtance, was at laſt forc'd to ſurrender. There were ſlain before it, many of the Chief *Nobility* of *France*. The *French* entred it, on the Four and Twentieth of the laſt *Moon*.

The *Churches* here are hung with *Mourning*, and the *Eſcutcheons* of the *Heroes*, who loſt their Lives in the Bed of Honour. The Bullets, which know no Difference between the *Noble* and *Vulgar*, ſeem in this Battel, to have been directed by Art or Envy: As if the Flower of the Army, had been cull'd out for Marks.

In

In a Letter to *Murat Baſſa*, I gave an Account of a grievous *Drought* and *Mortality* in theſe Parts. Now *Heaven* ſeems to be pacify'd; and, the *Angel* of *Death*, has put up his *Sword*. Yet, the Scarcity of Corn and other Neceſſaries, continues ſtill; only, there is Plenty of Wine: Which the Poor, who have moſt Need of it, abſtain from, leſt it ſhould enrage their Appetites, already ſharpen'd with Hunger, whilſt they have Little or Nothing to eat.

Thou wilt wonder at the Dyet of theſe Miſerable Wretches, whom Oppreſſion and Poverty has forc'd to feed on *Frogs* and other *Vermin*. Yet, they extoll it for a dainty Diſh. Both Poor and Rich reckon it a Feaſt, when they can make an Addition of a few *Muſhromes*, which they commonly gather themſelves. This is a *Vegetable*, of which the *Italian Proverb* ſays, *Muſhromes well pickl'd with Spices, may do no Harm, but can do no Good.*

God, who has commanded us to ſeparate the Clean from the Impure, and has taught us what we may eat without Pollution, grant, That we may not either through Neceſſity, or to indulge our Appetites, taſte of any Thing, which has in it the leaſt of the *Seven Maledictions*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Abubechir Hali, Merchant *in* Aleppo.

THOU telleſt me a Tragical Story of One of thy *Wives*, That ſhe is become a Fugitive, and gone away with thy *Slave Lorenzo*; whom I remember to have ſeen at thy Houſe at *Conſtantinople*. Either thou wert too Unkind to them both, or gaveſt 'em both too much Liberty: Whichſoever of theſe Ways thou haſt exceeded, thou art in the Fault. Too great an Indulgence, either to a Wife or a Servant, makes them preſumptuous: And, too great Severity, hardens them to Deſpair. However, ſince it is ſo, I adviſe thee to comfort thy ſelf with this Thought, That thou art rid of *Two Evils*. Had they prov'd Faithful they would not have merited that *Title*; but now, they are neither worthy of thy Grief, nor of thy Revenge.

But if thou art reſolv'd to purſue them, ask not my Counſel, or Aſſiſtance in this Place; where I ſhould have as much Reaſon to apprehend Danger, as they. 'Tis true, I know thy *Slave*; but, were I to meet him in the Streets of this City, I ſhould be very unwilling, by diſcovering him to be made known my ſelf. Beſides, thy Paſſion has made

made thee forget, That the *Nazarenes* would commend his Wit, and rejoice in his Fortune; who being a *Slave* to one, whom they eſteem an *Infidel*, has now by his Wiſe Conduct, purchas'd both his Liberty and a Beautiful Mate, with no ſmall Treaſure.

I rather adviſe thee, to apply thy ſelf to *Jaſmir Sgire Rugial*, the Little *Aſtrologer* in *Aleppo*, who perhaps may tell thee ſome News of 'em. There is not a Star in the Eighth Sphere, can ſtir without his being privy to it. And, he pretends to behold in their Motions, whatever is done on Earth.

But, to be ſerious, thy *Slave* was an ungrateful Fellow, thus to abuſe all thy Favours. Thou hadſt made him in a Manner, Maſter of all thy Riches, only reſerving thy *Wives* to thy ſelf. And, if the Deſire of Liberty tempted him to eſcape, he ought in Juſtice to have ſacrific'd his Luſt, to the Regards he ow'd thee. But, every *Slave* is not a *Joſeph*. *Lorenzo*'s Villainy, puts me in Mind of the Continence of an *Italian Marquis*.

This Young *Lord*, fell in Love with a *Dutcheſs* of ſingular Beauty, but knew not how to make her ſenſible of it. At length, *Fortune* favour'd him with an Opportunity, beyond his Expectation. One Evening, as he return'd from Hawking he paſs'd through the Fields of that *Dutcheſs*, bordering on the *Palace*. The *Duke* her Husband and ſhe, were walking together, as the Young *Lord* came by. The *Duke* ſeeing his Train, and what Game they had been at, ask'd him

ſome

ſome Queſtions concerning their Sport; and being of an Hoſpitable Diſpoſition, invited him into his Palace to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the Young Lover. He accepted the Offer; and here commenc'd an Acquaintance, which made Way in Time for an Aſſignation between the *Dutcheſs* and Him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and ſo conducted privately to her Chamber, where ſhe lay ready in Bed to receive Him. After ſome Compliments, the *Dutcheſs* ſaid, *My Lord, You are obliged to my Husband for this Favour; who, as ſoon as you were gone from our Houſe, the firſt Time we ſaw you, gave you ſuch Commendations, as made me conceive an immediate Paſſion for you. Is it true, Madam?* (replied the Young Lover already half undreſs'd) *Then far be it from me, to be ſo ungrateful to my Friend.* With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

But, it cannot be expected, that ſo much Vertue ſhould be found in a *Slave*. I would not have thee vex thy ſelf, for what cannot be recover'd. Adieu.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin.

I Cannot approve thy Singularity, in preſcribing to thy ſelf a Rule of Life, different from that wherein thou wert Educated, and from the Laudable Manners of all *True Believers*. Thou haſt not done well, in deſerting the *Publick Congregations* of the *Faithful*, to follow the *Superſtitions* of New Upſtart *Sects*: Who, whilſt they profeſs greater Purity than others, do ſecretly undermine the Credit of our *Holy Law-giver*, reproach all the *Muſſulmans* throughout the World, and introduce *Libertiniſm*, and a *Contempt* of the *Majeſty*, which cannot behold *Uncleanneſs*.

Are they Wiſer than their *Fathers*, who for ſo many Ages have obey'd the *Sacred Traditions*? Or, will they pretend to correct the *Meſſenger* of *God*? He commanded us, to obſerve the *Purifications* taught by the *Angel*: Whence do theſe *Innovators* derive their new-founded Authority, of Diſpenſing with the Poſitive Injunctions of *Heaven*? Will they enter into the *Blaſphemy* of the *Infidels*? and ſay, the *Prophet* was a *Seducer*, and that the *Alcoran* is but a *Collection* of *Fables*? If they believe the *Pages* repleniſh'd with *Truth* and *Reaſon*, why do they ſeek to retrench the *Divine Commandments*, and traverſe the *Law* tranſported from *Heaven*? Is it an Argument

of

of their Piety, that they carve out to themſelves ſuch a *Religion*, as ſuits with their Licentious Spirits? And, that they pick and chuſe ſuch *Precepts*, as indulge them moſt in a Careleſs Life? Is this to be *Muſſulmans*, that is, *Reſign'd*, when they will not obey the *Sovereign Lawgiver* of Heaven and Earth, but upon their own Conditions? *Couſin*, I counſel thee, to beware of theſe *Schiſmaticks*; who, by breaking the *Union* of the *True Believers*, ſecretly oppoſe the *Eternal Unity* it ſelf, on which our *Mighty Empire* is founded, and reſts.

I am obliged to the *Poſt*, who waits at my Door, till I have finiſh'd my *Diſpatches*. Therefore, I cannot now anſwer thy Letter at Large: Another Time expect a more ample Expoſtulation. Mean while I adviſe thee, to return to the Practice from which thou art fall'n: Go to the *Aſſemblies* of thoſe, who pour out *Devout Oraiſons*: Keep a Clean Skin, and a Pure Heart: And, make not thy ſelf a *Companion* of *Swine*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Haſnadar-Baſſy, *Chief Treaſurer to the* Grand Signior.

THIS Day *Paris* makes a Figure like Ancient *Rome*, when that *Miſtreſs* of the *World* honour'd her *Generals* with Publick Triumphs, at their Return from the Conquer'd Nations. The Streets are hung with Tapeſtry, and ſtrew'd with Lawrels: The Shops are ſhut up. The Young Men and Virgins, are cloathed in their beſt Array. They walk up and down in Conſorts, ſinging the *Duke* of *Enguien's* Praiſe: Whilſt the Old and Decrepid, ſit at their Doors, to ſee the *Hero* make his Entry, and rehearſe the *Memoirs* of their former Years. With Tears of Joy, they heap Bleſſings on the Victorious Youth, as he rides along: And, throwing their Age and Crutches by for a while, they conſecrate the Reſt of the Day to the Publick *Jubilee*.

Wouldſt thou know the Occaſion of all this Joy? 'Tis to welcom this *Prince* Home from the Succeſsful Toils of War. For, let his Courage and Conduct be what it will, if he had made a fruitleſs Campagne, his Entertainment had been different. But, *Fortune* has been propitious to him; and, the happy Event of his Arms, crowns him with Glory.

After

After the Departure of the *Duke* of *Orleans* from the Camp, the Command of the whole Army devolv'd on this *General*. Whoſe fiery *Genius* would not let him Reſt, till he had done ſomething worthy of the Character he aim'd at.

His firſt Attempt was, on a Place of no great Strength, called *Furnes*, which he took with Eaſe. Then he march'd to *Dunkirk*, one of the Strongeſt Towns in *Europe*. There was in it at that Time, a Garriſon of Five and Twenty Hundred Foot, and Three Hundred Horſe, commanded by a *Nobleman* of great Valour. I think they call him the *Marquis de Leide*. This *Governour* did ſo many brave Things, in Defence of this Place, as even ſurpaſs'd his own Fame, and the Expectations of others; though, both were very Great. Yet, at Length, he was forced to yield to the Courage and Fortune of the Young *Duke*; and that at a Time, when the other *Spaniſh Generals* were coming to his Relief. The Town was ſurrendred, on the 7*th*. of this *Moon*. And, the *Duke* having left the Neceſſary Commands to the *Mareſchals* his Lieutenants, is come Home to receive the Acclamations of the People, the Honour of a Publick Triumph, and the particular Careſſes of the King, and the whole *Court*. Amidſt all this Applauſe and Glory, he muſt be content to ſtand the Shock of Envy, which always endeavours to leſſen the Reputation of the Brave and Heroick.

As

As for *Mahmut*, he neither Envies nor admires the fading Honours of Mortality: Knowing, that when a Man is on the Higheſt Pinnacle of Humane Glory, he ſtands uneaſie; nor can he deſcend from thence, but by a Precipice.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER XVI.

To Ibrahim Hali Cheik, *A Man of the* Law.

IF it be a Sign of a Flouriſhing *State*, when *Vices* are ſuppreſs'd; one would preſage, That *Paris* is in a thriving Condition. The *Governour* of this City, has newly publiſh'd an *Edict*, forbidding all *Stews* and *Brothel-Houſes* under ſevere Penalties; baniſhing all *Harlots*, and ſuch as by the Toleration of the Government, have hitherto made a Profeſſion of *Whoredom*, getting a Livelihood by Debauching the Youth of the City. This appears a great Novelty to the *French*; who, in this Matter, have been permitted all along, to live in an unbridled Licentiouſneſs. The lewder Sort, exclaim with open Mouth againſt this unſeaſonable Rigor (as they call it;) and thoſe who are aſham'd to appear publick Advo-

Advocates for *Harlots*, yet privately murmur againſt their *Superiours*, for retrenching a Liberty, without which, they ſay, their Lives would be uncomfortable.

They give a very favourable Character of a *Whore*; calling her, *A certain kind Creature, born to mitigate the Labours, and ſoften the Cares of Human Life.* They plead, That ſuch Women are Neceſſary Members of a *Commonwealth*; whilſt, with their Careſſes, they reſtrain libidinous Youth from falling into greater Enormities: That the *State* receives no ſmall Profit from the *Tribute*, which is levied on theſe *Houſes* of *Pleaſure*; and, that therefore they have been, and are permitted in all Countries. That the *Holy Father* himſelf tolerates an Infinite Number of them in *Rome*; which nevertheleſs has acquired the *Title*, of the *Holy City*: That all the *Princes* in *Italy*, have followed his Example; there being no other way to prevent Adulteries, Inceſts, and the Vice which ought not to be named: That the *State* regarded not the Morality or Immorality of Mens Actions, any farther than they tended to the Publick Welfare: And, in fine, that ſo vaſt a Number of *Prieſts*, and *Religious*, ſerv'd for no other End, but to atone by their Sacrifices, Prayers, Alms and Faſtings, for the Sins of the People.

Theſe are the Diſcourſes of ſuch as patronize the Corruption of Government; and are unwilling to be wean'd from a Wickedneſs, eſtabliſh'd by Immemorable Cuſtom in the City. But, thoſe who cheriſh an Eſteem for Vertue,

Vertue, and an incorrupt Life, applaud the Wiſdom and Reſolution of the *Magiſtrate*, ſaying, That he deſerves a *Statue* to be erected to his Memory, who firſt had the Courage to check this Popular Evil, and introduce an Integrity of Manners.

I, who was bred in the *Profeſſion* of *Purity*, and the *Law* which admits no *Pollution*, cannot but acquieſce to the Sentiments of the Latter; our *Holy Lawgiver*, having expreſsly forbidden, the Practice of Uncleanneſs and Fornication with Strangers, and Women that proſtitute themſelves to all Lovers. It being ſufficient, that to gratifie Human Paſſion, and to ſweeten the Toils of Life, he has indulg'd us the Uſe of *Four* Wives, and as many *Other* Females, as we can purchaſe either by the Sword or Money.

Adieu. Sage *Cheik*; and, if I have interrupted thy more Important Studies with ſo Trivial a Subject, believe, that it is for want of a proper Occaſion to ſignifie to thee, how much thou art in my Thoughts; and, that I would not have our Friendſhip die, through too long Silence.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Muſtapha, Baſſa *of* Siliſtria.

THE Fortune of War, has raviſh'd *Aſac* from the *Grand Signior*, but has not robb'd thee of the Glory thou acquiredſt Three Years ago in the Conqueſt of that City; nor ſullied thy preſent Arms, with any Marks of Diſgrace, that were of late ſo vigorouſly employ'd to relieve it. Had the *Moſcovites* performed the ſame Part, when thou didſt encircle that Neſt of Pyrates, with the *Ottoman* Forces, as they have now done; the *Coſſacks* would not then ſo tamely have abandon'd their Native Seat, and left the Characters of their Deſpair, imprinted in the Ruines of their Habitations. The Protection of that Potent *Crown*, has given them new Vigor; and, 'tis to the Valour of thoſe *Northern* Salvages, they owe the Liberty they now enjoy, to ſit by their own Fires.

The *Moſcovites* are a fierce and warlike Nation, inur'd to Hardſhips from the Womb. The Midwives plunge the new-born Infants in Cold Water; and, if they out-live not that Tryal, the Mother thinks her Child not worth a Tear. The Women have no partial Tenderneſſes for their Babes, but cheriſh all for the Service of their Country. They teach 'em when Young, to rowl in Snow, and Bathe themſelves in Ice diſſolv'd to Water.

Water. They make 'em familiar with the Extremities of Heat and Cold, Hunger Thirſt and Labour, that when they come of Age, and can bear Arms, they may go boldly to the Wars, and bravely throw their Lives away to ſerve the Publick Good. In this, they ſeem to revive the Wiſdom of the Ancient *Spartans*, who gloried in Nothing ſo much, as in educating their Youth hardily, and free from the Effeminate Softneſſes of other Nations. They eſteem'd Infancy and Youth, the Spring time of good Manners, when Vertue is in the Bloſſom: If that be nip'd or blaſted, the Fruit muſt prove abortive and unprofitable. Therefore they took Care to ſeaſon their Early Years, with wholeſom Inſtructions, and Maſculine Exerciſes.

Who, among the warlike *Oſmans*, does not laugh at the unmanly Education of the *Perſian Sophi's*; who being for ſo many Years confin'd to the Company and Diſcipline of Females, ſeem fitter to be made Overſeers of a Nurſery, than to aſcend a Throne?

But, thou wilt ſay, I take large Leaps, from the *North* of *Europe*, to one of the moſt *Southern* Tracts in *Aſia*. I was diſcourſing of the *Moſcovites*, and the Aſſiſtance they afforded the *Coſſacks* in recovering *Aſac*. I paſſed from thence to the Manner of their Education. Permit me now, to divert thee with Something peculiar and uncommon, in the Character of the *Ruſſian* Women. I am acquainted with a Gentleman in this City, who

has travelled through all that Part of *Europe*, and reſided ſome Years at *Moſco*. He ſays, The *Ruſſian* Wives think themſelves not beloved by their Husbands, unleſs they beat them every Day. They take his Correction, as a Mark of his Favour and Eſteem. If theſe ſilly Females are angry or peeviſh, he has no other way to court 'em into a better Humour, but by Stripes. This is the only convincing Argument of his Sovereignty over them, the Demonſtration of his Manhood, the Charm which faſtens both their Love and Obedience.

He highly applauds the abſolute Reſignation, which this People ſhew to their *Great Duke*; in that they pretend not to poſſeſs their Eſtates and Lives, but through his Favour, and during his Pleaſure. He ſays, the *Succeſſion* of the *Czars*, or *Great Dukes* of *Ruſſia*, was in former Times determin'd after this Manner. A great Stone was plac'd in a large Field belonging to the City of *Moſco*. When any *Czar* died, his Sons or the next of Kin, were conducted into this Field, and placed all at an equal Diſtance from the Stone: Then, at a certain Signal given, they all ran together toward it; and, he that firſt reach'd it, ſo as to ſtand on the Top of it, was eſtabliſh'd in the *Throne*.

The Reverence which theſe People pay to their *Prince*, may in Part be aſcribed to his ſeldom appearing in Perſon to them, and then ſurrounded with his *Boyars* or *Nobles*, in the moſt Magnificent Equipage, that can be

be ſuppoſed proper, to ſtrike a Terror and Awe into his Subjects, and cauſe them to Honour him, as little leſs than a *God*. The Eyes of the Vulgar, are dazl'd with ſo many Splendors, of Silver, Gold and Jewels; And, when the *Great Duke* makes his ſolemn Appearance or Cavalcade, they are almoſt ready to think, That Heaven has deſcended to Earth, to do them the Honour of a Viſit. Theſe are the Arts of *Ruſſian* Policy, by which ſuch an Infinite Number of People are charmed, into an Obedience to the *Sovereign*. Doubtleſs, the *Majeſty* of a *King*, receives no ſmall Luſtre from External Ornaments; the Multitude being captivated with whatſoever is Gay and Glittering. Yet, our Glorious *Sultans*, ſcorn to borrow Advantage from, or owe their Grandeur to any Thing, but their Exalted Blood, and ſublime, innate Vertues.

But, every Nation have their peculiar Cuſtoms, and diſtinct Reaſons of State. The Conſtitution of all Governments is not alike: The Model of *Lacedæmonian* Policy, would ſuit ill with *Athens*.

Thou, whoſe Education was in the *Royal Seraglio* of the *Oſman Emperours*; that haſt been inſtructed to imitate the *Bee*, which ſucks *Honey*, from every *Flower*: Thou that knoweſt how to make a Choice of Good Examples, and to reject the Ill; practiſe the Valour of *One* Nation, the Prudence of *Another*, the Frugality of a *Third*; ſo ſhalt thou be conſummate in

Vertue, and acquit thy ſelf a good *General.*

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVIII.

To Solyman, Kyzlar Aga, Chief *of the* Black Eunuchs.

I Am juſt now return'd to my Chamber, from the *Palace* of the *King*. As I paſs'd along the Streets, I ſaw in every Face the Signatures of a profound Sorrow, which ſeems to have diffuſed it ſelf over their whole Bodies; for, both the *Court* and *City* have put on *Mourning*, for the Death of *Henry Bourbon*, late *Prince* of *Conde*.

He was not full Sixty Years of Age, when he left this Viſible World, to be new-born in a Region utterly unknown to Mortals. The *French*, not without Reaſon, lament the Loſs of a Man, who, to ſpeak the Leaſt of him, buoy'd up the Domeſtick Intereſt of this Kingdom, which ſeemed otherwiſe inclining to totter. He was the Balance, which pois'd the different Paſſions of the *Court* and *City*; by his Prudence and Juſtice, calming both into a peaceable Mediocrity.

He

He was born ſome *Moons* after his Fathers Death, whom the moſt execrable Method of Murdering, would not ſuffer to Spin out thoſe Years, which *Nature* would have indulg'd him; being ſnatch'd away by Poiſon.

Henry IV. ſo long as he remain'd without Iſſue, fix'd his Eyes on this Poſthumous Young *Prince*, and gave him an Education ſuitable to one, whom *Fate* had deſigned to be the Heir of the *Crown*. Yet afterwards, Jealouſie cool'd his Affection, when the *Prince* had married *Charleotte*, the *Duke* of *Montmorency*'s Daughter, whom *Henry* IV. loved to a Degree of Paſſion.

It is dangerous to have a Sovereign Prince, ones Rival in Love. That Match had well-nigh ruined the Young *Prince* of *Conde*. He was forced to fly into *Holland* with his *Princeſs*, and make that *Province* the Sanctuary of her Honour. From thence he travell'd through *Germany*, and return'd not to *France*, till after the Murder of *Henry* IV.

During the Minority of *Lewis* XIII. he Headed the Factions, affecting to become Popular. Were it not for this Ambition, his Life had been without Blemiſh, and he might have blown out *Diogenes* his *Mid-day-Candle*. But, no Man is free from Fault. All the Difference between the Vertuous and Vicious, conſiſts in this, That one commits fewer Crimes than the other, and thoſe not by Intention or Habit, but through the Inſuperable Proclivity of *Nature*. Every Man has

h's *Genial* Vices, his *Conſtitutional* Errors; and, though he may appear a *Saint* in all Things elſe, yet in theſe he will ſtill be a *Sinner*.

He ſuffered Five Years Impriſonment in the *Baſtile*, which is a Place put to the ſame Uſe, as the *Caſtle* of the *Seven Towers* in *Conſtantinople*. The *Princeſs* his Wife, was his Companion all the Time, and ſhared in his Misfortunes, as well as his Proſperity.

During that tedious Confinement, he became Father of a Daughter, who was afterwards Married to the *Duke* of *Longueville*. And, when he was ſet at Liberty, he begot the *Duke* of *Enguien*, now *Prince* of *Conde*, and the *Prince* of *Conti*.

The *French* ſpeak well of the Departed *Prince*. He was of a lively Spirit, chearful and affable in Converſation, mixing daily Recreations with his ſeverer Buſineſs, regularly obſerving Order in all his Affairs. Yet, they ſay, he was Covetous, having heaped up great Treaſures, by a Parſiomony which none of that *Blood* had ever before practiſed.

On his Death-bed, he recommended Two Things to the Practice of his Son, the *Duke* of *Enguien*; *Never to revenge a Private Injury*; And, *freely to hazard his Life, for the Publick Good*.

I choſe to tranſmit to thee the News of this *Prince's* Death, with this brief Account of his Life, and Character of his Diſpoſition, in Regard thou haſt ſeen him in *Germany*, and I remember to have heard thee ſpeak in his Praiſe.

Con-

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who is never forgetful to oblige his Friends. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Posts* from *Catalonia* came in last Night, laden with ill News from the Army, which has been forced to decamp from before *Lerida*, leaving the greatest Part of their Artillery to the *Spaniards*. That Place, was always fatal to the *French*. Yet, the Passion of the *Court*, vents it self on the *Count d' Harcourt*, because he could not reverse the *Decrees* of *Destiny*. All his Former Meritorious Actions, seem now to be cancell'd, by this one Disgrace, though it was unavoidable: So peevish are *Princes*, when their Expectations are cross'd. Some suspect him guilty of private Correspondence; Others tax him with Cowardise. All this is, during the Heat of their Resentments: The same Persons, it may be, will change their Censure, when they consider, that he had lain before it Seven *Moons*, even till the Trenches of his Camp were filled with Snow, and that his Soldiers died of Famine or Cold: For, *the*

Winter began to be inſupportable, and the Country was barren of all Things neceſſary to ſuſtain ſuch an Army. I cannot ſee, wherein this *General* deſerves Reproach; unleſs it be a Crime to be a Man, and to have the Command of ſuch as are made of Fleſh and Blood as well as he.

In *Italy*, the *French* have taken *Piombino* and *Portolongone*. This Latter, is the moſt important Town in the *Iſle* of *Elbe*; Yet, was not able to ſuſtain above Nineteen Days Siege.

They ſay, there is a Fountain in this *Iſland*, whoſe Waters flow at the *Sun-riſing*; but, in the *Evening*, are dryed up. The *Superſtitious* have odd Conceits of this Fountain, reliſhing of the Ancient *Pagan* Vanities; but, the *Learned* attribute it, to *Natural* Cauſes. So, the *Jews* tell of a River in the *Eaſt*, that ſtands ſtill on the *Seventh* Day of the Week. This they adduce, as a Confirmation of their *Law*, which commands them to reſt from Labours on the *Seventh* Day; becauſe, on that Day, *God* reſted from forming the *Creatures* of the *World*. They ſay alſo, That the *Satyrs* and other *Monſters* of the *Deſart*, ſhun the Light of the Sun that Day; hiding themſelves in Caverns of the Earth, and Curſing the *Sabbath*, becauſe it ſurpriz'd *God*, before he had quite finiſh'd their *Forms*; for which Reaſon, they are *Imperfect* and *Monſtrous* to this Day.

The *Divine Unity*, who is the *Root* of all *Numbers*, and has conſecrated the Number *Seven*,

Seven, to many *Myſterious* Ends, grant, that neither thou nor I may forget the Anſwers we muſt give to the *Seven* Queſtions of the *Porter* of *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XX.

To Bajazet, Baſſa *of* Greece.

IT appears to me, by evident Symptoms, That there is ſome deep Deſign afoot in this *Court*. The *Grandees* aſſemble often, and ſit late. Extraordinary *Couriers* are ſent out, and come in, at all Hours of the Night. Strange Reports are induſtriouſly ſpread about the City. Trading is at a Stand, the Banquiers reſerv'd, and little Money ſtirring; which makes the Populace murmur. They complain of the Times, as is uſual in Publick Diſcontents: The *Old* diſcourage and incenſe the *Young*, by making Compariſons of this Age and Reign, with the Happy Days of *Henry the Great*. They fill their Ears, with Golden Stories of former Times; and, inſpiring into them a Love of the Paſt, they equally introduce a Hatred of the Preſent Government. Theſe are the Common Artifices of Faction. And, though none appears

yet under any distinct Name or Title, yet 'tis easie to Prognosticate, from these Preludes, That ere long the Masque will be taken off, and Sedition will shew her self bare-fac'd.

T'other Day, a Fellow run Crying through the Streets, *God save the* King, *but the Devil take the* Italian. He was followed by a few, and those of the most Contemptible. Yet, no Officer or Magistrate in this City, would cause him to be apprehended, or attempt to suppress the Mutiny he was raising. The Citizens smil'd at his Boldness, and Money was brought him from unknown Hands: The Women bless'd Him as a *Prophet*, and the Virgins fell down before the *Altars* on his Behalf: The *Temples* were crowded with Votaries, or rather with the Fautors of this new Sedition; as if they strove to draw their *Gods* into the Cabal, and would make *Heaven* it self abett their Tumults. His Train encreas'd, as he measured the Streets; till at length he was seiz'd by the *Royal* Guards, the Rabble dispersed, and all Things restored to Quiet. That Night, a Double *Watch* was kept throughout the City; the Fellow was strictly examin'd, and put to the *Rack*; yet no Confession could be extorted from him, save, *That the Publick Good induc'd him to take this Course: That the Tyranny and Oppression which* Cardinal Mazarini *exercised, were Insupportable? and, That he was ready to sacrifice his Life for the Welfare of his Country.* He is condemn'd to the Gallies

Gallies during his Life. And, great Endeavours are uſed, to find out the Authors of this Novelty. For, he is look'd on but as an Inſtrument, ſet at Work by ſome Malecontents of higher Quality, and the Forerunner of ſome more formidable Inſurrection.

Proclamations are iſſued out, to forbid all Diſcourſe of *State*-Matters; but, the People ſpare not, to whiſper their Sentiments.

The Young King is taken ill, which augments the Publick Jealouſie: Men ſhake their Heads, and look dejected, as they walk along the Streets. Some menace Revenge with their furrowed Brows; others ſpeak openly, *That the Kingdom is ſold to Strangers.* A General Conſternation and Diſorder has ſeiz'd all, while their Fears prompt 'em daily to expect a Change. To obviate the Miſchiefs which theſe Popular Paſſions threaten, Soldiers are drawn from divers Parts of the Country by *Mazarini*'s Order, and by inſenſible Companies quarter'd up and down *Paris*. Between theſe and the Citizens, there happen divers Quarrels, frequent Murders are committed; while the Night, which covers all Things with Darkneſs, ſerves to ſhroud their mutual Outrages, and private Revenges. Thus, the Publick Calamities are cheriſh'd: What will be the Iſſue, Time will evince.

In the mean while, the Affairs of *Germany* and *Suedeland*, ſeem to be in a fair Way of Compoſure. Divers *Treaties* are on Foot, in

in Order to a General Peace in *Chriſtendom*. The *Embaſſadors* and *Deputies* of the ſeveral Conteſting *Crowns*, have frequent Conferences. But, each Party inſiſts ſo vehemently on Circumſtantials, that Nothing but fruitleſs Demurs conclude their Meetings. *France* has a great Stroke in all theſe Affairs: And, 'tis grown to a *Proverb*, *That* Cardinal Mazarini *carries all the* Courts *of* Europe *in his Boſom.*

The *Suedes* treat like *Victors*; and the *Germans*, though much enfeebl'd, yet cannot forget the *Majeſty* of the *Imperial Sceptre*. The *Danes* have an Intereſt to proſecute; and, the *Poles* are not without their Pretenſions. *National* Pride and Honour, have a great Influence on theſe *Crowns*. But, the *Hollanders*, like Merchants, act according to the Rules of Profit. They ſtand on no *Punctilio's*, but ſuch as advance their Traffick; knowing, that Money is the Nerves of War. In this they are to be eſteemed Wiſe, their *Commonwealth* being as yet but in her Nonage; her Strength not knit, nor ſhe in a Capacity, to wraſtle with her Potent Neighbours.

England finds Buſineſs enough at Home, to employ both her Money, Wit and Arms. Nor can ſhe be at Leiſure, to attend to Foreign Tranſactions.

Spain ever follows the Intereſt of the *German Court*; it being the Unalterable *Maxim* of the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, *To remain United, and aggrandize it ſelf.*

Italy

Italy has various Intereſts; and, *Venice* in particular, is in ſtrict Friendſhip with this *Court*.

Portugal is ſtill upon her Guard, againſt the reſtleſs *Spaniards:* and, *Don Juan de Braganza*, makes Foreign *Alliances*.

The *Supreme Monarch* of the *Viſible* and *Inviſible Worlds*, who ſits on the *Throne* of *Adamant*, under the *Covert* of the *Eternal Tree*, grant, That the Diſtractions of theſe *Infidel*-Princes and *States*, may continue, till the Time appointed by *Fate* ſhall come, wherein the *Faithful Oſmans* ſhall poſſeſs the *Red Apple*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

I Thought my ſelf forgotten by the *Son* of my *Mother*, who has ſuffer'd ſo many *Decads* of *Moons* to meaſure out the Term of his unkind Silence, and of my Melancholy. 'Tis now Three Years, ſince I heard from thee: But, I will not complain, of a Fault ſo ingenuouſly expiated, though late. Thou haſt made me ample Amends, in ſending me ſuch an Elaborate and Succinct *Hiſtory* of thy *Travels:* In reading of which, I know not whether my Pleaſure or Profit is greater. Thou haſt ſo interwoven Delightful Adventures of thy own, and pleaſant Paſſages of others, with Curious and Solid Obſervations, that a Man improves himſelf Inſenſibly; whilſt the Charming Language and Miſcellany, ſerve as a Spur, at once to rowze and faſten his Attention, to Points of moſt uſeful Knowledge.

The *Chriſtians* are apt to deſpiſe the *True Believers*, as a Company of Ignorant People, Unacquainted with the *World*, Unpoliſh'd both in their Underſtandings and Manners, not vers'd in the *Liberal Sciences*, nor addicted to the Study of any Thing, but Riches and Honour, and how to augment the *Muſſulman Empire*. They conſider not at the ſame Time, that *God* has made us *Rational* Creatures,

Creatures, as well as them; has endued us with the ſame *Natural* Faculties; and, that in all *Nations*, he has Inſpir'd ſome with a Thirſt of Knowledge, furniſhing them alſo with the Abilities and Means to attain it. They conſider not, that if *Printing* be prohibited among us, 'tis to ſuppreſs the Multitude of Unprofitable *Books*, with which *Europe* too much abounds: And, that in their Stead, we have many Thouſands of Induſtrious *Scribes*, whoſe whole Employment is, to tranſlate the moſt Excellent and Learned *Treatiſes* of the *Ancients*. And, that conſequently, a ſtudious *Mahometan* cannot be deſtitute of ſuch *Books*, as may inſtruct him in *True Philoſophy*, ſound *Morals*, and the *Hiſtory* of the Moſt Memorable Tranſactions in the World. Aſſuredly, our *Arabia* may boaſt of her *Avicen's*, *Meſue's*, *Averroe's*, *Hali's* and *Albumazar's*; and, that ſhe has brought forth many others, who need not in any Point of *Human* or *Divine Learning*, yield the *Palm* to the moſt Eminent *Doctors*, *Philoſophers*, *Orators* and *Poets* among the *Chriſtians*.

Add to this the equal Benefit ſome of our *Belief* reap, by Travelling into Foreign Countries, which crowns all their Studies with Experimental Knowledge and Wiſdom: Rendring them as familiar, with the different *Natures* of *Men*, and the various *Conſtitutions* of *Government*, as before they were with *Books*.

This appears evident in thy Letter, which

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is repleniſhed with ſo many ſolid Remarks and ſage Comments, on the *Laws* and *Cuſtoms* of the *Regions* through which thou haſt paſs'd, their *Religions*, *Strength* and *Riches*, and whatſoever elſe was worthy a *Traveller*'s Notice; That, were this *Narrative* publiſh'd in *Chriſtendom*, the *Nazarenes* would forbear to ſpeak ſo contemptibly of the *True Believers*.

But, they flatter themſelves with a falſe Notion, That the *Ottomans* never travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*, except the *Publick Chiauſes*, who are ſent by the *Grand Signior*. They are ignorant, that the *Auguſt Port* maintains *Private Agents* in all *Nations*; and, that there is hardly any *Prince*'s *Court* in *Chriſtendom* without a *Muſſulman* in it one Time or other. 'Tis true, we appear not in the *Garb* peculiar to the *Eaſt*. Our *Miſſion*, requires a *Conformity* to the *Faſhions* of the *People* where we Reſide. But, we ſtill retain the Interiour Veſtment of *Mahometan Purity*; being in a double Sence *Circumciſed*. Thus we become Maſters of the *Chriſtians* Secrets, whilſt they account us Stupid, Ignorant, and Men void of Common Sence.

Beſides, had we not this Advantage, in theſe *Weſtern* Parts; yet, the Univerſal Privilege of Travelling and maintaining free Commerce over all the *Eaſt*, muſt needs afford great Opportunities of Accompliſhment, to ſome among the *Caravans* of ſo many Thouſands, as viſit *Perſia*, *India*, *China*, *Tartary*, and all Places where the *Faith* of the *Miſſioner* of *God* is profeſſed.

I am

I am extreamly pleaſed with thy fortunate Eſcapes from *Robbers* on the Road, whoſe Malice rarely extends farther, than to deprive a Man of thoſe *Outward Goods*, which, if he be *wiſe*, he will not call *his Own*. Much more am I delighted, with thy Deliverance from thoſe *Female* Thieves, who ſteal from Men their Hearts and Reaſon; which laſt is our Nobleſt, and onely proper Inheritance. All *Perſia* and the *Indies*, abound with *Courtezans*; and he had need of *Oſman*'s Chaſtity, who would withſtand ſo many and ſtrong Temptations.

Thou needeſt not wonder at the Effeminacy of the Preſent *Mogul*, who ſuffers himſelf and his *State*, to be governed by *Women*. That Subtle and Aſpiring *Sex*, have always ſought to undermine or over-reach our *Race*. They keep behind the *Scenes*, yet act their Parts, in all the *Tragedies* and *Revolutions* of the *World*. The Father of the preſent *Indian* King, made an Abſolute Reſignation of his *Sovereignty* to his Queen, for Four and Twenty Hours. This *Prince*, by a ſtrange Affectation, called himſelf, *King of the World*. His Wife was the Daughter of an *Arabian* Captain, who had ſerved him in the Wars: But, having forfeited his Head by ſome Notorious *Treaſon*, his Daughter went and threw her ſelf at the *Mogul*'s Feet to beg his Life. He fell paſſionately in Love with her, (for, ſhe had not her equal for Beauty in all the *Eaſt*) granted her *Petition*, and married her. Afterwards, ſhe got ſuch an *Empire* over him,

him, that he would do Nothing without her Advice and Conſent. At her Inſtigation, he made *War* or *Peace:* And to pleaſe her Cruel Humour, he put out the Eyes of his Eldeſt Son. But, not ſatisfied with theſe Diſcoveries of his Love, and reſolving to make herſelf Famous by ſome extraordinary Action, ſhe never ceas'd ſolliciting the King, with all the Arts of Female Policy, till ſhe had prevailed on him, to ſurrender up his Authority to her for the Space of a Day. In which Time (having prepared all Things beforehand ready for her Purpoſe) ſhe cauſed Two Millions of *Roupies* in Silver and Gold to be coin'd, and ſtamp'd with the *Twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*; contrary to the *Fundamental Laws* of the *Empire*, the *Expreſs Prohibition* of our *Holy Prophet*, and the *Univerſal Practice* of the *Muſſulman's* throughout the *World*, who admit not the *Repreſentations* of any *Creatures* that have *Life*. This Relation I had from my *Uncle Uſeph*, who reſided in the *Indian Court* Eleven Years. He added moreover, That during this ſhort *Female Reign*, ſhe cut off the Heads of Seven *Grandees*, the moſt zealous for the *Muſſulman Faith* among all the *Indian Princes*, and eſtabliſhed as many *Idolaters* in their *Places*: And, that if her *Orders* had been fully executed, ſhe had quite changed the *Government*, Conſecrated the moſt beautiful *Moſques* to the *Service* of *Idols*, Exterminated the *True Faithful*, and Reſtored the *Ancient Abominations* of the *Infidels*. Which thou wilt not think

think Impracticable, when thou conſidereſt, That the Number of the *Uncircumciſed* in the *Indies*, far exceeds that of the *Muſſulmans*; there being Ten Thouſand of thoſe, to a Hundred of ſuch as profeſs the *Unity* of the *Divine Nature*. But however, there was *Loyalty* found even among thoſe *Pagans*; and, they would not ſuffer a *Blind Zeal* for the *Worſhip* of their *Gods*, to ſupplant the *Duty* they ow'd their *King*.

The Deſcription thou haſt made of *Candahar*, and the Method thou haſt projected to take that *Impregnable City*, diſcover at once thy Conduct and Diligence, in procuring Liberty to ſurvey ſo narrowly, the moſt Important Place of the *Indies*; and thy Skill in Fortifications, with the Quickneſs of thy Invention, which has ſuggeſted to thee, that which all the *Engineers* of *Aſia* have never ſo much as dreamt of. This is the right Uſe of Travelling, when a Man returns from Foreign *Nations*, cultivated with Experimental Knowledge, and ſtock'd with Improvements, that may render him ſerviceable to his Country.

Thou condemneſt the Injuſtice and Avarice of the *Indian Mogul's*; who, as ſoon as any of the *Omrahs*, or *Great Men* die, cauſe all his Eſtate and Goods to be ſeiz'd, to their own proper Uſe. Whereby it comes to paſs, that the Widow and Children of the Deceaſed, are reduced to the loweſt Condition of Poverty, being many Times forced to beg for a Subſiſtence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppreſſion not to be juſtified, eſpecially in thoſe who profeſs

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to Believe in *One God*, *Creator* of *All Things*, the *Incorrupt Judge* of the *Universe*. But, what thinkeſt thou then of our *Sultans*, who not having Patience to wait, till a *Natural* Death ſhall make them *Heirs* to the *Wealth* of a *Baſſa*, generally ſecure their *Title*, and haſten their Poſſeſſion by a *Bow-ſtring*? Theſe are *Royal* Violences: Though the Reſignation of *Subjects*, muſt not tax them with any Crime, who are Accountable to none but *God*.

It was, however a notable Piece of Raillery, with which the Widow of a Rich *Merchant*, reproved this Unreaſonable Cuſtom in the preſent *Mogul*. Her Husband was an *Idolater*, who had heaped together an Infinite Treaſure by Trading and Uſury; and, when he died, left her Worth Two Hundred Thouſand *Roupies*. Her Son, ſome Years after coming of Age, demanded of her a Stock to ſet up with as a *Merchant*. Which ſhe, eitheir out of Avarice, or for other Ends, refuſed him; furniſhing him onely with ſuch ſmall Sums, as ſerved to nouriſh his Diſcontent, and tempt him to a lewd careleſs Life. But, at length, not being able to prevail on his Mother, to part with ſo much as would anſwer his Expectations, he complained to the *Mogul*, diſcloſing alſo what Eſtate his Father had left. The *Mogul* being informed of ſo much Riches, ſent for the Young Man's Mother, and commanded her, to ſend him Half her Money; ordering, that the other Half, ſhould be divided between her Self and her Son. The Widow not being at all ſurprized,

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or caſt down at this unjuſt Propoſal, made the *Mogul* this ſhort Reply: *O King, may the Gods make thee Happy. My Son has ſome Reaſon to require his Share of his Father's Eſtate, having his Blood running in his Veins; but, I deſire to know, what Relation Thou art to my Husband or Me, that Thou claimeſt a Share in his Inheritance.* The *Prince* abaſh'd at ſo ſmart and bold an Addreſs, commanded her to give Half her Eſtate to her Son, and ſo diſmiſſed her.

I have heard ſome of our *Chiauſes* praiſe the *Magnificence* of the *Mogul*'s *Court*, the Infinite Number of his Attendants: But, above all, they extol the Inimitable Grandeur of his *Throne*, which is adorn'd with ſo many Topazes, Rubies, Emeraulds, Pearls and Diamonds, as amount to Thirty Millions of *Roupies*. But, were it not much better, if in ſtead of all this Needleſs Glory, he could boaſt, That his *Empire* is founded in the Hearts of his *Subjects*? He does not conſider, That ſuch prodigious Heaps of envied Treaſure, are but ſo many glittering *Snares*, Golden *Manacles*, which ſerve for no other Uſe, but to chain him up from that Freedom, and thoſe more Innocent Delights, that the Meaneſt of his Subjects enjoy.

Thou haſt, I perceive, diſcourſed with the *Indian Bramins*: Doſt not thou diſcover, even in theſe *Idolaters*, a Contempt of Riches? What mean Thoughts have they of the Splendor and Gayeties of the *Court*? What a low Eſteem,

Eſteem, of the Long and Proud *Series* of *Titles*, with which the *Moguls* endeavour to exalt themſelves? Whilſt they are call'd, the *Lights of the World*, and *Companions of the Sun*; theſe poor *Philoſophers* know, That in a Little Time, they ſhall be laid in *Darkneſs*, and have no better *Society* than that of *Worms*. What ſignifies their *Pedigree*; or, that the preſent *Mogul*, is but the *Tenth Deſcendent* from the *Mighty Temurlen*, who made all *Aſia* tremble, if he has loſt the *Vertue* of his *Glorious Anceſtor*? 'Tis that alone, makes all Men *truly Noble*.

Thou telleſt me, That the *Empire* of the *Mogul*, affords him more *Revenues*, than the *Dominions* of any Two the moſt Potent *Monarchs* on Earth. I have heard as much from Others; which convinces me, That thou haſt inform'd thy ſelf rightly of the *Preſent State* of the *Indies*. But doſt thou therefore eſteem this *Monarch* the Richer? Conſider the vaſt Extent of his *Dominions*, which are ſaid to contain more than Six Hundred Leagues in Length, and thou wilt find, that to maintain ſo great a Tract of Ground, both againſt his *Foreign* and *Domeſtick* Enemies, he is oblig'd to keep in Conſtant Pay, ſome Millions of his Subjects and Strangers: For, he is in the Midſt of Enemies, even amongſt his own *Subjects*. There are above an Hundred *Sovereigns* in his *Empire*, who perpetually by Turns moleſt his *Government*, refuſing to pay *Tribute*, and raiſing Armies againſt him: Whereby it comes

comes to paſs, That he is at an Infinite Expence to defend himſelf, and carry on thoſe Endleſs Wars. Thou thy ſelf having obſerv'd, That once in Two *Moons*, there is an Indiſpenſible Neceſſity of paying theſe prodigious Armies: Not a Soldier throughout his *Empire*, having any Thing to live on, ſave the Wages he receives of the King.

Conſider alſo, that this *Monarch*, always keeps ſome Thouſands of the fineſt Horſes in the World, near his Perſon, ſuch as coſt him Thouſands of *Roupies* apiece: Beſides a Thouſand Elephants, with an Incredible Number of Mules, Camels, and other Beaſts of Burden, to carry his Wives, his Goods and Proviſions when he takes the Field: That whole Cities, even as Large as *Conſtantinople*, are obliged to follow the King's Camp for Subſiſtence, their Livelihood altogether depending on the Army. Add to this, the Immenſe Charges of his *Seraglio*, his Caſtles and Sea-Port Towns, with all the other Neceſſary Expences of the *State*; and thou wilt conclude, That when this *Potentate* comes to caſt up his Accompts, he will find himſelf a Poor Man.

But, I ſhall cloy thee with a Rehearſal of ſuch Things, as thou canſt not be a Stranger to.

Only tell me, Whether one of the *Raias*, or *Princes* ſubject to the *Mogul*, be the real *Deſcendent* of *Porus*, the Ancient King of *India*, in the Time of *Alexander the Great*? I have been told by ſeveral *Travellers*, that there

there is such an One, that his Name is *Rana*, and that an Hundred of the *Idolatrous Princes* pay Homage to him, as to their *Natural Sovereign*.

Thou confirmest the Truth, of what has been so often reported in these Parts, That the *Prince* of *Java* has Six Fingers on each Hand, and as many Toes on his Feet.

But, that seems very strange, which thou relatest, of a certain *Language* among the *Indians*, which is not Vulgarly spoken; but, that all their *Books* of *Theology*, the *Pandects* of their *Laws*, the *Records* of their *Nation*, and the *Treatises* of *Human Arts* and *Sciences* are written in it. And, that this *Language* is taught in their *Schools*, *Colleges* and *Academies*, even as *Latin* is among the *Christians*. I cannot enough admire at this: For, where and when was this *Language* spoken? How came it to be disus'd? There seems to be a Mystery in it, that none of their *Brachmans* can give any other Account of this, save, That it is the *Language*, wherein *God* gave to the *First Creature* he made, the *Four Books* of the *Law*; which, according to their *Chronology*, was above Thirty Millions of Years ago. I tell thee, my Dear Brother, this News has started some odd Notions in my Mind: For, when I consider, that this *Language*, as thou sayest, has nothing in it Common with the *Indian* that is now spoken, nor with any other *Language* of *Asia*, or of the World; and yet, that it is a Copious and Regular *Language*, learn'd by *Grammar*, like

like the other *Maternal Languages*; and, that in this *Obſolete Language*, *Books* are written, wherein it is aſſerted, That the *World* is ſo many Millions of Years old; I could almoſt turn *Pythagorean*, and believe the *World* to be within a *Minute* of *Eternal*. And, where would be the Abſurdity? Since *God* had equally the ſame Infinite Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs from all *Eternity*, as he had Five or Six Thouſand Years ago. What ſhould hinder him then from exerting theſe *Divine Attributes* ſooner? What ſhould retard him, from drawing forth this Glorious *Fabrick* earlier, from the *Womb* of *Nothing*? Suffer thy Imagination to ſtart backwards as far as thou canſt, even to Millions of Ages, and yet thou canſt not conceive a Time, wherein this Fair Unmeaſurable *Expanſe*, was not ſtretch'd out. As if *Nature* her ſelf had engraven on our Intellects, this *Record* of the *World's* Untraceable *Antiquity*; in that our ſtrongſt, ſwifteſt Thoughts, are far too weak and ſlow, to follow Time back to its Endleſs Origine.

The *Revolution* in *China*, ſurpaſſes the *Common Changes* in *Kingdoms* and *Empires*. There is Something exceſſively *Tragical*, in the *Cataſtrophe* of that *Royal* Houſe.

Brother, in beholding that, thou haſt ſeen *Humane Nature* in a *Trance*: And, thou art ſo thy ſelf, if, after this, thou canſt be fond of any Thing on Earth. *Traveller*, adieu.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXII.

To Asis Bassa.

SEveral *Dispatches* have been lately sent between this *Court* and that of *Suedeland*, containing rather Matter of Compliment, than any Thing of Great Importance. Queen *Christina* has been very Ill, which has occasion'd Letters of Condoleance from the *Queen-Regent* of *France*.

Those which come from that Part say, That *General Torstenson* is made a *Count*, and the *Dignity* entail'd to his *Posterity*, in Recompence of his Eminent Services to the *Suedish Crown*.

These Letters add, That there have past some high Words, between *Monsieur Chanut*, and the *Suedish Secretary* of *State*. And, that the latter, in going out of the Chamber where they discoursed, laid his Hand upon his Sword, with these Words; *Monsieur Chanut, Were it not for the Fence which the* Law *of* Nations *has rais'd about your Person, I would answer you in another Language.* To which *Monsieur Chanut* replied, *That he wore a Sword to defend himself and his Private Honour, as well as any* Suede *in the Kingdom.*

The Occasion of this Quarrel was, the great Resort of *Roman Catholick* Strangers to *Monsieur Chanut*'s Chappel, which gave disgust

guſt to the *Suedes*, who allow not the *Exerciſe* of the *Roman Religion* within their Territories. They caſtrate all the *Prieſts* of that *Communion*, whom they find; and proſecute the *Laity* with rigorous Penalties. But, *Monſieur Chanut* pleaded the *Law* of *Nations*: And, when the *Secretary* told him, That the *Queen* permitted him and his Family the Liberty of their *Religion*, but deſired him not to admit any other Perſons of what *Nations* ſoever; This *Miniſter* replied, *That he could not receive as a Favour or Permiſſion from her* Majeſty, *the Liberty of* Exerciſing *his* Religion; *ſince, he held it only of his* Maſter, *the King of* France, *who had ſent him thither, and, that he would not ſhut the Door of his* Chappel, *againſt any that would come in: That their* Law, *which according to their own Calcule, was made above Two Thouſand Years after the Foundation of their* Eſtate, *could not abrogate the* Law *of* Nations, *which is* Eternal: *That this* Perpetual Law, *gave particular Privileges to certain Perſons, and eſpecially to the* Miniſters *of Foreign* Princes: *That their* New Law, *ſuch as it was, being only made to maintain the* Publick Worſhip, *reſpected not what was done in the* Houſe *of a Foreign* Miniſter, *by a Special Privilege; it being of no Conſequence to the* State, *whether ſuch Foreigners ſerved* God *or not, or whether they worſhipped Him in a Right or Wrong Way: That no* Suede *came to his* Chappel, *but only ſome* French *who were Sojourners in the Land: That they did not uſe the* Suediſh-

Ambaſſadors *ſo in* France, *who admitted whom they pleaſed into their* Chappels. *That the Houſe where he now dwelt, was the Houſe of the King of* France; *and that therefore, he could not by Conſequence refuſe any* Catholicks *an Entrance into it, eſpecially ſuch as were born Subjects of his* Maſter: *And, in Fine, That it was very Rude, to oblige him to be the Executioner of this ſevere Law, in requiring him to ſhut his Doors upon his Countrymen, againſt the* Common Laws *of* Hoſpitality, *the* Honour *of a* Publick Miniſter, *and the* Pleaſure *of the* King *his* Sovereign.

To this the *Secretary* made ſomething too tart a Reply. Whereupon, Words increaſing between them, and the *French Ambaſſador* being reſolute to aſſert his Privilege, the *Secretary* broke out into a Paſſion, as I have before mention'd; laying his Hand upon his Sword, as he was leaving the Room.

The *Suedes*, are Naturally a ruggid, ſurly People, as are all the *Northern Europeans*. They are Strangers to Civility, and the Gentile Addreſs of the *French*. Yet, the *Queen*, when ſhe heard of this Paſſage, was angry with her *Miniſter*, and excuſed his Rudeneſs to *Monſieur Chanut*; telling him, *That the* Secretary *was a* Faithful Servant, *but had been educated among the* Bears *of the* Foreſt.

This puts me in Mind of a *Story*, which the *French* tell of another *Ambaſſador*, whom *Lewis* XIII. ſent to the *Court* of *Spain*. The *Spaniards* are of a haughty Temper, expect-

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ing more than ordinary Submiſſions, from thoſe who approach the King's Preſence. This *Ambaſſador*, on the ſame Ground, was required to do ſome Homage, which would not conſiſt with the Inſtructions of his *Maſter*; and therefore he refuſed to comply. The King of *Spain*, thinking to put him out of Countenance, ſaid aloud, *What! has the King of* France, *no other Men in his* Court, *that he ſends to me ſuch a Fool as this?* To which the *Ambaſſador* replied, *My* Maſter *has many Wiſer Men than my ſelf about him; but, to ſuch a* King, *ſuch an* Ambaſſador.

Thou wilt not perhaps approve ſuch Raillery as this to *Crown'd* Heads, who ought to be treated with Reverence and Gravity. Yet, I believe, thou wilt condemn the Cruelty of a *Duke* of *Moſcovy*, who cauſed the Hat of a *French Ambaſſador* to be nailed to his Head, for ſitting covered before him. This is contrary to the *Genius* of the *Eaſt*, who abhor to ſee a Man bare-headed.

But, every *Nation* has its *Mode*: And I, according to the Faſhion of my Country, kiſs the Border of thy Veſt, in Token of my Submiſſion and Reſpect.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Mufti, *moſt Venerable, and Worthy of all* Honour.

THE *Criticks*, who ſpend their Time, and manifeſt their Wit, in diſcanting on the *Court* and the *Grandees*, find perpetual Matter of Diſcourſe concerning *Cardinal Mazarini*. His daily Actions, furniſh them with New Themes; and ſometimes, they rehearſe the Old. They compare him with his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, and with *Cardinal Ximenes*, a *Spaniſh Miniſter*. They term theſe Three, the *Trinity* of *Chriſtian Stateſmen*; Thus diſtinguiſhing their *Perſonal* Characters: *Richlieu*, they ſay, was Crafty, Covetous, and Revengeful; *Ximenes* was Politick, Severe, and Valiant; *Mazarini* is Wiſe, Merciful, and Liberal.

The Firſt made good his Character, they ſay, in heaping up ſuch Prodigious Treaſures; in raiſing all thoſe of his *Family* or Dependance, to the Higheſt Honours; in occaſioning the Voluntary Baniſhment of the *Queen-Mother*; in ruining whomſoever he ſuſpected; and finally, in making himſelf ſo much the Maſter of all Secrets, that the King, however diſguſted and averſe from him, yet could neither ſit ſafe on his *Throne* without him when *Living*, nor venture the Management of

of the *Publick* to any but his Creatures when *Dead*. Thus ſpeak they of that Great *Miniſter*.

As to *Cardinal Ximenes*, they ſay he diſcover'd the Qualities which they aſcribe to him, in the Method he took to raiſe himſelf to that envied Greatneſs; which was, by ſeeming to ſhun the Honours at which he ſecretly aim'd. For, being a *Devoted Derviſe*, or *Religious Friar*, he appeared to be the moſt Mortify'd Man of the whole *Order*: Which being taken Notice of, he was made *Provincial*; from which *Dignity*, he made but one Step more to the *Purple*: And, growing Eminent for his Abilities, he was made the *Firſt Miniſter* in the *Court* of *Spain*.

He levy'd Sixteen Thouſand Men at his own Coſt, invaded *Barbary*, ſtorm'd their ſtrongeſt Cities, and reduc'd the whole Kingdom of *Tripoli* and *Algiers* to his *Maſter*'s Obedience.

Whilſt he was at the Head of his Army, one Day there happen'd a Mutiny among his Soldiers. A certain Fellow, running up and down between the Ranks, and exciting them to chuſe a New *General*, ſaying, *It was a Shame to ſerve a poor-ſpiritcd Friar*: The *Cardinal* perceiving this, ſtepp'd to the Fellow, and, with one Blow, ſever'd his Head from his Body. This ſtruck ſuch a Terror into all, that from that time, there was not the leaſt Tumult or Diſorder in his Army.

They ſay, he was in the End poiſon'd by eating of a *Fiſh*, of which a Friend of his re-

ceiv'd Intimation on the Road, as he was riding to the Place where the *Cardinal* was at Dinner. But, he came too late, to prevent the Effects of the Poiſon: For, though the *Cardinal* was but juſt riſen from the Table, yet he began to void Blood by his Ears, and the Extremities of his Fingers; and, in a few Days, drew his laſt Breath. He was Tall, and well Limb'd; His Two Foreteeth of the Upper Jaw, grew ſo far out of his Mouth, that he was called, *The Eccleſiaſtick Elephant*. The Sutures of his Skull were ſo cloſely indented, that there was no more Room for Tranſpiration of the Groſſer Vapours, than through the moſt Solid Part of the Bone. On this Account he was ever troubled with the Head-ach; contrary to *Cardinal Richlieu*, who never felt any Pain in that Part, becauſe he had two little Holes in his Crown, through which the Fumes exhal'd.

Theſe are the Remarks, which are made on *Cardinal Ximenes*. As to *Mazarini*, they ſay he ſurpaſſes both theſe *Miniſters*, in the exquiſite Moderation of his Temper: And, comes ſhort of neither, in the Contrivance or Succeſs of Affairs; being ſolid in his Counſels, ſecret and ſwift in their Execution. He has this alſo peculiar in his Conduct, That none are more ſure of his Favour, than thoſe who have done him Injuries. He is Magnifick in his Expences; building *Palaces*, that may vye with the moſt Celebrated Structures of the Ancient *Romans*: A curious Collector of Choice Paintings, and Sculptures; furniſhing

his

his Houſes, with Utenſils of Cedar, Ebony, Silver, Gold and other Ornaments befitting the *Palace* of a King: Liberal beyond the Expectation of his Friends and Servants; yet, not to Profuſeneſs. He has a wonderful Sagacity in diſcovering Cheats and Impoſtors; and, no leſs Dexterity, in diſcerning Men of Merit, though never ſo much obſcur'd by Misfortune.

Not long ago, he catch'd a Gentleman in a Crime, which expos'd him to the Laughter and Contempt of the whole *Court*, but not to the *Cardinal*'s Hatred. He had been recommended to this *Miniſter*, by a *Lady* of the *Court*, for whom he had a great Eſteem. On which Account, he had free Acceſs to the *Cardinal*'s Preſence, and would always mix with his *Retinue*.

But, his Curious *Patron*, had obſerv'd ſomething in his Carriage, which gave him Ground of Miſtruſt. For, he would always place himſelf, as near as he could, to a certain Table in the Chamber, where the *Cardinal* gives Audience. There is a Drawer under this Table, which commonly ſtands half open, it being the Place where all *Petitioners* throw in their Bribes or Preſents; It not being ſeemly for a *Prince* of the *Church*, to take Money himſelf. The *Cardinal* obſerv'd, that this Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he coveted what was there contained. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to do his Pleaſure; yet, ſtill one Accident or other,

hinder'd the Gentleman from executing his Deſign; which was, to borrow ſome of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length it happ'ned, that the *Cardinal* having appointed ſome Curious *Pageants* to be made in Honour of the King's *Birth-Day*, he with ſeveral of the *Courtiers*, ſtood looking out of the Windows, to ſee theſe Triumphant Shows paſs by. The Gentleman taking this Opportunity, whilſt he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gayeties without, ſlips to the Table, and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined that no Body had ſeen him, and therefore hugged himſelf in the Thoughts of his Booty. When the *Show* was over, and the Company withdrew from the Windows; after a while, they all took their Leave, and departed: And, among the Reſt, this Gentleman Thief was going out. But the *Cardinal* deſired him to tarry, in that he had ſomething to ſay to him. The Gentleman, ſtung with the Guilt of what he had done, fell a trembling, and was ready to drop down at the *Cardinal*'s Feet. But, he bid him be of good Comfort, ſaying thus to him; *My Friend, what thou haſt done, is not hid from me. If thou haſt not Gold enough, I will double thy Sum.* Therewith, he gave him another Bag of equal Value; ſaying withal, *Go thy Way, and ſee my Face no more. I pardon, but cannot truſt thee.*

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou know, by what Means the *Cardinal* diſcovered this Theft? He always wears on his Finger a Ring, in which is ſet a *Jewel* of Ineſtimable Value; it being a *Natural Mirror*, and diſcovering all Things that are done in the Room, though behind a Man's Back. 'Twas on this Stone the *Cardinal* caſt his Eye, when the Gentleman thought he was looking out of the Window. Therein he beheld him go to the Table, take out the Money, and put it in his Pocket. Thou ſeeſt how curious this *Miniſter* is, to ſtock himſelf with uſeful Rarities.

May that *Great Chancellour* of *Heaven*, the *Angel* who beholds in the *Divine Eſſence*, as in a *Mirror*, whatſoever is done on Earth, and records all Human Actions in the *Book* of *Judgment*, never diſcern any Thing in *Mahmut*, which may render him worthy to be excluded the *Preſence* of *God*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

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LETTER XXIV.

To Danecmar Kefrou, Kadileſquer *of* Romania.

THOU that art Principal among the Judges of High Dignity, the Illuſtrious Ornament of Three *Empires*, the ſtrong Support of Equity, who preſerveſt Reaſon, and correcteſt Vice; I congratulate thy deſerved Honour: And, in doing ſo, I wiſh Encreaſe of Joy to all the *Faithful Oſmans*.

The Knowledge which thou haſt acquir'd in the *Law* of *Nations*, and in the moſt perfect Sanctions of our *Auguſt Monarchy*, has made thee famous through the *Seven Precincts* of the *Earth*; and has veſted thee, with the Robe of Sublime Honour, the Gift of the *Lieutenant* of *God*.

I made Choice of this Occaſion, at once to perform my Duty, and to acquaint thee with a *National* Villainy; ſuch a Violation of the *Publick Faith* of a *Kingdom*, as it will be difficult to Parallel.

The *Civil Wars* of *England*, are known throughout the *World*: And, thou art no Stranger to the Particular Intelligences I have ſent to the *Sublime Port*, concerning that *Nation*.

Since that Time, the *Rebels* have by Degrees gain'd Ground of their *Unhappy King*, chaſing

chaſing him from One Place to Another: Till at Length, finding, that neither by *Arms* nor *Treaties*, he could reduce them to any Terms of Reconciliation; and, being Beſieged in One of his Cities, which was not in a Condition to hold out long, this *Unfortunate Monarch*, was forc'd to diſguiſe himſelf, and eſcape by Night; wandring through Unfrequented Ways, and enduring much Hardſhip. He at length threw himſelf upon the *Faith* of the *Scots*; who had ſolemnly engaged themſelves upon *Oath*, to defend him againſt all his Enemies whatſoever.

The *Scottiſh* Army was then in *England*, being hired to aſſiſt the *Rebels*. Whence ſome take Occaſion, to accuſe this *Prince* of Raſhneſs, and too much Credulity, in ſeeking Protection from thoſe, who firſt began the *Rebellion*; and who had ſtain'd the *Records* of *Scotland* with the *Blood* of many of their *Kings*. But, Innocency is void of Suſpicion; and therefore, becauſe his own Intentions were ſincere, he knew not how to be Jealous of others.

However, the *Scots* at Firſt, ſeem'd to act the Parts of *Loyal* Men. And, when they were threatned by the *Engliſh Rebels*, and their Pay was ſtopp'd, with *Declarations* alſo iſſued out againſt their Proceedings; they continued to aſſert the Juſtice of their Deportment, in receiving and defending their Injur'd *King*, who had fled to them for Succour.

They

They detained him thus, from the 4th. of the 5th. *Moon*, of the Year 1646. to the 30th. Day of the 1st. *Moon*, of this present Year. At which time, having agreed with the *Engliſh Parliament*, for the Sum of 400000 *Sequins*, as the Price of their *Sovereign*, they delivered him up to the *Engliſh Commiſſioners*, deputed by the *Rebels* for that Purpoſe.

The *French Ambaſſador*, was at that time in the *Scotch* Army: Who having been a Witneſs of their Deteſtable Perjury, took his Leave: And being attended with a *Guard* of *Light-Horſe* to the Sea-Port, at parting he pull'd out a Piece of *Engliſh* Money, valued at *Half* a *Crown*; and asking the *Captain* of the *Guards*, into how many Pieces of Coined Silver, that *Half Crown* might be divided, he anſwer'd, *Into Thirty. For ſo much*, replied the *Ambaſſador*, *did* Judas *betray his* Maſter.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Force of this *Repartee*, when thou conſidereſt, that according to the *chriſtians Belief*, this *Judas* was a *Slave* of *Jeſus*, the *Son* of *Mary*! and, that for *Thirty Pieces* of *Silver*, he betray'd that *Prophet* to the *Jews*.

But, theſe *Infidels* have found out Ways, to elude all Engagements and Promiſes. They couch their *Oaths*, in Words more Ambiguous, than the *Oracles* of *Delphos*. As if they thought, not only to circumvent Men by their Equivocations; but alſo, to deceive *Him* who formed the *Tongue* and the *Ear*; even *God*, who is *Perfect* in *Knowledge*.

Such

Such a *Story* I have read of one *Hatto*, a *German Biſhop*, whoſe Perjury is recorded. This *Prelate*, had a *Couſin* who was accuſed of *Treaſon* againſt the *Emperor*. On which Account, he was cloſely beſieged by the *Imperial* Forces, in a *Caſtle* ſeated on the Top of an Impregnable Rock. So that the *Emperor*, deſpairing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his Army; when this *Biſhop* came to him, and for a Sum of Money, promiſed to betray his *Kinſman* into the *Emperor*'s Hands.

The Bargain being concluded, the *Biſhop* went to viſit his *Couſin* at the *Caſtle*, perſwading him to go and Humble himſelf to the *Emperor*, and he would engage to procure his *Pardon*: Binding himſelf with a *Solemn Oath*, That if he would rely on him, as he carried him ſafe out of the *Caſtle*, ſo he would bring him back alive and ſafe again.

His *Kinſman* deluded with theſe fair Pretences, and ſecured by the *Sanction* of an *Oath*, truſts himſelf to the Conduct and Fidelity of the *Prelate*.

When they had rode about Half a League from the *Caſtle*, the *Biſhop* pretending he had forgot ſome Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they return'd back to the *Caſtle*: And, when they had found the Papers, they ſet forward again toward the *Emperor*'s Camp. Being arrived there, the Impious Wretch deliver'd his *Kinſman* to the *Emperor*, who Condemn'd him

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to Die. He ſending for the *Biſhop*, reproaches him with the *Violation* of his *Oath*. But, the Perfidious *Biſhop*, ſought to acquit himſelf, by ſaying, *He had perform'd his Promiſe, in carrying him back ſafe to the* Caſtle, *when he returned to ſeek his Papers.* Thus, was his Kinſman betray'd by a Quibble, and loſt his Head. The *Biſhop* acquiring, for that Impious Dead, the Odious *Title*, of *Hatto the Traytor*. And, the *Germans* report, That he was afterwards carried away by *Devils*, and thrown alive into the Hollow of Mount *Ætna*: A Voice being heard at the ſame Inſtant in the Air, ſaying, *This is the Reward of Perjury.*

The *Nazarenes* believe this *Flaming Mountain*, to be One of the *Mouths* of *Hell*: The ſame Opinion they have, of *Strombolo* and *Veſuvius*. I am not curious, to pry into the Truth of ſo Coſtly a Secret; but leave the Experiment to the Forſworn, Treacherous *Scots*, who by this Barbarous Action, deſerve to follow the *Fate* of *Hatto*.

Much greater was the Integrity and Vertue of the Ancient *Romans*, whom theſe *Infidels* Number among the *Damn'd*. They eſteem'd Nothing more *Sacred*, than the *Publick Faith*; building *Temples* to its *Honour*, and ſtamping their *Money*, with the *Figure* of *Two Hands* joined together; having this *Motto*, *THE FAITH OF THE ROMANS*. But, the *Scots* ſhew themſelves to be of *Lyſander*'s Mind, who us'd to ſay, *Children muſt be circumvented with Good Words, and Men with Oaths.* This

This *Monarch* is now led in Triumph like a Captive by his *Rebellious* Subjects, who have confin'd him to one of his Country *Palaces*: Suffering none of his Friends, or Faithful Servants, to come near him; but in all Things endeavouring, to render his Reſtraint Inſupportable.

Thou who art accurate in Interpreting the *Laws* of *Juſtice*, wilt condemn theſe *Infidels* of Horrid *Treaſon*; yet canſt not acquit the *Muſſulmans*, who have often Depoſed our moſt *Auguſt Emperors*.

I divide my Intelligence, among the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, and the other *Grandees* of the *State*; praying *God*, to guard the *Sultan* from Secret Machinations, and open Enemies; and to grant, That an Exceſs of Good Nature, may not betray him to ſuch Misfortunes, as have befallen this Impriſon'd *Monarch*.

Paris, 21ſt. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Ragel Hamet, Antiquary *to the* Sultan.

THIS *City* is peſtered, with an Innumerable Multitude of *Bats*, and a Kind of *Serpents*, which they call *Lizards* or *Newts*. They breed in the Walls of their Houſes, and moleſt the Inhabitants Night and Day, ſwarming more than ordinary every Ninth Year.

The *Pariſians* give an odd Reaſon for this *Plague*. They ſay, That in former Ages, a certain *Magician* had undertaken to free this *City*, from all *Venomous* Creatures; and, that accordingly, he had made ſeveral *Images* of thoſe *Animals*, annexing to them *Enchantments*, and hiding them in obſcure Places under the Earth; promiſing alſo, that ſo long as thoſe *Images* remain'd untouch'd, *Paris* ſhould not be moleſted with any Hurtful Thing. This ſucceeded according to his Words; till, at a certain time, as they were digging up the Foundations of an Old *Temple*, the Work-Men found ſeveral Brazen *Images*; ſome repreſenting a *Bat*, ſome a *Lizard*. They making ſmall Account of theſe *Magical Reliques*, ſold them to the next *Brazier* for a piece of Money: Who, being ignorant alſo of the hidden Force of theſe *Images*, melt-

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ed them down for his own Uſe. And, ever ſince that time, the City has been over-run with *Bats* and *Lizards*.

I relate this to thee, in regard I have often heard thee ſpeak of the Ancient *Statues*, that were in the *Atmidan* at *Conſtantinople*, and in other Parts of the City; particularly of that *Pillar*, which had Three *Brazen Serpents* winding about it; which, when *Mahomet the Great* beheld, the *Conqueror* ſtruck One of them with a *Battle-Axe*, and ſmote off the *Lower Jaw*. Upon which, a Multitude of *Serpents* infeſted the City; but, were ſoon exterminated, in Regard the *Sultan*, being warned by the Citizens, forbore to do any farther Injury to thoſe *Images*, which were the *Guardians* of the City.

The *Annals* of the *Muſſulman Empire*, make Mention of theſe *Statues*, as alſo of a *Horſe* of *Braſs*, and a *Bull* of the ſame Metal: The *One* erected as a *Charm* againſt the *Peſtilence*; the *Other*, as an *Oraculous* Sign, that the Enemies of the *Grecian Monarchy*, ſhould in that Place be repulſed, and driven out of the City. Yet, it proved otherwiſe: For, the Victorious *Muſſulmans*, againſt whom the *Enchantments* of the *Infidels* could not prevail, entred the *Market-Place*, where this *Image* ſtood, and drove from thence the timorous *Grecians*; cutting in *Peices* all that made Reſiſtance, and rendring themſelves *Lords* of *Conſtantinople*, at that Time the Richeſt City in the World.

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The *Romans* were extremely addicted to theſe *Superſtitious* Vanities; Believing, the Safety of their *City* and *Empire*, conſiſted in the Preſervation of the *Palladium*, an *Image* which they thought fell down from *Jupiter*, and was tranſported from *Troy* to *Italy* by *Æneas*; being afterwards repoſited in the *Temple* of *Veſta*, but burnt in that dreadful *Conflagration*, which happen'd in the *Reign* of *Nero*.

They had in no leſs *Veneration*, the *Buckler*, which they were taught, drop'd down from *Heaven*, into the Hands of *Numa Pompilius*; whereon, the *Fate* of *Rome* was engraven, in *Characters* which none could read. Fearing leſt this *Sacred Shield* might be ſtoln, they caus'd Eleven others of the ſame Figure to be made, and all to be hung up together in the *Temple* of *Mars*.

And, to the End the *Guardian Genius* of the *City*, ſhould not be entic'd from them by the *Enchantments* of their Enemies, the *True Name* of the City of *Rome* was kept Secret, even from its own Inhabitants: Inſomuch, that *Valerius Soranus* was put to Death, for publiſhing it to one of his Friends. Many have gueſs'd at this *hidden Name*; Some ſaying, it was *Valencia*; Others, that it was *Velia*; a Third Sort, call it *Anthuſa*. But, there is no Certainty in their Conjectures. For, the *Pagans* were above all Things careful, to conceal the *Names* of their *Cities* and *Patron-Gods*: knowing, that thoſe *Spirits* would not forſake them, till they were call'd forth by their *Proper Names*.

They

They us'd alſo, to chain the *Images* of their *Gods* to the *Altars*, leſt they ſhould depart from them by Stealth. Thus the *Tyrians*, when *Alexander* beſieged their *City*, and they underſtood from the *Prieſts*, that *Apollo*, the *Guardian* of *Tyre*, was diſpleas'd with 'em, they faſtned his *Image* with ſtrong Fetters of Iron. So dealt the *Spartans*, with the *Image* of *Mars*. And this was the Common Practice, among thoſe *Idolatrous* Nations.

As for Us, who have receiv'd the *Law* Clear and Intelligible, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*; We uſe no *Charms* our Selves, neither do we fear the *Magick* of the *Uncircumciſed*. All our Confidence is in *God*, and the Protection of his *Prophet*: We go boldly to the Wars, whilſt we fight in Defence, neither of *Statues* nor *Fictitious Reliques*, but of the *Volume* repleniſh'd with *Truth* and *Light*, the *Book* brought down from *Heaven* by an *Angel*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

To the Vizir Azem.

I AM now returned from *Orleans*, whither I went in Obedience to thy Appointments: And, not without Abundance of Pleaſure to my ſelf; it being the Time of Year, when all Things conſpire to make a Traveller paſs his Time away with Delight.

Yet, my Return was Melancholy, in Regard I could not accompliſh what I aim'd at, nor be in a Capacity to render thee that Satisfaction thou requireſt, either in buying the *Jewels*, or in eſtabliſhing any Correſpondence. Thoſe who informed thee of the *Germans* inhabiting that City, were miſtaken in their Character, they being onely a *Society* or *Corporation* of *Students*, and no ways concerned in Traffick or Merchandize.

They told thee right in ſaying, There are a great Number of Strangers in *Orleans*: I think the *Imperial* City which commands the *World*, cannot boaſt a greater Diverſity of *Languages*, than are ſpoken daily in the Streets and Houſes of *Orleans*. There are ſome, almoſt of all Nations, reſiding in that City.

Wouldſt thou know the real Occaſion of this mighty Conflux of Foreigners. It is, that they may ſtudy that which the *Nazarenes* call the *Civil Law*, which is there profeſſed as in an *Academy*, erected for that Purpoſe by

by *Philip the Fair*, one of the *Kings* of *France*.

If thou knoweſt not the Meaning of the *Cival Law*, It is a Collection of the *Ancient Roman Laws*, drawn from above Two Thouſand *Books* of their *Scribes*, by the Command of the *Emperour Juſtinian*, for a *Standard* of *Equity* in thoſe Corrupt Times, in that Univerſal Relaxation and Decline of Good Government.

This is the Attractive, which draws ſo many Strangers, from all Parts of *Europe*, to that pleaſant City: Where, beſides the Opportunity of improving themſelves in the moſt Honourable *Profeſſion* among the *Nazarenes*, next to that of the *Prieſthood*; they enjoy a pure and ſerene Heaven, a fruitful and delicious Part of the Earth, and the Company of the moſt obliging and courteous People in all *France*.

'Tis for this Reaſon, the *Germans*, among other *Nations*, flock to *Orleans*; and, through the Favour of the *French* Kings, have obtained a Privilege beyond other Nations; that is, to Incorporate themſelves into a *Society* of *Students*. Neither is there any ſuch Thing as Merchandize, known among them.

If I have not anſwer'd thy Expectation, Supreme *Prince* of the *Baſſa's*, blame not *Mahmut*, but accuſe the *Germans* of *Orleans*, for not exchanging their *Studies* for *Traffick*; or rather, blame thoſe who preſumed to tell thee this far-fetch'd *Fable*. In finiſhing this Letter, I bow my Head to the Floor of my Chamber; and kiſs the Paper, which ſhall have

have the Honour to be touch'd by thy Illuſtrious Hands.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THOU haſt heard of the *Aſſyrian*, *Scythian*, and *Roman Heroines*. Theſe were all Valiant Leaders of Armies, Women of Honour and Renown. Now I will inform thee of a *Female*, which *France* has brought upon the *Stage* of *War*.

According to the Orders which I receiv'd from the *Vizir Azem*, I took a Journey to *Orleans* laſt *Moon*: Where, on the Third Day after my Arrival, beholding a Solemn *Proceſſion* in the Streets of that Populous *City*, attended with ſome uncommon Ceremonies and Rejoycings, my Curioſity prompted me to enquire the Occaſion of it. Thou maiſt imagine, I did not apply my ſelf for Information to the Multitude, who take up Things on the Common Credit of Fame, which does not always deliver the Truth. I addreſs'd my ſelf to thoſe, that were acquainted with the *Records* of the *Town*; who told me That this *Solemnity* was yearly obſerv'd, on the

Eighth

Eighth Day of the Fifth *Moon*, in Memory of their Deliverance from the *Engliſh*, who beſieged this *City*, and were beaten from before it by *Joan d' Arc*, a *Maid* of *Lorrain*, in the *Reign* of *Charles* I. This *Virago*, ſeem'd to be the *Tutelar Angel* of *France:* For, to her Valour and Conduct, that *Monarch* ow'd the Recovery of his *Kingdom*, almoſt loſt to the *King* of *England*; this being the laſt Place of Importance, which had not received *Engliſh* Garriſons. After ſhe had rais'd the Siege, ſhe purſu'd the Enemy, gave them ſeveral Battels, defeated them, took their *Generals* Captive, reduc'd all the Cities to their former Obedience, and never ſheath'd her Sword, till ſhe ſaw her *Maſter* ſolemnly crown'd at *Rhemes*. Yet, at length ſhe herſelf was made a Priſoner by the *Engliſh*, and was publickly burnt for a *Witch* at *Rouen*.

The Inhabitants of *Orleans*, have erected *Brazen Statues* in her Honour: They celebrate her Praiſes, and eſteem her, a Woman *Divinely Inſpir'd*, to ſave her Country. Yet, the more Intelligent Sort ſay, That ſhe was neither *Witch* nor *Propheteſs*, but only a *Maid* of good Wit and Courage, whom ſome of the *Princes* of the *Blood Royal*, had inſtructed to act the Part of a *Miſſionary* from *Heaven*; That ſo by pretending *Viſions* and *Revelations*, ſhe might raiſe the Courage of the *French*, now almoſt diſpirited by their many Loſſes; and, whom Nothing leſs than a *Miracle* could perſwade to abide the Field againſt the Victorious *Engliſh*. This is cer-

tain, that ſhe diſtinguiſh'd the *King*, though diſguiſed like a *Peaſant*, and in a Crowd of People: She went boldly up to him, and ſaluted him by his *Title*, to the Aſtoniſhment of thoſe that ſtood by. She ſent a Meſſenger to bring her a Sword of Antique Workmanſhip, that lay hid in a *Tomb* in one their famous *Moſques* (for, the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*, bury their *Dead* in their *Temples*.) This Action extreamly enhanced her Reputation; in Regard, none knew of this Sword but the King himſelf. She was therefore look'd upon, as an Extraordinary Perſon; and, the People could hardly be reſtrain'd, from paying her *Divine* Honours.

When they were Encamped on a certain Plain of a vaſt Extent, where there was no Water to be found, ſo that the Army was ready to periſh through Thirſt; the King came to the *Tent* of this *Propheteſs*, to conſult her as an *Oracle* in the General Diſtreſs. She bid Him be of good Courage, and follow her. They went out together to the Door of her *Tent*, where at a little Diſtance there grew a Knot of Flowers. The Admirable *Maid*, ſtruck her Spear into the Ground amidſt the Flowers, and incontinently there ſprung forth a Fountain of Water, to which the whole Army repaired to allay their Thirſt. They ſay, the Place is ſhown to this Day, with an Image of this *Maid* ſtanding in an *Oratory* cloſe by it; a Place of Refreſhment and *Devotion* for Travellers, that paſs over thoſe barren Plains.

How-

However, whether it were Artifice, or that ſhe was endued with ſome *Supernatural* Gift; it had a marvellous Influence on the Soldiers who began to reaſſume Courage, and feared nothing under the Conduct of ſuch a *General*.

'Twas Revenge, without Doubt, rather than Juſtice, that extorted that *Cruel Sentence* from the *Engliſh*, which put a Period to the *Heroick* Actions of this Illuſtrious *Maid*, whoſe Fame will live for ever.

It is recorded, That whilſt ſhe was bound faſt to the Stake with ſtrong Cords, they would have kindled the Fire upon her before ſhe had ſpoke to the Spectators; but, that ſhe ſuddenly became looſned, and ſnatching a Lance from one of the Soldiers, ſhe drove the *Guards* before her: Then returning of her own Accord to the Stake, ſhe made her laſt Dying Speech, foretelling many Things to come, which afterwards prov'd true. And having made an End of ſpeaking, ſhe bid the *Executioner*, ſet Fire to the Wood. Which he did according, and ſhe was burnt to Aſhes.

Certainly, every *Nation* may boaſt of ſome *Female* Warriour, that at one Time or other, has done remarkable Service to her Country. And, thou art not a Stranger to the Hiſtory of the *Amazons*, who excluded Men from their Society, yet became formidable to all the Regions round about them.

Adieu, Brave Commander of the *Muſſulman* Forces; and, let the Memory of theſe Valiant *Females*, inſpire thee with freſh Ardours, when the *Ottoman* Empire is in Danger.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THou art the Man that muſt participate in all my Adventures. And, I ſhould be a Churle, in not letting thee ſhare with me, the Pleaſure I found in a late Journey to *Orleans*, one of the *Preſidiary* Towns of *France*. It was by the Order of the *Vizir Azem*, I undertook that Journey. Some body had informed Him, That this Town was full of Merchant-Travellers of ſeveral *Nations*, but eſpecially of *Germany*, who brought the choiceſt Jewels of the *Eaſt*, to vend in this Place at ordinary Rates. That *Miniſter* gave me Commands, to buy certain Stones; with Inſtructions to treat of another Affair, which it is not neceſſary for thee to know. I accordingly ſet out from *Paris*, the Third Day of the 5th. *Moon*; and, *Eliachim* the *Jew* (of whom thou haſt heard) bore me Company. I need

I need not deſcribe to thee, the Country through which we paſs'd: It exactly reſembleth the *Plains* of St. *Iſidore*, not far from *Palermo* in *Sicily*. Thou and I, have Reaſon to remember that Place of our *Captivity*, carrying the Marks of our *Maſter*'s Cruel Anger yet in our Bodies. Thoſe *Plains*, thou knoweſt, afford a very agreeable Proſpect; eſpecially at this Time of the Year, when the Verdure of the Trees, mixed with the Brightneſs of the Corn-fields, and the parti-coloured Meadows, tempt the Eye into a Controverſy of Pleaſure; a Man neither knowing well how to take it off, nor yet where to fix it, in ſuch an Orderly Confuſion and Medley of Charming Objects.

Such is the *Province* between *Paris* and *Orleans*; which has this Advantage of thoſe *Sicilian Plains*, That here all the Way one rides, Innumerable Magnificent and Beautiful Palaces appear, ſhooting up their glittering Turrets above the lofty Groves, which environ thoſe *Seats* of *Pleaſure*. Indeed, this is one of the pureſt Airs, and the moſt fertile Soil in all the Kingdom; which invites the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, to reſide here during the *Summer*, and occaſions much Travelling on this Road.

About Mid-day, we came to a Town called *Chaſtres*, where we alighted to refreſh our ſelves. Travellers in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, are better accommodated with Proviſions, than they can be in *Aſia*, where they muſt carry their own Beds with them, and dreſs their

own Victuals, or lie on the naked Floor faſting. This makes the *Nazarenes*, call the *Eaſt* Inhoſpitable. They conſider not at the ſame Time, that 'tis the Niceneſs and Delicacy of the *Mahometans*, which occaſions this Cuſtom. For, the *Eaſtern* People, are fearful of defiling themſelves, by eating Meat prepared by other Hands than their own, or thoſe of their Servants: As alſo, to lie on a Bed, common to all Paſſengers.

But, theſe *Infidels* are like the *Swine*, to whom all Meat is Welcom, and every Ditch an Acceptable Bed. Here are Inns all along the Roads, whereinto when you enter, the *Hoſt* provides you both Bed and all other Neceſſaries. A Man muſt venture to ſleep on the ſame Pillow, where perhaps a *Leper* has lain the Night before, or ſome Perſon Infected with a worſe Diſeaſe. The *Hoſt* examines none, but harbours all alike, provided they have Money to pay him. And as for Victuals, 'tis the Cuſtom for all Travellers, to eat together at one Common Table, where ſeveral Diſhes of Meat are ſerved up, and every Man is free to eat what and how much he pleaſes, paying a ſtated Price for his Dinner.

Thus, no ſooner were we come into our Inn at *Chaſtres*, but the *Hoſt* ſaluting us after the Manner of the Country, invited us to ſit down at the *Ordinary*, (for ſo they call their Publick Dinner in an Inn.) We were not ſo ſcrupulous as to refuſe his Offer, but followed him into the Chamber, where the

Dinner

Dinner was prepared. There were many Guests at the Table, and all busie in feeding themselves. We took such Seats as we found vacant, and without much Ceremony fell to eating. The *Jew* trusted to the Indulgence of *Moses*, and I to that of *Mahomet*, for eating with the *Uncircumcised*, whose Meat is seldom free from the *Pollutions* of *Blood*. We knew, that neither *God* nor his *Prophets*, required us to starve.

There was Plenty of Wine, and that so delicious, as would have tempted an *Hogia* to taste it, without the *Mufti*'s Dispensation. To avoid Singularity, I made a Shew of eating, as the Rest; but, the greatest Part of my Repast, consisted in Bread and some Fruits, with that exhilarating Juice of the Grape.

The honest *Jew* swore, 'twas a Banquet prepared by *Cupid*, to render him the most Miserable of all Men. For, just in the Midst of our Mirth, came in a *French* Gentleman with a Lady in his Hand, who placed themselves at the Table exactly opposite to us. I perceived evident Symptoms of some Disorder in *Eliachim*, who seem'd to read his *Fate*, in that fair Creatures Face; yet had not Power to check his Wandering Eyes, or guard 'em from Inevitable Wounds. He'd almost acted o'er the *Story* of the *Ægyptian* Wives, whom *Joseph*'s Mistress had invited to behold his Beauty: they cut their Fingers for their Meat, whilst gazing on the Charming Youth: So, poor *Eliachim* was all Confusion, turn'd to a

Statue, whilſt he looked on this enchanting *Gorgon*. He had forgot to eat or drink, till I began to rowze him from his Dream. I told him ſoftly in the Ear, This Lady was but the Younger Siſter of *Ixion*'s Miſtriſs. This brought him to his Sence again, but could not reſtore his Peace. Prudence taught him, to diſſemble the violent Emotion of his Soul, and not to expoſe himſelf in ſuch a Company; but, Nothing could expell the Fatal Poyſon from his Breaſt.

When we had ſufficiently repoſed our ſelves, we bid adieu to the Inn; all joining Company and ſetting forward to *Orleans*. On the Road, both *Eliachim* and I, had many Opportunities of converſing with this Young Lady; ſuch Familiarity with Women, being allowed in *France*. We found her Wit ſurprizing as her Beauty; and, her Mien and Conduct, ſuch as gave Advantage to them both. In a Word, *Eliachim* was loſt amidſt ſo many Perfections.

When we came to our Inn at Night, and were in our Chamber together, he vented his Paſſion in theſe Words. Mahmut, *I've paſs'd theſe Years hitherto, without any other Sentiments of Love, ſave thoſe which in General I owe to all our Race, and ſome more particular Regards of Friendſhip and Duty. But, ſince I ſaw this lovely Creature, methinks my Friends, and all that ought to be beloved on Earth, is now contracted into her. 'Tis not her Snowy Skin or Matchleſs Features, are of Force to move me; though they are ſuch,*

thy

thy ſelf being Judge, as would have foiled Apelles Art to imitate: but, 'tis a Luſtre which I can't expreſs! Surely, 'twas Lightning darted from her Eyes, thoſe fair Avenues of her brighter Soul! The ſubtle Flame, glanced through my Breaſt, and in a Moment ſcorch'd my Reaſon up! The lovely Baſilisk, *ſhot Deaths at every Look: Thou ſaweſt how I ſate as one transformed; ſo lifeleſs and without motion was I, whilſt gazing on my Ruine! And, to this Hour, a Fatal Numbneſs ſpreads through all my Veins, as if I'd touch'd ſome dire* Torpedo.

Thus went he raving on, till I interrupted him with Laughter and Raillery, endeavouring to cure him of this Love-ſick Humour, by ridiculing it. I told him my own Experience of this Fooliſh *Paſſion*, rehearſed my former Adventures with *Daria*, and how at length I got the Victory of this vain Fondneſs, by Abſence, and the Exerciſe of my Reaſon. But, all that I could ſay, made no Impreſſion on the ſtupid Lover. He grew but worſe, and ſo I left him to ſeek Repoſe from Sleep.

We came not to *Orleans* till the next Day, where we tarried not long, having no other Buſineſs, as it happen'd, but to ſee the Rarities of the Town, and inform our ſelves of thoſe Things which is convenient for Travellers to know. After which, we returned to *Paris*; I with the ſame Sentiments, I had at my firſt ſetting out from thence; but, it ſeems, the *World* was Metamorphoſed in poor *Eliachim*'s

Opinion: To him the Trees had now loſt all their Greenneſs; the Flowers, and Graſs, and Corn look'd wither'd; the Birds ſung mournful Notes; the Winds blew hoarſe, unwelcome Sounds; and, every Thing in *Nature*, ſeemed to him to droop, becauſe *Falame* was not there (ſo was the Fair One call'd) as *Eliachim* had learned of her, when we parted from *Orleans*.

In this Melancholy Condition, the poor Brain-ſick *Few* has continued ever ſince. When his Cure will commence, I know not.

If thou yet retaineſt thy Native Liberty, and haſt not ſacrificed it to Unhappy Love, learn by his Misfortune to watch thy *Senſes*, which are the Firſt *Traytors* to the *Soul*. Adieu.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain Baſſa.

THou that haſt had thy Education in *Arſenals*, and haſt led the Reſt of thy Life in *Ships* of *War*, wilt be beſt able to Judge of the Propoſal, which a certain bold *Sea-Captain* made to *Cardinal Mazarini* not long ago.

It being the General Diſcourſe of this City, with what Inſult and Defiance *Admiral Moroſini*, with about Thirty *Men* of *War*, entred the *Helleſpont*, and brav'd the *Dardanels*; This Officer told the *Cardinal*, That if he would furniſh him with half that Number of Ships, he would engage to drive the *Sultan* out of his *Seraglio*, lay that *Palace* in the Duſt, and beat down the *Towers* of all the *Moſques* in *Conſtantinople*, or loſe his Life in the Attempt. To which the *Cardinal* replied. *Monſieur, I believe 'tis poſſible, if you could finiſh your Work, before they would board your* Men of War, *with a Hundred* Gallies *and* Saicks *full of Armed Men.*

It is ſaid, that *Cardinal Richlieu*, had ſuch a Project once; which made him propoſe the building of Prodigious High Ships, whoſe Outſides ſhould be ſtuck all over with ſharp Spikes, that ſhould render it Impoſſible for *Gallies* to board them.

By

By this thou mayſt know, that ſuch an Attempt is not thought Impracticable by the *Chriſtians*. I wiſh it be not put in Effectual Execution by them, when the *Port* may leaſt dream of it.

Chriſtina, *Queen* of *Suedeland*, has cauſed a moſt Magnificent *Veſſel* to be built, with Deſign to preſent it to *Cardinal Mazarini*. The Inner Work of the Cabin, is of Cedar, curiouſly overlaid with Flowers and other Imagery of Gold. The Extremity of the Stern, adorned with Windows, Statues and Galleries; the Wooden Work, all overlaid with the ſame Metal. The Roof of the Cabin, preſents the *Story* of *Jaſon*'s *Expedition* to get the *Golden Fleece*, painted by the beſt Maſters in *Suedeland*. All the Furniture, ſpeaks the *Royal* Bounty of her that gives it. The Cannon, are of the pureſt Braſs. The Reſt of the Tackle, ſuch as are fitteſt to weather the Winds and Waves; from which neither this *Queen*'s Sovereignty in *Suedeland*, nor the *Cardinal*'s Grandeur in *France*, could exempt either of them, were they expoſed to Sea.

There are thoſe who whiſper on this Occaſion, That the *Queen* of *Suedeland* has ſome Inclinations to the *Roman Catholick Religion*; That ſhe has had ſeveral Conferences with *Monſieur Chanut*, on that Subject, as alſo with his *Prieſts*; That her *Reſident* in *Portugal*, has openly embraced that *Faith*, not without the *Queen*'s private Conſent and Approbation. It is not Material to us, what *Religion*

ligion the *Infidels* profeſs, whilſt they aſſert *Doctrines* repugnant to the *Divine Unity*, and the *Truth* of the *Sent* of *God*. I behold, at this Time, an evident Sign of his *Unity* in the *Heavens*; it is the *New Moon*, juſt riſing from the *Lower Hemeſphere*. At the Sight of this *Planet*, the *Meſſenger* of *God* has commanded me to fall on my Face, and adore the *Eternal*.

Wherefore praying, that her *Influences* may prove propitious to thee, whilſt thou art on the *Ocean*, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. III.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior *of the* Convent *of* Derviſes, *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

NOT more welcom are the Rich *Perfumes* of *Arabia*, to a Soul almoſt expiring through Grief and Melancholy, than is thy Letter to *Mahmut*, wherein is contain'd, the *Certificate* of thy being yet on this Side the *State* of *Inviſibles*.

viſibles. Methinks, all *Nature* flouriſhes, while thou art alive. And, I feel a Spirit within me, prompts me to preſage, That thy Death, like the Fall of Leaves in *Autumn*, will prove the *Harbinger* of the *World's Laſt Winter.* Whilſt thou liveſt, thy Prayers and Merits, ſupport the drooping *Elements*: Which are now almoſt ready to fall, into their Primitive *Chaos* and Inactivity. The *Angel* of the *Trumpet*, in Contemplation of thy Vertue, delays to ſound the *Grand Tremendous Blaſt*; which, at an Inſtant, ſhall puff out the Light of Sun, Moon and Stars, and blow the Breath out of the Noſtrils of all the Living Generations. That Day, ſhall be a Day of Darkneſs, Horror and Silence, till the Hour of *Tranſmigration* comes: When, at the *Second Blaſt*, the Firmament ſhall rent aſunder, like the Opening of Curtains; this *Old World* ſhall fly away, like a Shadow, to the Right Hand and to the Left. Then ſhall *Naked Souls* hang hovering in the *Empty Space*, 'twixt *Paradiſe* and *Hell.* The *Throne* ſhall be plac'd, *Judgment* ſhall be given: And, to wind up the *Myſteries* of *Fate*, A *New* and *Immortal* World, ſhall at a Moment ſpring forth from the *Womb* of *Eternity*, and poſſeſs the Place of the Former.

I write not this to Inſtruct thee, Venerable *Bedredin*, who art a *Mine* of *Knowledge*; but, to ſatisfy thee, That tho' I live amongſt *Infidels*, yet I conſerve *Inviolate* the *Faith* of my *Fathers*, believing the *Book* brought down from the *Eternal Archives*. Thou feareſt, that

that I ſhall turn *Chriſtian*, being accuſed by Some, of Levity in my Opinions; by Others, of Prophaneneſs and *Atheiſm*; by All, of diſcovering too favourable an Inclination to the *Nazarenes*.

Suffer me, O *Holy Preſident* of the *Servants* of *God*, to purge my ſelf from theſe falſe Imputations, the Product of Envy and Malice. Permit me to lay at thy *Sacred Feet*, a *Modeſt Apology* for my *Faith*.

Let not that Deſcription of the *Chriſtians Miſſias*, which I ſent thee in my laſt Letter, create in thee an Opinion to my Diſadvantage; nor prevail on thee to think, I can ever ſwerve from the profound Attach I owe to the *Sent* of *God*. I Honour *Jeſus*, the *Son* of *Mary*; and ſo I do all his *Brethren*, the *Prophets* in *Paradiſe*: This I am taught in the *Alcoran*. Where is then my Crime? If I give Vertue its due Praiſe, even in the *Infidels*, am I therefore a *Nazarene*? If I ſpeak with Reverence and Modeſty of *Chriſtian* Princes am not I therefore a *Muſſulman*? Or, does the *Book* of *Glory* teach us *Arrogance*? Surely, my Traducers will bluſh, when they ſhall conſider, That our *Auguſt Emperors* themſelves (who are *Sovereigns* of All the *Kings* on *Earth*) when they vouchſafe to write to *Chriſtian* Princes, they dictate their Letters in a Style, full of Affection and Regard. They give them Magnificent *Titles* at the Beginning; and, at the Concluſion, they wiſh them Encreaſe of Felicity, both *Here* and in *Paradiſe*. And, would it become

become a *Slave*, to treat *Crown'd Heads* with leſs Reſpect, than does the *Maſter* of the *Univerſe*? If I have contracted Friendſhip with ſome of the *Chriſtian Derviſes*, it was to ſerve the Ends of the *Sublime Port*, and perform the Rites of Gratitude. I thought it no Crime, to receive a Kindneſs from any Man, or to return it, without examining his *Religion*. But, perhaps they ſuſpect the Intimacies I had with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and ſtill have with his Succeſſor *Mazarini*. Reſt aſſured, O *Holy Derviſe*, That my Acceſs to theſe *Princes* of the *Roman Church*, is ſo far from being Criminal, that without it I never had been capable of penetrating into the Counſels of the *Infidels*, nor of doing any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior*. The Countenance which my Familiarity with theſe Two Great *Miniſters* affords me, has all along facilitated my Deſigns. And, whilſt, under their Umbrage, I am taken for a Zealous *Chriſtian*, I ſecretly lay a Foundation, whereon, in due Time, ſhall be built, even in the Heart of *Chriſtendom*, Triumphal Arches, for the Victorious *Muſſulmans*. 'Tis ſtrange, methinks, that after all this, I ſhould be ſuſpected! That notwithſtanding I have patiently endur'd Nine Years confinement, to an Obſcure and Private Life; a Melancholy Baniſhment, to a Strange Country; yea, to a City, for which I have a Natural Averſion; a City the moſt Unclean, Noiſy and Vain in the whole Earth; to be ſhut up, for the Sake of avoiding Diſcovery, in a Chamber ſo Narrow,

row, that *Suſpicion* it ſelf, nay, even *Thought*, the *Mother* of that Little *Paſſion*, would ſweat and be ſtifled, when once Circumſcrib'd within theſe Walls; and after all this, to be made a *Priſoner* of *State*, on Jealouſie of being a *Mahometan*: To abide that Puniſhment ſo many *Moons*, unmov'd, uncorrupted, and at length to be releaſed, to the Advantage of the *Ottoman* Intereſt; and yet, to be traduc'd at Home, for a *Traytor* to *God*, his *Prophet*, and my *Sovereign*, has ſurely ſomething in it of Inconſiſtent.

What is then my Crime? Or, why am I thus aſpers'd? Let my Slanderers hereafter be ſilent. Unleſs they will lay it to my Charge, That in ſome of my Letters, I have diſcover'd a Mind free from *Superſtition*; That I put a high Value on Reaſon, and have no low Eſteem, for ſome of the Ancient *Philoſophers*; That I endeavour to guard my Sence, and will not ſuffer it to be muzzled with the Impoſitions of Ignorance and Prejudice; That I do not think it a Neceſſary Qualification of a *Muſſulman*, to purſue with Inexorable Hatred, all Men that differ from me in Opinion. In fine, That in all my Converſation, I ſtrive to comport my ſelf, as One who aſſerts the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, the *Plurality* of his *Prophets*, the *Determinate Number* of the *Elect*; and, who is reſolv'd and prepar'd, rather to die a Thouſand Deaths, than voluntarily to commit any *Impiety* againſt theſe *Principles*, or the *Intereſt* of the *Grand Signior*, who has a

Right

Right to command all *Mankind*. If theſe be Crimes, I muſt own my ſelf Culpable: If not, let my Accuſers lay their Hand upon their Mouth. And continue thou, *Sage Doctor* of our *Holy Law*, to inſtruct me with thy Counſels, to aſſiſt me with thy Prayers, and to protect me with thy Friendſhip. Then ſhall *Mahmut* perſevere a *True Believer*, a Faithful *Slave* to the *Oſman Emperor*, and a Devout Admirer of thy Longevity and Vertue.

I ſhould fear this might be the laſt Letter I ſhould have the Honour to ſend thee, were I not convinced by ſome near Examples, That Old Age was not reſtrained to the Times before the *Flood*. Though thou haſt far outpaſs'd the ordinary Years of Men, yet there is at this Time, not far from *Paris*, a Man who has near doubled thy Age. He is an *Hermit*, living on a Hill, where all Things neceſſary for Human Suſtenance ſeem to be wanting. The Walls of his Houſe are built of Mud, with his own Hands (a weak Defence againſt Wind and Rains.) His Bed is compoſed of Leaves of Trees. A Stone ſerves him for his Pillow. His Diet conſiſts of ſuch Herbs and Fruits, as that Mountain affords him. A neighbouring Well, allays his Thirſt. He has dwelt in this Place, and in this Manner, Eighty Three Years, after he had Travelled moſt Parts of *Europe* and *Aſia*. Ask him by what Means he preſerv'd his Life ſo long, he anſwers, *By living free from Care, and by being Indifferent to all Things.* He foretells

Things

Things to come with marvellous Succeſs, as has been often obſerv'd. Which makes the People eſteem him a *Prophet*.

The *French* tell me of another, who lived longer than he, being Three Hundred Sixty and One Years Old when he died. He was call'd, *John of the Times*, in Regard he liv'd from the *Reign* of *Charles the Great*, to that of the *Emperor Conrade*. And, being ask'd What Diet he uſed, his Anſwer was, *Honey within, and Oil without*.

This comforts me with the Hopes of ſeeing thee on Earth, tho' many Years hence: Since, no Man can exceed thee in Abſtinence, Sobriety, and the Calmneſs of thy Mind.

The *Great Author* of *Life* ſo grant, That if I may not enjoy this Felicity *Here*, yet I may not, by any enormous Crimes, merit to be excluded thy Society in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE *French* are puffed up, with the late Defeat they gave the *Spaniſh* Fleet in Sight of *Naples*. Their Joy would know no Bounds were it not curb'd by the Loſs of the *Duke* of *Breze*, who was ſlain by a Cannon Bullet in this *Naval* Combat.

The Young *Prince* of *Conde*, has been alſo forced to withdraw his Army from before *Lerida*; that Place, being ever Fatal to the *French*. This has leſſened the Diſgrace, which the *Count* of *Harcourt* received laſt Campagne, in not being able to carry that Town, after Six *Moons* Siege.

But, the News from the *Levant*, has elated all the *Franks* beyond Meaſure: Yet, I hope the Relations that are ſcatter'd abroad on that Subject, are rather an Effect of their Wiſhes, than of any real Succeſs againſt the *Invincible Oſmans*.

It is reported, That there have been Two *Sea-Fights*, between our *Fleets* and the *Venetians*; that in the Former, we loſt Two Thouſand Men, Seven Galleys and a *Baſſa*; that in the Latter, the *Venetians* took Fourty *Galleys*, Six *Caramuſals*, and Fifty *Saiques*, laden with Men and Ammunition for the Relief of our Army in *Candy*.

The

The Honour of this laſt Victory, is aſcribed to the Valour and Conduct of *Bernard Moroſini*, and *General Grimani*; *Bernard* ſucceeding his Brother *Thomas Moroſini*, who was killed, as they ſay, in the Firſt Battel.

The *Chriſtians* every where expreſs great Joy for theſe Victories. The open Streets are filled with Tables, covered with all Manner of Dainties, at the Publick Coſt: They feaſt and revel Night and Day. The Bells ring continually, and Bonfires are made, to celebrate the Triumph of the *Nazarenes*. They preſage to themſelves, the Conqueſt of the *Ottoman Empire*, and Eternal Victories.

From *Dalmatia*, the *Poſts* bring daily News of our Loſſes and Diſgraces. It is known here, That the *Caſtles* of *Xemonido Novigrade*, *Nadin*, *Carin*, and all the *Places* of *Strength* which we had in our Poſſeſſion, except *Cliſſa*, are taken by the *Venetians*.

They laugh at our Siege of *Sebenigo*, where we loſt Two Thouſand Men, and at Length were forced to leave our Camp to the *Chriſtians*; our *General* being frighted away by a few Women.

It ſeems Strange and Ominous to me, that thoſe Arms, which have formerly cruſh'd the Greateſt *Monarchies* to Pieces, and have chang'd the Face of the whole Earth, ſhould now be foil'd by a few *Deſperado's!* I dare be thus far a *Prophet*, That either the Soldiers are diſguſted, which will produce a *Revolution*; or, the Mighty *Empire* of the *Oſmans*,

Ofmans, is in its Decline; which *God* avert.

The *Chriſtians* (who are not ignorant of our Affairs, nor of the very *Secrets* of the *Seraglio*) by an Odd Kind of Charity, pray for the Long Life of *Sultan Ibrahim*. For, they ſay, our Armies muſt needs miſcarry during his Reign; moſt of the Officers, being offended at his Licentious Life, and Cruel Actions. Beſides, they tax him with Profuſeneſs, in that he has not ſpared the Private Treaſury of Gold, which, by the Frugality of his *Predeceſſors*, had been heaped together: and, which it was not counted lawful for them to touch, unleſs in the utmoſt Peril of the *Empire*. They ſay, that by the Additions which *Sultan Amurat* had made, this Treaſure was augmented to above Thirty Millions of *Sequins:* But, that our preſent *Emperor*, has ſquandred moſt of it away, on his Pleaſure. They compare him to *Heliogabalus*, the moſt Effeminate *Prince* that ever Reign'd: Praiſing at the ſame Time, the Magnanimity and Valour of *Sultan Amurat*; who, they ſay, was the Stouteſt Man on Earth. They highly applaud his Bravery at the *Siege* of *Babylon*, when he accepted the Challenge of the *Perſian* Soldier; and entering into a ſingle Combat with the Unhappy *Redhead*, at one Blow, with his *Sabre*, cleft him (though in *Armour*) to the Middle. In Memorial whereof, thou knoweſt, that *Armour* hangs to this Day in the *Hazoda*. In fine, they extoll

extoll his Juſtice: Whereof he gave a remarkable Inſtance, in puniſhing a certain *Hogia*, who had cheated a *Pilgrim* of his *Jewels*. Thou remembreſt that Paſſage. And, the *Stone-Mortar*, wherein that Miſerable Wretch was pounded alive by his Own *Sentence*, is yet to be ſeen at the Gate of the *Divan*, a Monument of his Villainy, and the *Sultan*'s Juſtice.

Theſe Things are not unknown in the *Weſt*: For, the *Nazarenes* have their Intelligencers, in the *Imperial* City. Hence they derive Occaſions, to Cenſure or Praiſe the Actions of our *Auguſt Emperors*, who are *Companions* of the *Sun*, and *Brothers* of the *Stars*.

What I have ſaid, I truſt to thy Integrity. Whereof I have had Experience. Thoſe who degenerate from that Vertue, may their Souls find no more Reſt in the *Other* World, than a *Frenchman*'s Hat has in *This*, which is always in Motion. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1647.

N LETTER

LETTER III.

To Mahomet Techli, Baſſa *of* Boſna, *at his Camp in* Dalmatia.

THOU art a fit Man to lead the *Muſſulman* Armies, who durſt not hold up thy Head againſt a few Women? Perhaps thy Mother's Milk hangs yet on thy Chin; thou art not wean'd from the Diſcipline of the Nurſery. Was the Strong *Fortreſs* of *Sebenico*, of ſo ſmall a Price, that thou ſhouldſt baſely decamp from before it becauſe a few Females appear'd on the Walls? Is this the Way to aggrandize thy Maſter? What will the *Chriſtians* ſay to this Cowardice? Nay, what do they not ſay already? The News of that Siege, had reach'd all Parts of *Europe*; the *Nazarenes* were big with Expectation of the Event. Now they know it, they laugh both at thee, and at all the *Muſſulmans*. Thou haſt brought a Diſgrace on the moſt Exalted *Empire* in the *World*.

What, if thou didſt loſe Two Thouſand Men before the Walls of that Fort? Is that a ſufficient Juſtification of thy raiſing the Siege? Our Glorious *Sultans* do not uſe to win Cities and Caſtles without Blood; neither do they ſpare to ſacrifice the beſt Part of their Army, to the Honour of their Arms; whilſt our Indefatigable Soldiers, have mounted on Heaps

of

of Slaughter'd *Spahi*'s, and ſcal'd the Battlements of their Enemies. Whereas thou, wert afraid of a few Stones, that the Women hurl'd on thy Men from the Walls! Thou art more effeminate than *Sardanapalus*! It were fitter for thee, to handle the Diſtaff, and Spin for thy Bread, than to draw a Sword in the *Field* of *Honour*. It is a wonder thy own Soldiers do not abandon thee, being aſham'd to ſerve under ſo Weak a *Commander*.

I counſel thee, ſpeedily to recover thy loſt Reputation, by ſome notable Service. Let not Perils affright thee; but remember, that true Fortitude ſurmounts all Difficulties; and, that thou canſt not paſs into the *Temple* of *Honour*, but through that of *Vertue*. It is not my Part to project for thee: the whole Country is before thee: Thou knoweſt, or at leaſt oughteſt to know, the Motions and Strength of thy Enemies. Do ſomething ſpeedily, that ſhall ſpeak thee Wiſe and Valiant. Thou hadſt better loſe thy Life ſo, than by a *Bow-ſtring*.

Take this Advice as a Mark of my Friendſhip; for, *Mahmut* uſes not ſo frankly to reprove thoſe, whom he eſteems his Enemies. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1647.

LETTER IV.

To Achmet Baſſa.

NOT long ago, arrived here a *Courier* from *Suedeland*, bringing Letters from Queen *Chriſtina*, and *Monſieur Chanut*, the *French Reſident* at *Stockholme*.

Among other Matters, they give an Account, That on the Twenty Seventh Day of the Seventh *Moon*, that Great *Princeſs* had like to have been ſtabb'd, in the Midſt of her *Guards*, ſurrounded with her *Courtiers*, before the *Altar* of her *God*; at an Hour, when all the *Subjects* of that *Kingdom*, were on their Knees, to render *Heaven* Propitious to *Her* and the *Publick*.

That Day, there was a *Faſt* proclaim'd through all *Suedeland*; and, he was eſteem'd no Good *Subject*, who did not repair to the *Publick Solemnities*. The Queen, to give an Example, went at the Third Hour of the Day to the *Moſque* of her *Palace*, attended by the *Great Officers* of *State*, and a Numerous Train of the *Nobility*. When the *Preacher* (as is the Cuſtom) had made an End of ſpeaking, all that were preſent fell on their Knees, to perform the appointed *Devotions*. But, it being the Faſhion of the *Nazarens*, to utter ſome ſecret preparative *Oraiſons*; the Men covered their Faces with their Hats, to be more recollected.

While

While all Eyes were thus veil'd, a certain Fellow ſnatching the Opportunity, ſteps from his Place; and, without making any great Noiſe, by large Strides, advances unſeen to the *Rails* which encloſe the *Pavement*, next to the *Altar*, where the *Queen* was on her Knees. But, in leaping over, he was perceived by a certain *Nobleman*; who, immediately cryed out to the *Guards*, *to ſtop the Aſſaſſin.* They croſs'd their Partiſans; but the *Villain*, hurl'd them one againſt another with ſo great Violence, that, while they were ſtriving to recover their entangled Weapons, he got quite through them. At which time the *Queen* alſo raiſing her ſelf up at the Noiſe, puſh'd the *Captain* of her *Guards*, who kneeled Beſide her. He ſtarting from his Place, leap'd between the *Queen* and the *Murderer*, who was now within Two Paces of her. He ſeizes the Wretch; and, upon immediate Search, they found Two long ſharp-pointed Knives about him, without Sheaths; One in his Boſom, the Other in his Pocket. The *Priſon* being in the *Caſtle* or *Palace* of the *Queen*, under her very Apartment, ſhe was not willing he ſhould be carried thither; but ordered him, to be reconducted to his own Chamber, which was in the *College* of *Stockholme*; he being an *Eccleſiaſtick* of the ſaid *College*: Commanding alſo, a good *Guard* to be ſet over him; which was performed accordingly.

As ſoon as the *Wretch* ſaw himſelf in his Chamber, he ſaid aloud, *That when he went*

out in the Morning, he little thought of ever returning again; having undertaken an Action, in doing of which he expected to loſe his Life.

They uſed all Diligence imaginable, in diſcovering the Authors of this intended Murder; but, could learn Nothing more, than that this Fellow was a *Lunatick*, whom a Certain *Seaſons*, an Unaccountable Fury ſpurred on to many Extravagancies.

Yet ſome ſuſpect, that he was hired by the *Lutheran Clergy* to give this Execrable Blow; who were apprehenſive, that the Queen hearkning too much to the Inſinuations of her *Tutor*, who was a *Calviniſt*, would Innovate the *Eſtabliſh'd Religion* of the Country.

If this be a well grounded Suſpicion, it follows at the beſt, that Religion, which ought to correct the *Morals* of Men, and have an Influence in reſtraining their Exorbitant Paſſions, is become the Corrupter of their Manners, and the Fomenter of the moſt Enormous Crimes. But, this is common among the *Chriſtians*, who being divided into Innumerable *Parties*; diſtinguiſhed by as many Several Names; yet each *Sect* is ſo ſure that their *Way* is the only *Right Path* to *Salvation*, that they ſpare for neither Murders, Sacrileges, nor Treaſons, to proſelyte the Reſt to their Opinion; being unwilling, that any ſhould live, who are not of the ſame Mind with them.

The

The *King* of *France* and the *Queen-Regent*, received the News of *Queen Chriſtina*'s Delivery from this Deſigned Blow, with much Joy; the Intereſts of both *Crowns*, being at this Time cloſely intermingled.

I can inform thee of Nothing more Remarkable at preſent, ſave, That certain Letters are intercepted, which the *Duke* of *Bavaria* had written to the *Duke* of *Wirtemberg*, and the *Elector* of *Cologne:* The Contents of which diſcover, that the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, is not far from a Reconciliation with the *Emperor*; and, that in the mean time, he only waits the Event of Things, to direct him in the Choice of his *Party*.

God confirm thee in thy Integrity, that thou mayſt never waver or ſwerve, from the Service and Duty thou oweſt the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 28th *of the* 9th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician *at* Conſtantinople.

THOU haſt heap'd many Favours on me; yet I have never had an Opportunity, of making the leaſt Acknowledgment. Accept now a *Small Preſent* from *Mahmut*'s Hands, who being not Maſter of Wealth, can make no *Great Ones*. I ſend thee neither Silver, Gold, nor Jewels, which the Inſatiable Avarice of Mortals, has violently torn from the Bowels of their *Common Mother*. Neither ſhalt thou receive from me, any of the more familiar Products of the Earth, ſuch as grow on her Surface. Expect no choice Fruits, or Wine, or Oil; nor any thing framed by the Art of Man, whether for Delight, or Uſe. What I ſend thee, is the *Dew* of *Heaven*, a certain *Quinteſſence* of the *Elements*, an *Æthereal Spirit*, firſt condens'd into a Vapour, then into a more liquid Subſtance, and afterwards congealed into a Gum. It is the celebrated *Manna* of *Calabria*.

Adonai the *Jew*, ſent it to me out of *Italy*, as a Rarity. I knew not whom ſo properly to oblige with this Preſent, as the Studious of *Natural* Things, *Hali* the Sage *Phyſician*, and my Friend.

The

The *Philoſopher Averroes*, our Countryman, has written much of this excellent Subſtance. He calls it, the *Food* of the *Airy Angels*. And ſays, the Young *Ravens* crying in their Neſts, are nouriſh'd by this Heavenly Diet, when the Old Ones forſake them: And, that the *Chamelions*, ſeek no other Repaſt during their Lives, but the Inviſible *Manna* that every where floats in the Morning Air. He holds it poſſible, That a Man, after he has paſs'd his *Great Climacter*, may live without any other Suſtenance, ſave what he receives from this *Heavenly Diſtillation*; that he may thus prolong his Life, for the Space of Seven Years, which will complete the appointed Age of Mortals. Many of the ſublimely inſtructed among the *Arabians*, are of the ſame Opinion; ſo are not a few of the *Hebrew Rabbi's*: But, the *Chriſtians*, who are Gluttons, laugh at this Doctrine, as Ridiculous and Impracticable: Forgetting at the ſame time, what they read in their *Bible* (which they pretend is the *Rule* of their *Faith*) that the *Iſraelites* had Nothing elſe to feed on, for a conſiderable time, in the *Deſart*, when they were almoſt Eight Hundred Thouſand Souls, and the Greateſt Part of them in their full Strength, Men of Arms, and inur'd to the Toils of War.

Certainly, it were a deſirable Thing, that this *Divine Largeſs*, were diſtributed to all the Regions on Earth. But, *God* ſends his Bleſſings to whom, and when he pleaſes. 'Tis he that directeth the Clouds, when they

move through the Air, and reſt not till they arrive at barren and dry Places, where they pour forth their Water to refreſh the Earth, and render it fruitful. *God!* There is but One *God*, *Lord* of the *Worlds*! Theſe are Signs of his *Unity* to *True Believers*, but the *Incredulous* have hardned their Hearts.

It is recorded, That in former Times, the Ground whereon this *Manna* deſcended, belong'd to a certain *Nobleman* of the *Country*; who, covetous of the Unuſual *Bleſſing*, undertook to encloſe all that Land with a high Wall, to the End that ſo rare a Gift, might not be made Common to every one. But, as ſoon as the Workmen had begun to lay the Foundations of this Encloſure, the *Manna* ceas'd to fall, and ſo continued, as long as they proceeded in that Envious work. Which, when the *Lord* of the *Ground* was made ſenſible of, he commanded the Workmen to deſiſt: Saying withal, *The* Almighty *gives, and the* Almighty *takes away. Henceforward, I will not ſeek to reſtrain the Free Gift of* Heaven. Upon which, the *Manna* deſcended daily as before, and ſo has continued to do ever ſince. Doubtleſs, this is a Sign of *God's Omnipotence.*

If thou wilt permit me to play the *Philoſopher*, I will tell thee my Opinion, why this *Manna* is ſeen rather in the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, than in any other *Region* of the *Earth*.

It is well known, that the Earth of this Country, abounds with Veins of Sulphur, which are diffuſed up and down through all Parts,

Parts, and heat the Soil to an Extraordinary Degree. Hence it follows, that the *Lower Region* of the Air in this Country, muſt needs acquire a greater Degree of Heat and Dryneſs alſo, being perpetually rarefied by the Fiery *Atomes*, which every where tranſpire through the Pores of the Earth, as from a Furnace.

This being ſo, it is not hard to conceive, that the Vapours which are exhal'd by the Sun into the *Upper Region*, in the Heat of a *Summers* Day, and there become Impregnated by the *Æthereal Spirit*, (which remains pure and uncloath'd in thoſe ſerener Tracts, and conſequently, is apt to Incorporate with any proper Vehicle) Naturally deſcend again in the Cool of the Night; but, not meeting with a Congeneous Body of Vapours, in the *Lower Region*, that Air being over-purify'd, and grown defecate, through the too near Neighbourhood of the Burning Soil, ſo that they cannot diffuſe themſelves through the Air for want of a fit *Medium*, they conſiſting of *Homogeneous* Parts, and following the Natural Poſition of the *Element*, and the *Laws* of *Gravity*; contract themſelves into little Globular Forms the lower they deſcend, thus ſetling on the Leaves of Trees, on the Graſs and Herbs, on Stones and any Part of the Earth, appearing like Grains of Tranſparent *Gum*.

Hence alſo I conceive, That the ſame *Manna* (which is Nothing elſe, but an *Æthereal Spirit*, embodied in light and dulcid Vapours)

Vapours) abounds in the Air of moſt Countries, but remains inviſible, rarely ſo far condens'd, as to ſettle in a groſs Body on the Ground, becauſe the Air of thoſe Regions, is not ſo rarify'd as is that of *Calabria*, having no ſuch *Subterranean* Fires to drink the Vapours up; but being moiſt and thick, the deſcending *Manna*, inſtead of contracting it ſelf into Globular Bodies, and through its Weight ſinking to the Earth, dilates its ſelf, and incorporates with the floating Vapours: Juſt as if you pour drops of Water, into a Veſſel full of the ſame Element, thoſe Drops do not ſink to the Bottom, but finding an Homogeneous Body, they mix with it, and are diſperſed every way; whereas, if there be nothing in the way to ſtop them, they immediately fall to the Ground.

But, I ſhall tire thee with my *Philoſophy*, forgetting that I ſpeak to a Man conſummate in all *Sciences*. *Adonai* relates many remarkables Paſſages of this Country, too tedious for a Letter. I will only tell thee in ſhort, That the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, is eſteemed one of the moſt Delectable *Regions* on *Earth*, the Trees flouriſhing Twice a Year, and the Soil abounding to Prodigality with Corn, Wine, Oil and Fruits, and all Things neceſſary for the Life of Man. Yet, the Inhabitants, have this *Proverb* common among them; *The Kingdom of* Naples *is a Paradiſe of Delights, but it is inhabited with Devils.* So corrupted are the Manners of the People.

Adieu,

Adieu, Dear *Hali*, and think not *Mahmut* tedious in his Letters, who has no other way at this Diſtance, to converſe with his Friends.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VI.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

WHEN this *Diſpatch* ſhall come to thy Hands, be aſſured, that *Mahmut* thy Countryman, and *Slave* to the *Slaves* of the *Grand Signior*, wiſhes thee multiplicity of Happineſs. I have many Reaſons to honour thee, beſides the Natural Affection, which is or ought to be, between thoſe who were born in the ſame *Region*. The many Favours thou haſt done me, have far exceeded the Obligation, which ariſes from the Vicinity of our Birth: Though, that was ſo near, that a ſtrong Man, would have meaſur'd the Diſtance, with one Flight of an Arrow.

The *Preſent* of *Kopha*, for which I returned thee Thanks in my laſt, has wrought wonderfull Effects on me, being a perfect Cure of the Melancholy, to which I was before ſubject. It has freed me from many Diſtempers; and,

and, I owe the preſent Eaſe and Cheerfulneſs I enjoy, to this Generous Gift.

Methinks, while I am drinking this excellent Liquor, I am at *Conſtantinople*, converſing with my Friends. It revives in me the *Genius* of *Aſia*; and ſo advantageouſly transforms the *Idea's* of things which I ſee, that the *Croſſes* on the Tops of the *Chriſtian Temples*, appear to me as *Half-Moons*; And, my Imagination preſents to me, *Turbants* inſtead of *Hats*, as Men walk along the Streets of *Paris*.

Doubtleſs, great is the Force of what we eat or drink, which has occaſioned all Wiſe *Lawgivers*, among other Sanctions, to preſcribe certain Rules of Diet: And, the Care of our *Holy Prophet*, has been exquiſite in this Point; his Prohibitions, extending to all Unclean Meats and Drinks; ſince, they deprave the Conſtitutions of Men, and encline them to Vice. But, by his own Example, he recommended to us the Uſe of this Admirable Berry; Impoſing a New Name on the *Tree* that bears it, when he called it, the *Tree* of *Purification*. Hence it is, that all the *Muſſulmans* affect to partake of the *Sanctified* Benefit; it being the Univerſal Beverage, of the *Oſman Empire*. Were the Virtues of it known in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, it would match, if not ſupplant the Credit of their Wines: ſince it equally refreſhes the Spirits, without Intoxicating the Brain.

I know not whether thou haſt ſeen *Peſtehbali* my Brother, ſince thy Return from *Arabia*.

Arabia: Or, whether thou haſt heard the News he brought with him out of the *Eaſt*. He has ſurvey'd the *Indies*, *Tartary*, *China*, *Tunquin*, *Perſia*, and other *Regions*, whoſe Names are hardly known in ſome Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*. Indeed, we have formerly had but an odd *Idea* of thoſe Remote Countries: But, eſpecially *China*, has been hid from the greateſt Part of the Earth.

In my earlier Years, I have heard Men of Gravity, who would be taking for Knowing Perſons, ſay, That *China* was but a *Tributary Province* of the *Tartars*, a Contemptible Corner of *Aſia*, and ſo barren, as it could hardly afford Suſtenance for its Inhabitants; which is a Sign, it is well Peopled. Aſſuredly, our *Fathers* were ignorant of this *Country*; which, after the *Perpetual Monarchy* of the *Oſmans*, may be eſteemed the *Second Empire* on *Earth*.

My Brother ſays, it contains Sixteen *Provinces*, each as large as a *Kingdom*: And, that all together, they fill up a Tract of Ground as big as *Europe*; which, thou knoweſt, is one of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*: And, that this vaſt Dominion, contains above a Hundred Millions of Inhabitants.

The *Emperor* who Reigned, when *Peſtelihali* was there, was called *Zunchin*: A young *Prince*, not above Thirty Years of Age; in whoſe Veins, ran the *Blood* of Sixteen *Emperors*, his *Progenitors*.

In the Year 1640. Two Great Officers in his Army, having drawn to their Party an Innumerable

numerable Company of the Soldiers, and being encouraged by ſome *Grandees* at the *Court*, made a Revolt. The Names of theſe *Rebels*, were *Lycungæ* and *Changien*. They ſoon became Maſters of Five *Provinces*: But, quarrelling about their Shares, *Lycungæ* cauſed his Aſſociate to be poiſoned; and taking on himſelf the ſole Command of the *Rebels*, was proclaimed by them, *Emperor* of *China*. After which, he marched directly with his whole Forces againſt *Pequin*, a City where the *Emperor* kept his *Court*: Knowing that the Conqueſt of this Place, would ſecure to him, all the remaining *Provinces* of the *Empire*.

The *Chineſe* are reputed a moſt Ingenious People, excelling in all Manner of *Mechanick* Inventions; and the boldeſt *Architects* in the World. They build Bridges from one Mountain to another, to ſhorten the Travellers Journey o'er the Plain between them; and, raiſe Towers almoſt up to the Clouds. Some of their Cities, are ſaid to be near Thirty Leagues in Compaſs, having Double Walls and Ditches. And, my Brother ſays, the City *Pequin*, wants not much of this Extent: And, that the *Palace* of the *Emperor*, is near a League in Circuit, environ'd by Three Walls, and as many Moats; beſides Bulwarks, and other Fortifications. He adds, That this Mighty *City* and *Palace*, is guarded by an Hundred Thouſand Soldiers.

This Impregnable Place, the *Rebels* took by Stratagem, which was able to have reſiſted

ſiſted all the Force of *Aſia*. *Lycungz* held a private Correſpondence, with ſeveral *Grandees* within the Town and *Palace*. By whoſe Connivence, he ſent great Numbers of the ſtouteſt Men in his Army, diſguized in the Habit of *Merchants*; who lodging themſelves in divers Quarters of the City, on a Day appointed, ſuddenly appear'd in Arms; and ſurpriſing the Guards who defended the Gates, ſlew them all, and opened the Gates to the *Rebels*.

Who can expreſs the Confuſion and Slaughter, that filled all Parts of the City with Mourning and Blood? The Barbarous *Conquerour*, ſacrificed all the Loyal and the Brave, to his Unpardonable Ambition; diſarmed thoſe who eſcaped the firſt Maſſacre; and having made himſelf Abſolute Maſter of the *City*, lays a cloſe Siege to the *Imperial Palace*.

The *Emperour* now finding that he was betrayed, and that it was too late to defend himſelf from the Cruel Perſecution and Inſult of the Traytors; takes Advantage of the ſhort Reſiſtance, which ſome of his Faithful Servants made, to conſult his own Honour, with that of the *Empreſs* and his Daughter. He had above Three Thouſand Wives, for whom he could not provide in that Flood of Calamities. All his Care being employed, to prevent the laſt Triumph of his Enemies, in not ſuffering the *Royal Blood*, to be ſhed by the prophane Hands of thoſe Villains. He entred into the *Gardens* of the *Palace*, accompanied

panied onely by his *Empreſs* and Daughter, with Three Faithful *Eunuchs*. The Young *Princeſs*, (who was a *Lady* Educated in all the *Chineſe* Learning) ſeeing the great Affliction of her *Royal* Parents, the Inevitable Ruine of their *Family*, and the Univerſal Deſolation; fell on her Knees, and ſpoke to her Father, as follows:

My Lord,

"SInce it is the Will of the *Immortal* "*Gods*, thus to extinguiſh the Luſtre "and Majeſty of our *Sublime Race*, let "their *Decrees* be fulfilled. But, let not "me be a Spectator of my *Parents* Fall, "or ſurvive a *Tragedy*, at which the "Earth it ſelf muſt tremble. Have this "Compaſſion on my tender Years, and "let theſe Eyes be cloſed, before Death "ſeal up Yours, from which Mine bor-"rowed all their Light. Think not, be-"cauſe I am Young, I fear to die: I long "to ſee our *Kindred Gods*, and repreſent "the *Fate* of *China*, ſo as to provoke their "ſpeedy Vengeance. Surely, our *Deify'd* "*Anceſtors*, at my Complaint, would "gather all the *Thunder* in the Heavens, "and ſhower it down upon theſe *Perjur'd* "and *Ungrateful Traytors*. Or elſe, they'd "play the *Chymiſts*, and extract the "moſt Envenom'd *Influence* of the Stars,

"and

"and dart the *Heavenly* Poyſon on the "*Rebels*, as they lye before theſe Sacred "Walls, and thus would put a Period to "their Curſed *Treaſon*. Make no Delay, "My *Royal Father*, but, try the Experi-"ment; releaſe me from theſe Chains, which "hinder my Eſcape to *Paradiſe*: And, "let me be the *Herauld* of ſuch News, as "ne'er before ſurpriz'd the *Bleſs'd* Above.

The *Emperor* mov'd with this Paſſionate Addreſs of his Daughter, drew a Dagger from his Girdle, and therewith ſtabb'd her to the Heart. And then, ſtruck with Remorſe at ſo Unnatural a Deed, covered his Face with a Veil of Silk. Thus acting *Agamemnons*'s Part, when, to fulfil the *Oracle*, he *Sacrific'd* his Daughter *Iphigenia*.

After this, the *Empreſs* overwhelm'd with ſo many Sorrows, retired into a Grove, and Hang'd her ſelf with a Silken Cord on a Tree. The *Emperor* ſeeing this Mournful Spectacle, was reſolved no longer to delay his own Death. Wherefore, following her Example, he diſpatch'd himſelf likewiſe by a String. But, he firſt bit a Vein; and, with his Blood, writ the following Words:

"What is there now deſirable on Earth, "after I am thus betray'd by my own *Sub-*"*jects*? I accuſe not the *Inferior* People: "They are Innocent? 'Tis to the *Adu-*"*darins*,

" *darins*, I owe my ſudden Fall, with the " Ruine of this Mighty *Empire*. Behold " in me, the *Royal Line* extinct. I am the " Laſt of Sixteen *Emperors*. I, that was " *Lord* of ſo many Spacious *Regions*, " *Guardian* of the *Bedchamber* of the *Sun*, " ſole *Monarch* of the *Orient*, Lieutenant " to the *Gods* of the *Mines*, Poſſeſſor of " Infinite Treaſures, at whoſe Name a " Hundred Millions of my Subjects touch- " ed the Ground with their Foreheads; " am now ready to be trampled under " Foot, by the Baſeſt of my *Slaves*. But " I will prevent my own Diſgrace, and " carry this Majeſtick Soul Inviolate, to " my renowned *Fathers*: Whoſe Ven- " geance join'd with that of all the " *Gods*, ſhall fall on the Perfidious *Man-* " *darins*, who have betrayed both Me " and this exalted *State* to Ruine.

A *Narrative* of theſe Mournful Paſſages was Printed in the *Chineſe* Language; ſuppoſed to be done, by the Order of the *Emperor*'s Attendants, who follow'd him into the Garden, and were Witneſſes of what was ſaid and done. A Copy of which, my Brother procur'd to be tranſlated into *Arabick*, by a *Merchant* of our Nation, who underſtood the *Chineſe* Language, and reſided in *Pequin*.

In

In fine, my Brother ſays, That when he departed from *China*, he left the Tyrant *Lycongz* in Poſſeſſion of the *Emperor's Palace*; where he found an Hundred Millions of Ingots in Gold and Silver, beſides and Ineſtimable Treaſury of Pearls an Precious Stones. All which Wealth, had been heap'd together, by the Frugality of the *Chineſe Emperors*.

By this thou mayſt take an Eſtimate, of the Grandeur and Strength of this Formidable *Monarchy*, of which we have had ſuch Contemptible Notions. Neither ſhalt thou have Occaſion, to be ſurprized at the Monſtrous Riſe and Fortune of this *Rebel*, who in ſo ſhort a Time, was lifted to the Height of Humane Sovereignty; when thou conſidereſt, that all Things are ſubject to Viciſſitude and Change.

That *God*, who eſtabliſhes whom he pleaſes on the *Thrones* of the *Earth*, and at the *Determined Period* of *Empires*, depoſes ſuch as truſt in their Strength and Riches; defend our *Sovereign* from *Treaſons*, and from the *Arrows* that fly in *Obſcurity*.

Paris, 13th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Darniſh Mehemet, Baſſa.

WHAT Obligation have I, to be concerned for the *Infidels*? Or, what Intereſt in the *Uncircumciſed*? Yet, *Nature* has tied all our *Race*; in ſome *Common Bonds* of *Affection*; and *Humanity* teaches us, to rejoice at the *Deliverance* of the *Oppreſſed*.

The *Kingdom* of *Naples*, has long groan'd under the Yoke of *Spaniſh Tyranny*. The Labour of the People, ſufficed not to pay the Unreaſonable *Taxes*, that were Impoſed on them. They ſweat *Blood* to become yet more Miſerable; whilſt their Cruel Maſters, having fleec'd 'em to Nakedneſs, would take Advantage of their Poverty, to rivet their Chains yet deeper, and render their Servitude paſt Redemption.

The People were ſenſible of their Calamity, yet knew not how to ſhake off the Yoke. It had gall'd 'em to the Nerves and Sinews; their Strength was gone. Deſpair of Redreſs, had rendred 'em ſupine; and took from 'em, the very Power of meditating their Recovery. But *Heaven*, which protects the Oppreſſed, has raiſed up a *Youth* from among the *Meaneſt* of the People, to aſſert the *Publick Liberty*. A *Fiſherman*, who has not ſeen Four and Twenty *Winters*, has undertaken

taken to reſtore the Ancient Privileges of the *Neapolitans*. Who can penetrate into the *Methods* of Eternal *Deſtiny*, which makes uſe of ſo Contemptible Inſtruments, to check the Power of the Greateſt *Monarchs*?

This bold *Youth*, inſpired with a Zeal for the *Publick*, ran one Day into the Streets, crying with a loud Voice, *Long live the King of* Spain, *but let the Corrupt Officers periſh.* He had no other Weapon, ſave a *Reed* in his Hand; but was ſoon followed, by a Multitude of Boys and Young Men, with Clubs and Staves, who went along the Streets of that Populous City, repeating the Cry after him, *Long live the King of* Spain, *but let the Corrupt Officers periſh.* At firſt, the Citizens laugh'd at the Infant Tumult; but, in leſs than Two Hours, this *Fiſherman* (whoſe Name was *Maſanello*) had enrolled above Two Thouſand Boys.

The next Day his Numbers encreaſed, by the Acceſſion of all Sorts of lewd and idle Perſons, Malecontents, Debtors, and ſuch as were deſirous of Novelty. Nay, ſome of the better Sort of Citizens, ſhut up their Shops, took Arms, and mingled with the Popular Inſurrection; So that, ere Mid-day, there were above Ten Thouſand Men and Boys, marching along the Streets, and burning the *Cuſtom-Houſes*, with all their *Books* of *Accompts*, throughout the City.

When *Maſanello* beheld himſelf at the Head of ſo vaſt a Multitude, he thought it time to declare the Reaſon of his raiſing this Tumult.

Tumult. Wherefore, getting on an Eminent Place in one of the *Markets*, he ſpeaks to his Followers to this Effect:

Rejoice, O ye Faithful People, and ſend up Acclamations to the God *of* Heaven, *who hath this Day put it into your Hearts and Hands, to be your own Redeemers. As for me, my Spirit burned within me, to ſee the Publick Oppreſſion; and, I ſet no Value on my Life, when I firſt began this Glorious Enterprize. One of the* Princes *threatned me with the* Galleys, *if I perſiſted; but, here are Thouſands my Witneſſes, That in ſtead of fearing him, I ſmote him on the Breaſt, and ſent him away joyful, that he eſcaped with his Life. O ye Faithful People, truſt not the* Princes *or* Nobles: *They are the Men who Oppreſs you, and would enſlave you. Truſt in your Arms, and the Juſtice of your Cauſe.* God *has brought you together; let Nothing ſeparate you, till you have freed your Country, your ſelves, your Wives and Children, from perpetual Servitude. Chuſe you a* Leader, *a Man of Courage and Reſolution, who is willing to ſacrifice his Life for the* Common Good. *As for me, I have hitherto liv'd a* Fiſherman, *and ſo I intend to die.*

The People exceedingly mov'd with this *Speech*, choſe him with one Accord for their *Leader*; crying out with loud Acclamations, *Long live* Maſanello, *the Patron of the* Neapolitan *Liberties.*

The

The first Thing he did, after he was confirmed in this Authority, was, to set open the Prisons, and list the Prisoners under the *Banner* of the *People*. Then he divided this confused Army, into Regiments and Companies; and sent forth a *Proclamation* throughout *Naples*, commanding all to take Arms, on Pain of having their Houses burnt. So that in a little time, he had above Fifty Thousand Armed Men at his Heels.

Thus accompanied, he marches directly toward the *Viceroy*'s *Palace*, vested in *Cloath* of *Silver*, with a Naked Sword in his Hand. He was accompanied by a *Cardinal*, who undertook to be a *Mediator*, between the *Viceroy* and the *People*. His Presence restrain'd the Multitude, within some Bounds of Moderation; for, they Reverenced him, as the *Father* of the *City*. Yet, they burnt above Sixty *Palaces* of the *Nobles* to the Ground, with all their Furniture and Goods; and, it was present Death for any one, to rescue or purloin any Thing from the Flames: So rigorously *Just* was this New *Lawgiver*, this *Moses* of the *Neapolitans*. It was in Vain for the *Viceroy*, to oppose Force against so Formidable an *Insurrection*: He entertain'd the Young *Fisherman*, with Ceremonies due to a *Prince*: And having concluded a *Truce*, gave him the *Title*, of *Chief Tribune* of the *Faithful People*. This encreased the Veneration, the Citizens had already conceiv'd for *Masanello*: So that in a Day or Two more, he saw himself at the Head, of a Hundred and Fifty Thousand

Armed Men. He gave out all Orders for the *Republick*; publiſh'd new Edicts; and, all Commiſſions, were iſſued in his Name. He procured the *Gabels* to be for ever aboliſh'd; reſtor'd the People to their Ancient Liberty: And, in Fine, was Murdered by his own Followers.

Let me not ſeem an *Advocate* for *Sedition*, when I tell thee, there was ſomething Brave and *Heroick* in the Actions of this *Youth*. So ſtrange a *Revolution*, in ſo ſhort a time, has ſcarce been heard of in the *World*. For a Beardleſs *Slave*, to raiſe himſelf in Six Days, to as Abſolute and Uncontroulable a *Sovereignty*, as the Greateſt *Monarch* on Earth enjoys; to be obeyed by an Infinite Number of People, without the leaſt Heſitation or Demur, were it for Life or Death; and all this, without any Motive of Ambition or Intereſt, but only to aſſert the Publick Liberty; Is a convincing Argument of his *Vertue*, and ſhews, That *Heaven* approved his Enterprize. But then again, for him to loſe all this Power in Four Days more, to be Murder'd in Cold Blood by his own Party, by the People whoſe Cauſe he had ſo ſucceſsfully vindicated; this ſhews, the Inſtability of Human Affairs, and, that there is Nothing Permanent on this Side the *Moon*.

I pray *God*, to inſpire the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, to take ſuch Meaſures, as may preſerve the *Muſſulman* Peace. Adieu.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin, *at* Conſtantinople.

WHEN I clos'd up my Laſt, the Hour of the Poſt was near expir'd; and the Meſſenger who carries my Letters to him, haſtned my *Diſpatch*, preventing what I had farther to ſay to thee.

I am ſolicitous for thy Welfare, both as thou art a *Muſſulman*, and ſo near a *Relation*. Do not forfeit thoſe Titles, by degenerating from thy *Kindred*, and from all the *Illuminated* of *God*. Truth is compriz'd in a little Room; but, Error is Infinite. Thou makeſt a wrong Inference, from the Moderation and Charity of the *True Believers*, when thou concludeſt, That because they believe, it ſhall go well with all Honeſt Men, let their Opinions and Ceremonies be what they will; therefore thou ſhalt be ſafe, in retrenching the Endleſs and Burdenſom *Waſhings* (at thou termeſt them) of the *Muſſulmans*, ſo long as thou leadeſt a good *Moral* Life.

Art thou ſuch a Friend to Idleneſs and Impurity, that thou wilt by a moſt pitiful Sophiſtry, cheat thy ſelf of *Salvation*, rather than take the Pains to waſh thy ſelf after the Manner, and at the Times appointed by

the *Prophet* of *God*, and practis'd by our *Fathers*, and all the *Faithful* throughout the *World*? If it be allow'd, that such as either out of Ignorance, or hindred by some other Invincible Cause, do not embrace our *Holy Law*, are not *Circumcised*, and repair not to the *Assemblies* of the *Faithful*, shall nevertheless enter into *Paradise*, provided they obey the *Law* of *Nature* Imprinted on their Hearts; does it follow therefore, that one who has been bred up in the *Undefiled Faith*, who has been *Circumcised*, and lifting up his Right Hand to *Heaven*, has pronounc'd the *Seven Mysterious Words*, which cannot be repealed; does it follow, I say, that such an one, shall be regarded by *God* or his *Prophet*, any otherwise than as a *Heretick* or an *Infidel*, if he live not up exactly to the *Graces* that have been given him? No, assure thy self, if thou art in the Number of these, thou art an *Apostate*; thy Vertues are Vices, and all thy Good Works are an Abomination.

Remember the Piety and Magnanimous Zeal of *Assan Hali*, thy *Grandfather*; who, when he was taken Prisoner by the *Cossacks*, was entertain'd with extream Rigor and Severity. Nevertheless, a certain *Jew* in the City, who knew him, brought him every Day, by Permission of the *Keeper*, as much Water as would suffice to Wash him, and to quench his Thirst. But, one Day, as he went with his accustomed Load, and was entring the Gate of the Prison; the *Keeper*, either

either out of Malice or Wantonneſs, ſpilt moſt of the Water on the Ground, forbidding the *Jew* at the ſame time, to bring any more that Day.

The honeſt *Hebrew*, went in with the Remainder of the Water, and deliver'd it to the Priſoner; who, preſently prepared to waſh himſelf, after the accuſtomed Manner, of the *Muſſulmans*. The *Jew* ſeeing that, told him, There was not Water enough to quench his Thirſt. And therewith, related to him what the *Keeper* had done. *I ſee there is but a Little* (reply'd the Vertuous Old Man) *but, he that Drinks, or Eats before he has* Waſh'd *himſelf, is guilty of defiling his* Soul, *and is not worthy to be numbred among the* True Believers. *Therefore, it is better for me to die for Thirſt, than violate the* Law *brought down from* Heaven, *and tranſgreſs the* Traditions *of my* Fathers. Having ſaid this, he *Waſh'd* himſelf, being Reſign'd to *Providence*.

Couſin, deceive not thy ſelf with vain Opinions, nor ſuffer *Hypocrites* to ſeduce thee. Imitate the *Adder*, and ſhut thy Ears againſt the Crafty Inſinuations of *Hereticks*. It is reported of this little *Serpent*, That by *Natural* Inſtinct, being ſenſible when a *Magician* is about to utter Words, which being heard will enſnare it, lays one Ear cloſe to the Ground, and with its Tail ſtops the other, to the End the *Enchantment* may have no Effect.

Admit not any Man to thy Converſation, who ſhall attempt to warp thee from the Simplicity of the *Faith* and *Obedience*, which thou oweſt to the *Apoſtle* of *God*. Without *Water*, there is no *Purity* on this Side the Grave. That *Element* has a Force in it, of which thou art not aware. 'Tis the Third, in the Rank of Living Principles. 'Tis the *Tabernacle* of the Winds; the *Seraglio* of the Generative Spirit; the Stage of Wonders. In fine, it is the Purifier of every Thing that has Breath.

Thou knoweſt, that to ſerve the Neceſſities of the *Prophet*, and his Army, *Underſtanding* and *Speech* was given to a *Fountain* in *Arabia*; which having promiſed to follow him to the Place of his Repoſe, made a Channel through the *Deſart*, and kept Pace with the Troops of the *Faithful*, till they came to *Medina Talnabi*: That ſo, the *Submiſſive* to the *Will* of *Heaven*, might not want that *Element*, without which, Life it ſelf would be a Burden and a Curſe.

And yet, thou ſpeakeſt contemptibly of *Water*, as a very Indifferent Thing, whether we uſe it or not, any other ways than to quench our Thirſt. Thus, making no Difference, between the many Advantages we reap from that *Element*, and that Common Uſe, to which the Beaſts put it. In how many Places of the *Alcoran*, does the *Holy Prophet* record the *Mercy* of *God*, in giving us Water that is Freſh and not Salt? How does he celebrate his Wiſdom and Goodneſs, for directing

nothing the Clouds to barren and dry Places? Thou canſt not be Ignorant, that it is one of the *Encomium's* of *Paradiſe*, that there are Gardens wherein flow many Rivers. And after all this, wilt thou deſpiſe ſo Holy and Bleſſed a Gift, without which, Earth and Heaven, Men and Angels, could not be completely happy?

Go learn then of the *Indian Idolaters*, who have never heard of the *Book* of *Glory*: Go learn of theſe *Barbarians*, to prize this *Sanctify'd* Creature. They travel many Hundreds of Leagues, to bathe themſelves in the Waters of *Ganges*. With thoſe Incorruptible and All-purging Streams, the *Brachmans* fill certain Veſſels, and tranſport the Invaluable Liquor, to the Utmoſt Parts of that Wide *Empire*. They travel on Foot, ſometimes Two Thouſand Miles together, each Man with his Load of that precious Water, to ſupply the Wants of thoſe, who live ſo remote from the River. So that a Bottle of it, is many times ſold to the *Princes* and *Nobles*, for Two Hundred *Sequins*, or Eight Hundred *Roupies*: And yet, for all this, thoſe very *Princes*, would not die with a ſafe Conſcience, had they not at leaſt once in their Lives made a *Pilgrimage*, to this Renowned River, and bath'd themſelves in the *Waves* which blot out *Sins*.

O *Couſin*, let the Example of theſe *Infidels*, make thee bluſh at thy Impiety, and excite thee, to a diligent and indiſpenſible Practice of *Cleanneſs*. So ſhalt thou

have a Sound Mind, in a Healthy Body. And, the *Angel* of thy *Nativity*, will not ſhun thy Perſon. Adieu.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Defeat of the *Venetians* and *Morlacks* in *Boſna*, has reached theſe Parts. That News, is not unwelcom to *Mahmut*. But, I could wiſh, our *General* had uſed his Victory with more Moderation. The *Chriſtians* term him *Barbarian*, *Salvage*, *Devil Incarnate*; and, load him with Execrations. For, having taken Priſoner the *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, he cauſed him to be flea'd alive, and afterwards to be Impal'd. This *Captain*, was an *Eccleſiaſtick*: They call him, *Stephano Sorich*; and, in Honour of his Zeal and Fidelity, they entitle him, *the Good Prieſt*. They applaud his Magnanimity and Courage in Battel; and, no leſs do they extoll his Conſtancy, during the Torments of ſo Cruel and Ignominious a Death. But, I tremble to think of the Blaſphemies and Curſes, they utter againſt our *Holy Prophet*, and all the *Muſſulmans*! For, this Cruel Execution,

tion, has ſcandaliz'd the *Nazarenes*, and imbitter'd 'em even to Fury. Their Revenge is implacable; They would go to *Hell* themſelves, provided the *True Faithful* might be *Damn'd* for *Company*!

What will our *Divine Lawgiver* ſay? Or, what Apology will our *General* make, when the *Sent* of *God* ſhall charge him, with driving ſo many Thouſand Souls, into an Irreconcilable Hatred of the *Undefiled Faith*? For, they look not on this, as the Action of a *Private* Man, but of one who repreſents the *Perſon* of our *Auguſt Sovereign*, the Great *Protector* of the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*. They ſuppoſe him, to be honour'd with the particular Inſtructions of his *Maſter*. And therefore, they ſay, the *Sultan* has authoriz'd this Unheard-of Cruelty; and, that our *Religion* countenances Tyranny, and the moſt Nefandous Methods of ſhedding Innocent Blood.

I am no Advocate for *Infidels*; yet, ſuffer me to vindicate *Nature*, which is the *Common Parent* of us all. Suffer me to be Solicitous, for the Honour of our *Holy Profeſſion*, which is blemiſh'd by this Inhumane Murder. What Offence had this Unhappy *Captain* given, that deſerv'd ſo dire a Puniſhment? Was it, becauſe he fought valiantly, and perform'd Wonders in Defence of his Country? This is Nothing, but what becomes every Honeſt Man to do. And, had our *General* been truly Brave, he would have entertain'd his Priſoner, with a Reſpect due to his Merit.

Who was a more Inveterate Enemy of the *Muſſulmans*, than the Renowned *Iſchenderbeg*, *Prince* of *Albania*? Who more Valiant or Succeſsful, againſt the *Ottoman* Armies? It is Recorded of him, That he never ſhun'd a Battel, never fled from his Enemies, never ſhrunk from Perils, nor was ever wounded but once, in all his Life. And yet, he ſuſtain'd a continual War, from Two Succeſsive *Oſman Emperors*; defeated Seven *Vizirs*, with their Forces; took all their Ammunition and Baggage; and, in ſeveral Combats, ſlew with his own Hands, above Two Thouſand *Mahometans*.

Our *Fathers* did not baſely revenge themſelves for all this, but cheriſh'd a Veneration for this *Heroick* Enemy, and honour'd the very *Duſt* of ſuch an extraordinary Perſon. For, after his Death, having conquer'd *Albania*, they ſought out his *Tomb*; where they performed their *Devotions*, as at the *Sepulcher* of a *Prophet*. They open'd the *Dormitory* of the Defunct *Warriour*; and, with *Religious Solemnity*, took up his *Bones*, ſharing the Honour'd *Reliques* among them; and, wrapping them up in Silk, wore them continually at their Breaſts, eſteeming them as *Sacred Amulets* againſt *Misfortune*.

Surely, our *General* would bluſh, at an Example of ſo great Vertue. But, perhaps he was incenſed, becauſe his *Captive* was a *Prieſt*: Miſtaken Zeal might prompt him to this horrid Butchery. Thou, who art *Juſtice* it ſelf, wilt not approve his Bloody Paſſion,

Paſſion, when thou conſidereſt, That the *Prieſts* of *Jeſus*, are Men, as well as others; and, if they live in Error, the Fault is in their Education. However, many of them, are Humble, Chaſt, Sober, and Lovers of Vertue. If there be others, whoſe Corrupt Lives have contradicted this Character, let the Crime and the Puniſhment reſt on their Heads. It is not Reaſonable, that the Innocent ſhould ſuffer, for the Faults of the Guilty. The *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, had the Reputation, of a Devout and Juſt Man, and a Stout Champion for his Country. Had he been taken for a *Spy*, or an *Aſſaſſin*, the *Law* of *Arms* would have adjudg'd him to Death. Yet, ſuch was the Clemency of *Porſenna*, *King* of the *Hetrurians*, that when *Mutius Scævola*, a Valiant *Roman*, came into his Camp, with Deſign to Murder Him, but by Miſtake ſtabb'd one of the *Captains*, thinking it had been *Porſenna*; and, to revenge that Miſcarriage on himſelf, thruſt his Hand into the Fire, till the Fleſh was conſum'd to the Bones; the *King* aſtoniſh'd at his Undaunted Spirit, ſent him away in Peace, raiſed the Siege of *Rome*, and entred into a ſtrict Friendſhip with that *Nation*. Such Honour he bore, to the Fortitude of his Enemy, and deſigned Murderer. But, the *Captain* of the *Morlacks* was not taken under theſe Circumſtances: He loſt his Liberty in the Heat of Battel, bravely combating at the Head of his Army.

Wouldſt thou know the Grounds then of our *General*'s Cruelty? It was purely for the

Sake

Sake of a *Jeſt*. There went a Report, That when this *Prieſt* was born, his Body was all over raw; ſo that the *Phyſicians* were forc'd by Art, to ſupply him with a Skin. Our Cruel *General*, to ſport himſelf in the Poor Man's Miſery, commanded him to be flea'd alive; uttering at the ſame time, this Inhumane *Sarcaſm*; *There was no Reaſon, that he ſhould carry a Skin out of the World, who brought none in.* This is atteſted by Two Gentlemen, who were made Priſoners with their *Captain*, heard theſe Words, ſaw him Executed, and afterwards made their Eſcape.

The *Nazarenes* vow, to Revenge this Unparallell'd Cruelty, on all the *Muſſulmans* that fall into their Hands, if this *Butcher* (as they term him) be ſuffered to go Unpuniſh'd. I tell thee, ſuch Barbarous Actions, draw down the *Vengeance* of *Heaven*, on thoſe that commit them; and, excite the very *Beaſts* of the *Earth*, to make *War*, and rid the *World* of ſuch *Monſters*.

Thou knoweſt, what uſe to make of this Intelligence. I will not pretend to Inſtruct the *Second Miniſter* in the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Mufti.

IF there be any Truth in what the *Aſtrologers* tell us, That the *Stars* have *Influence* on the *Governments* of the *Earth*; one would think, that *Spain* lies under ſome *Malignant Aſpect*.

The Fortune of that *Kingdom*, has for a long time run Retrograde. They have had nothing but Loſſes by Sea and Land. The *Revolution* in *Portugal*, the *Revolts* of *Catalonia* and *Rouſſillon*, the Loſs of *Ormus* in *Perſia*, and the Defection of *Goa*, with other Rich Towns of Traffick in the *Indies*, came one upon the Back of another.

Since which, there have been many Towns and Caſtles taken from the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*. The *French* made an *Inſurrection* in *Palermo*, breaking open the Priſons, and releaſing the Priſoners: And grew to ſuch a Head, that the *Viceroy*, fearing they would revenge the *Tragedy* of the *Sicilian Veſpers*; to pacifie the Multitude, was forc'd to repeal the *Edicts* for *Taxes*, and diſannul them for ever, and to paſs an *Act* of *General Indemnity*, both to the *Rabble* and to the *Priſoners* whom they had freed.

This Tumultuous Spirit, paſs'd from thence to the *Kingdom* of *Naples*; and there, like an Infection, ſoon ſpread it ſelf through all Parts, both

both of City and Country: Two Hundred Thouſand Men took up Arms, to vindicate the *Privileges* of the *Neapolitans*, under the Conduct of a Poor Young *Fiſherman*. I have already tranſmitted to the *Sublime Port*, a Relation of this Formidable *Sedition*: Wherein, it may be thought, I have diſcovered too much Tenderneſs to the *Infidels*, and ſeem'd to Favour the Violences of a *Faction*. But, I hope, thou wilt acquit me, when thou conſidereſt, that theſe *Governments* of the *Nazarenes*, are not to be compared to the Sacred *Oſman Empire*, which is eſtabliſh'd by a *Divine Right*: It having been determined by the *Angel*, That he who ſhould poſſeſs the Glorious *Dormitory* of the *Sent* of *God*, ſhould be Entituled, *The Sovereign of all the Kings on Earth*. Therefore, it would be a Crime of the higheſt Nature, to raiſe a Tumult or Sedition, within the *Territories* of our *Auguſt Emperor*, whoſe Dominion is confirm'd to him for ever, by a *Patent* from *Heaven*. But, the Caſe of the *Nazarene Princes* is different; who being profeſſed Enemies to the *Meſſenger* of *God*, have no other Right to any Thing, but what their Swords purchaſe. And therefore, when they prey upon others, and by Rapine and Spoil augment their Riches, it is no Wonder, if the *Great Avenger* of *Crimes*, ſtirs up ſome undaunted Spirits, to free their Country from Slavery and Ruine.

Thoſe who are curious, have remark'd many Obſervable Circumſtances in this *Revolution* at *Naples*; as, that it was foretold by an *Aſtrologer*,

Aſtrologer, a conſiderable Time before it happen'd, who pointed out the very Year wherein it ſhould come to paſs. The Extraordinary Eruptions alſo of *Mount Veſuvius* ſome Years ago, were eſteem'd as Preſages of ſome approaching Troubles in the *State*: For, it rained Aſhes on the City of *Naples*. I ſpoke of this Mountain in one of my former Letters.

'Tis reported alſo, That about the ſame Hour, wherein *Maſanello*, the *Ringleader* of the *Seditions* was Murder'd, there was ſeen a *Man* hovering in the Air, over the Principal *Temple* of *Naples*, with a Sword in his Hand, which he was putting up in his Scabberd: And, that a Voice was at the ſame time heard from on High, to utter theſe Words, *His Labour is finiſh'd, give him Reſt*.

This is certain, that whilſt he was at the Head of an Hundred Thouſand Men, Seven *Aſſaſſines* were hired by ſome of the *Princes* to ſhoot him; yet, none of the Bullets could penetrate his Body, though Unarm'd, and only covered with his Fiſhing Rags: And, it was evident, that theſe Bullets ſmote him in divers Places; his Garments being marked with them, and he ſtagger'd with the Force of the Blows.

Theſe are Extraordinary Occurrences, and would tempt one to believe, That this Young *Fiſherman* was the Inſtrument of *Providence*, and that *Heaven* protected both *Him* and his *Cauſe*.

'Tis true indeed, it ſeem'd at laſt, as if he were

were abandon'd by that *Divine Power*, which had carried him through ſo Important an Enterprize, in that he was Slain by his own Soldiers. But, then it muſt be remembred, that this was not done, till his *Work* was *finiſhed*, and he went beyond his *Commiſſion*. Want of Sleep, the Multitude of Affairs, and much Wine, had impair'd his Reaſon, and rendred him Frantick; ſo that his Actions were Inſupportable, and his own Admirers grew weary of him. After his Death, his Head was cut off, and carried up and down the Streets on a Lance; and his Body was dragged through the Kennels. Yet, the very next Day, the Multitude, to ſhew their own Fickleneſs, took the Dead Body out of a Ditch, where they had laid it all Night: They Waſhed and Embalmed it; and, having join'd the Head to it, carried it with great Pomp and Solemnity to the Principal *Temple* of *Naples*, attended with Drums and Trumpets, and above a Thouſand *Prieſts*, with Torches in their Hands. A Crown of Gold was put on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand.

Thus the *Neapolitans* honoured that Beardleſs *Youth*, who in Ten Days time, had cauſed ſuch a *Revolution*, as is ſcarce to be parallell'd. For, he was an Abſolute *Monarch*, in Effect, during that time. And of him it may be ſaid, as it was once of an *Emperor*, That during his whole *Reign*, there was neither *Spring*, nor *Autumn*, nor *Winter*: For, his *Royalty* begun and ended, in the Seventh *Moon*.

By

By Letters from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, at *Vienna*, I perceive he is moleſted with Scruples about his *Religion*, being deſirous to build upon the ſureſt Foundation. I ſent him the beſt Advice I could, without making my ſelf a *Hypocrite*; which, thou knoweſt, is more offenſive to *God*, than an *Open Sinner*. I drew up an *Abſtract* of the *Muſſulman Records*; and preſented him with the *Faithful Genealogy*, from *Iſmael*, the *Son* of the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, down to our *Holy Prophet*. This I did, to rectifie an Old Inherent Errour of the *Jews*, who boaſt, That only the *Sons* of *Iſaac* were *True Believers*. I endeavoured not to proſelyte him, by Sophiſtry and Artifice; but referred him, for better Satisfaction, to the *Writings* of the *Ancients*. I promiſed to furniſh him with *Books* of our *Law*, and the *Comments* of our *Holy Doctors*. This is impoſſible for me to perform, whilſt I am in this Place; unleſs thou, who art a *Guide* of thoſe who ſeek the *Truth*, vouchſafeſt to ſecond my Zeal. I addreſs to thee, *Sovereign Prelate* of the *Faithful*, in Behalf of a *Deſcendent* from the *Younger Brother* of *Iſmael*; in Behalf of one *Circumciſed*, but not in the Right Way. Favour him with thy *Divine* Inſtructions, and ſupply him with *Treatiſes* of Light and Reaſon. A ſeaſonable Application, may bring this *Hebrew*, into the Number of the *Muſſulmans*; for, he is already diſguſted at the *Synagogue*.

But, if I have preſumed too far, in endeavouring to ſnatch a *Soul* from the Paws of *Tagot*,

Tagot, correct me in thy Wiſdom; for, I am but as an *Infant* before thee.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1648.

LETTER XI.

The Beginning of this Letter is wanting in the Italian Tranſlation, the Original Paper being torn. . . . . . .

. . . All Mens Hearts are filled with Joy for this proſperous News, whilſt I mourn for the Diſhonour of Our Arms. Nothing but ſad Tydings grate my Ears from thoſe Parts, and more melancholy Preſages poſſeſs my Soul. Methinks, I ſee thick Clouds gathering o'er the *Imperial* City: My Sleep is diſturb'd with fearful *Viſions*. I ſtart in my Bed, and waking lay my Hand on my Sword, as if ſome Danger were at Hand. I Dream of Tumults and Diſorders, neighing of Horſes, and claſhing of Arms in the Streets of *Conſtantinople*. I pray *God* avert the *Omen*.

It is reported here, That *Ali*, the *Sangiac-Bey* of *Lippa*, is taken Priſoner, and that his Son was tormented to Death before his Face, in a Manner peculiar to the Invention of the moſt Barbarous Tyrants: For, they cauſed ſharp Thorns, to be thruſt between his Nails and his Fleſh; which creates an intolerable Anguiſh. They laid him on a Bed of Iron-Spikes,

Spikes, and poured Melted Lead, Drop by Drop, on all parts of his Fleſh. Then they made a ſmall Fire, and roaſted him ſlowly to Death. If he chanced to groan, or make the leaſt Complaint, in the Midſt of thoſe grievous Tortures, they bid him remember the Good *Prieſt Sorich*, who ſet him an Example of Conſtancy and Courage; in that he never ſhed a Tear, or ſo much as ſigh'd, when he was *flea'd alive*.

Thou ſeeſt, that Revenge is ſweet, even to thoſe, who having receiv'd no Injury in their own Perſons, yet are touched to the Quick, with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who proſecute their Enemies, with irreconcilable Hatred and Malice; whole *Families* being often engag'd, in executing the Reſentments of Two ſingle Perſons, who firſt began the Quarrel: But, much more forcible is this Paſſion in thoſe, who have been notoriouſly hurt themſelves. And, the Revenge of a certain *Captain* was Extravagant; who being informed, that his *General* had Debauch'd his Wife, took an Opportunity to ſingle him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapt a Piſtol to his Breaſt, threatning to kill him forthwith, if he moved Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in ſuch Language, as convinced the *General*, his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore, he humbled himſelf, and confeſſed his Crime; begging

begging of the *Captain*, to ſpare his Life, and he would preferr him forthwith, to the beſt Office in the Army next his own. But, the furious *Italian*, would not ſell his *Honour* ſo Cheap. He forced him to deny *God*, and utter many *Blaſphemies*, in Hopes of Saving his Life: And, when he had thus done, the *Captain* ſaid, *Now my Revenge is complete, ſince I ſhall ſend thee Body and Soul to the Devil.* With that he piſtoll'd him.

But, leaving theſe *Infidels* to their *Diabolical* Paſſions, I am concern'd at the Captivity of thy Brother; if it be true which is related here, That he was taken in his Return from *Canea* to *Conſtantinople*. It will coſt the *Baſſa* of *Algiers* a Thouſand Crowns to ranſom him.

Adieu, *Renarba*, And, if thou art deſirous to raiſe thy Self, take that Method which I have now propoſed to thee. *God* be propitious to thy Endeavours.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THou wilt ſay, the *Neapolitans* are a reſtleſs People, when thou ſhalt know, that there have been no leſs than Forty General *Inſurrections*

ſurrections in this *Kingdom*, ſince its firſt Separation from the *Grecian Empire*, whereof it was formerly a Member; and, that in the Space of Two Years, they have had Five *Kings* all of different *Nations*.

One would have thought, That after the Death of *Maſanello*, the *Ringleader* of the late *Innovation*, the Popular Heats would have ſlacken'd, and the People returned to their Duty; but, the paſſionate Deſire of Liberty, caus'd them to continue in Arms, till the Confirmation of their Privileges, ſhould come from the King of *Spain*.

In the mean time, *Don John* of *Auſtria*, who lay before the City with a Fleet of Fifty *Gallions*, play'd upon them inceſſantly with his Cannon by Sea; and, the Caſtles batter'd them by Land.

Cardinal Mazarin, who has the earlieſt Intelligence of Foreign Tranſactions, has had a Principal Hand in fomenting this Flame. For, as ſoon as the News of *Maſanello*'s Death arrived here, he diſpatch'd away *Couriers* to *Rome*, with Inſtructions to the *French Ambaſſor* at that *Court*, requiring him to uſe all poſſible Means, to cheriſh the *Tumults* in *Naples*, and not neglect ſo fair an Opportunity, of reducing that *Kingdom* under the *Protection* of *France*.

It will not appear ſtrange, That this great *Genius*, ſhould aim at the Conqueſt of *Naples*, when we conſider, That this *Kingdom* abounds in all Manner of Riches, to which its fortunate Situation contributes not a Little: For,

For, it lies in the moſt Temperate Part of the World. And, the Inhabitants are not *Second* to any People of *Europe*, in *Martial* Courage and Bravery. This is a Bait, which tempts the *Cardinal*; who is not ignorant, how valiantly the Anceſtors of the preſent *Neapolitans*, behav'd themſelves in the *Wars* of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, and thoſe between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*. Nor are they leſs Celebrated, for the ſtout Reſiſtance they made againſt the *Huns*, *Goths* and *Vandals*. So that, this *Kingdom*, were it once brought under the *French* Dominion, would prove a *Nurſery*, from whence this *Monarch* might draw many Thouſands of excellent Soldiers, to ſerve him in his Wars.

Beſides, it would be more commodious for him, to make Incurſions from hence into the *Pope*'s Territories, if there ſhould ariſe any Difference between the Two *Courts*; as there often do, about the Rights of the *Gallican Church*, the *Franchiſes* of the *Ambaſſadors* of this *Crown* in *Rome*, and other Privileges to which they pretend.

Therefore the *French Ambaſſador*, according to the Inſtructions of *Mazarini*, ſent *Commiſſioners* to treat privately with the People of *Naples*, offering them Two Millions of Crowns, Twenty Gallions, with Eight and Fifty Gallies, and other Veſſels. They accepted the Propoſal, being weary of the *Spaniſh* Government, and deſirous of Novelty, Encourag'd alſo by what thoſe *Commiſſioners* repreſented to them, concerning the Succeſs

Succeſs of the *Engliſh*, who by ſtanding on their Guard, and uſing that Power which *God*, and *Nature* had given them, for the Defence of their Lives and Liberties, were now in a Manner become a *Free People*, having Aboliſh'd the *Monarchy*, and ſet up a *Commonwealth*: And this, they told them, was alſo done by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Counſels and Aſſiſtance. Now, all the Cry in *Naples* was, *Let* France *and the* People *of* England *flouriſh, and let the* Faithful Neapolitans *aſſert their own* Liberty. So blind were theſe People, as not to conſider, That in putting themſelves under the Protection of the *French*, they did but exchange One Bondage for Another; it being impoſſible, for any foreign *Prince*, to keep this *Kingdom*, and pay all his Officers Civil and Military, together with thoſe under their Commands, with much leſs Charge than the Revenues amount to. And, the *French* are as good at inventing new *Taxes*, as any *Court* in *Europe*.

However, the *Neapolitans* were enchanted with the Thoughts of ſo much Gold, and other Aſſiſtance offer'd by the *French Commiſſioners*; and ſweeten'd, with their fair Words, and glorious Promiſes. So that they immediately ſent *Deputies*, to entreat the *Duke* of *Guize*, who was then at *Rome*, to come and protect them, in taking on him the Chief Command of their Arms.

This *Prince*, thinking it a Generous Action to relieve the *Oppreſſed*: And, that at the ſame Time, he ſhould do a conſiderable Service to the

the King of *France*, in rendring him *Maſter* of this Noble and Opulent *Kingdom*; went to *Naples*. Where, at firſt, he was receiv'd with Infinite Applauſe; was made their *General*; took an Oath of *Fidelity* to the *People*; did many Notable Services; but was, in the End, betray'd, and ſent Priſoner to *Spain*.

If the Generoſity and brave Reſolution of this *Prince* has acquired Commendation from ſome in attempting to reſcue theſe People from the Tyranny of their Governours: Yet, his Conduct is call'd in Queſtion by others, who ſay, He diſcover'd but little Prudence in truſting himſelf to the *Neapolitans*, who had already ſacrific'd Two of their *Generals*, (For, after the Death of *Maſanello*, they choſe another Captain, whom they call'd the *Prince* of *Maſſa*: This *Prince* falling under their Suſpicion, was beheaded by the *Inconſtant* People.)

'Tis certain, that there is little Confidence to be put in the *Multitude*, whoſe Paſſions Ebb and Flow, and are more Tempeſtuous than the Sea. Yet, a Brave and Generous Mind, will ſhun no Dangers, to ſerve his *Prince* and his *Country*; for whom, it is a Glorious *Martyrdom* to die. There is no great Undertaking without Hazards; and, he that is afraid to venture his Liberty and Life, in a Good Cauſe, is not worthy to bear Arms. Had the *Duke* of *Guize* ſucceeded, his Conqueſt of *Naples* had made him *Viceroy* of one of the largeſt *Kingdoms* in *Europe*. It is ſaid to be Five Hundred Leagues in Circuit, containing Twelve

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ample *Provinces*, Twenty Archbiſhopricks, Biſhopricks One Hundred Twenty Seven: Thirty Caſtles: Barons One Thouſand Four Hundred: Earls Fifty Three: Forty Marquiſes: Thirty Four Dukes, and Twenty Princes. The Inhabitants of this Kingdom, are ſaid to be above Two Millions. The ordinary, Revenues of the King, amount to Three Millions of Crowns yearly, beſides the Voluntary Donatives, which have been given by the Subjects of this *State* to their Kings, within the Space of Forty Years, amounting to Twenty Eight Millions, and Six Hundred Thouſand Duckats. This *Kingdom*, is water'd by a Hundred and Fifty Rivers, beſides Ten Lakes ſtor'd with all Manner of Fiſh; among which, is one called *Averno*, over which if any Birds flie, they immediately drop down dead. The Ancient *Pagans*, had ſtrange Opinions of this *Lake*; it being the Place, where they uſed to Sacrifice Men to the *Infernal Gods*. And, hard by, is the *Cave* of one of the *Sybills*.

There are Thirty high Mountains in this Country, of which *Adonai* relates many ſtrange and delightful Paſſages, (for, 'tis from him I receiv'd this Account of the *Kingdom*.) I will not trouble thee, with a Repetition of all that this *Jew* tells me; onely one Thing is worthy Remark.

He ſays, That the Bodies of the Three Young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian Monarch*, becauſe they would not adore his *Idols*, are preſerv'd in a *Moſque* on one of theſe Mountains.

And, that on the ſaid Hill, no Eggs, Fleſh or Milk, will endure an Hour without Putrefaction, but preſently breed an Infinite Number of Worms. He ſpeaks in the Praiſe of theſe Mountains, which are cloath'd with Vineyards, Gardens and Woods on the Top and Sides; and in their Bottoms, have very Rich Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Cryſtal, Alabaſter, Adamant. In fine, *Adonai*, who has travelled over all this *Kingdom*, calls it, The fertileſt *Region* of all *Italy*, which is eſteem'd, the *Paradiſe* of *Europe*.

Doſt thou not think now, *Venerable Guide* of the *Elect*, that the *Duke* of *Guize* had Reaſon to prefer the Honour of conquering ſo Renowned a *Kingdom*, to the Safety of his Perſon? or wilt thou not rather conclude, That the Reduction of this Happy *State*, would be an Expedition worthy of the *Ottoman* Arms? It is certain, That the Riches and Plenty of this *Region*, have tempted more Nations to invade it, than any other *Kingdom* on Earth: It having been the Prize, at which no leſs than Five and Twenty ſeveral *Nations* have aim'd.

Cardinal Mazarini, is much troubl'd at the *Duke* of *Guize*'s Captivity, and has offer'd great Sums of Money for his Ranſom; but, the King of *Spain* rejects all Propoſals of that Nature. So that 'tis thought, the *Cardinal* will contrive ſome Way for the *Duke*'s Eſcape, either by bribing his Keepers, or by ſome ſecret Stratagem.

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I am not much concern'd for the *Infidels*; but, it would be no ſmall Joy to hear, that ſome Care were taken, for the Redemption of *Mahomet Celebee*, who, thou knoweſt, has not deſerv'd ill of the *Sublime Port*. Adieu, Holy *Patriarch*, and forget not *Mahmut* in thy Addreſſes to *Heaven*.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XIII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendent *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THOU, to whom the *Iſſues* of *Paradiſe* are Revealed, and the *Road* of the *Angels* when they come down and go up through the *Seven Heavens!* Thou, that canſt marſhal the *Hoaſt* of the *Stars*, and underſtandeſt the Diſcipline of the Armies living and ſtrong, the Orders of the Potentates encamped in the Fields of Light, the *Domeſtick Guards* of the *Throne* Bleſſed for Ever; Tell me the *Age* of the *World*, and declare the *Beginning* of *Time*. Reſolve me, Whether this Mighty Fabrick be but of Yeſterday, that is, of Five or Six Thouſand Years ſtanding, as the *Jews*

and *Chriſtians* ſay; or, whether the Years of its Duration, be not paſt a Calcule.

The *Viſions* of thy *Progenitor*, the *Lieutenant* to the *Sent* of *God*, are extant in the *Arabick Tongue*. In them it is written, *My Soul on a ſudden, became as though it had Wings; a Spirit enter'd me, and a ſubtle Wind lifted me up to the Top of* Mount Uriel, *where I beheld Marvellous Things. I looked behind me, and ſaw the* Ages *that were paſt; and loe, they were without Number, or Beginning. I beheld the Four* Seaſons *of the Year, ever returning at their accuſtomed Time, and the Sun forſook not his Courſe, for a Thouſand Thouſand Generations. I counted a Million of Ages, and yet there appear'd not an Hour, wherein Darkneſs had poſſeſſed the Abyſs of Matter, or wherein the Endleſs Firmament was not Illuminated by the* Moon *and* Stars. *Whilſt I conſidered theſe Things, a Liquor was given me to drink by an Unknown Hand, it was of the Colour of* Amber; *When I had taſted it, I felt a marvellous Force in my Body, and my Eyes were more piercing than an* Eagles. *Another Wind, more powerful than the former, blew out of a Cloud, and carried me up to an exceeding High Place, far above the talleſt Mountains; There I trod in the ſoft Air, as on a Pavement of Marble. I was raviſh'd at theſe Things; and the Exaltation of my State, made me gorget my Mortality. I beheld the Earth at a vaſt Diſtance under my Feet, as one that did not belong to it; it look'd like a ſhining Globe, not much unlike the* Moon, *but far bigger,*

bigger. All the Living Generations, *which had ſucceſſively Inhabited the Earth from its Nativity, paſs'd by me; and they appear'd in various Forms. Firſt came a Race of* Centaurs, *then of* Satyrs, *next of* Angels, *and laſt of* Men. *While I marvelled at theſe Things, a Voice reach'd my Ears, as from behind me, ſaying, Theſe are the* Four Ages *of the* World, *and the* Four Species *of* Beings, *to whom I gave the Poſſeſſion of the* Earth; *but, for the Impiety of the Three former, I have exterminated them. And, when* Men *ſhall have completed the Meaſure of their Sins, I will cauſe the* Trumpet *to ſound, and all Things ſhall retire into the* Cave *of* Silence *and* Darkneſs. *Having heard this, I found my ſelf in a moment on the* Earth, *which I had before ſeen afar off; then I knew that I had been in a* Trance, &c.

I do not rehearſe this *Viſion*, to teach thee any new Thing, Venerable *Preſident* of the *Southern Sages* (for, I know, the *Archives* of thy *College*, are repleniſh'd with all Manner of excellent *Treatiſes*, and that thou art no Stranger, to the *Writings* of the *Prophets*) but, to crave thy Interpretation of ſo great a *Myſtery*, and to reaſon with thee about the *World*'s Duration. My Satisfaction would be ſmall, in contemplating the various Beauties of the *Univerſe*, the Qualities of the Elements, the Natures of Living Things, the Vertues of Plants and Minerals, with the Force of the *Heavenly* Bodies, were I aſſur'd, That theſe Things were not always ſo. That Thought, would damp my greateſt

Enjoyments, if I were convinc'd, That ſo many Splendors, Riches and Pleaſures, as this *Viſible Frame* affords, were not diſclos'd for Millions of Ages, but lay hid in the Boſom of *Eternity*. Methinks, it is too low an Opinion of the *Omnipotent Goodneſs*, and looks, as if the Authors of it, ſuſpected *God* of *Envy*: Who, when he might have made Infinite *Myriads* of Creatures happy, in theſe Viſible Emanations of his *Divinity*, without either Beginning or Ending of Time; yet, according to their *Doctrine*, contented himſelf, to let onely a Determinate Number taſte of his Munificence, for a few *Centuries* of Years. This is not ſuitable, to the Character of that *Infinite Being*, the *Eternal Source* of all *Perfections*.

What then is meant by thoſe *Four Ages*, and the *Four Species* of *Beings*, which were ſhew'd to the *Exalted* of *God* in that *Holy Viſion*? Tell me, Great *Light* of *Africk*, Is it repugnant to *Reaſon* or *Faith*, to believe, That the *Earth* has been *Inhabited* from *Eternity*; ſince our *Holy Doctors* teach us, That it was peopl'd long before the *Creation* of *Adam*? No *Muſſulman*, that has ever gone the *Sacred Pilgrimage*, but has viſited *Mount Araffa*, where *Adam* firſt ſaw *Eve* his Wife. There he has been inſtructed, in the *Hiſtory* of that *Firſt Father* of *Mankind*; and how that before his Time, the *Earth* was Inhabited by *Angels*, who being commanded to adore *Adam*, refus'd it, and were turn'd to *Devils*, being expell'd from the *Earth*. Thou know-

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eſt moreover, that it is in the *Sacred Traditions*, That *God* gave to *Adam* a Wife whoſe Name was *Alileth*; but, that ſhe being of the *Race* of theſe *Devils*, refus'd to obey *Adam*: Whence it came to paſs, That they liv'd in continual Quarrels and Enmity, for the Space of Five Hundred Years; till at length, *Alileth* flew up into the Air, and abandon'd her Husband. Of which, when *Adam* complained to *God*, he ſent Three Mighty *Angels* in Purſuit of her, commanding them to tell her, That if ſhe would return to her Husband, it ſhould go well with her; but if ſhe would not, a Hundred of her Children ſhould die every Day. The *Angels* follow'd her, and overtook her on the *Red Sea*, where they threatned to drown her, unleſs ſhe would return to her Husband. But ſhe made Excuſes, and told them, *She was created to deſtroy Young Children.* Then the *Angels* laid Hands on her: When ſhe, to pacifie them, ſwore by the *Bottom* of *Hell*, That whenſoever the Names of them Three, ſhould be written on any *Schedule*, that ſhe ſhould have no Power to hurt the Infants, they diſmiſs'd her. After this, *God* compaſſionating *Adam*'s Solitude, gave him another Wife call'd *Eve*.

This *Tradition*, confirms the *Viſion* of the *Prophet*; and, we need not doubt, That the *Earth* was Inhabited before *Adam*'s Time. And, if that be granted, why might it not be Peopled for Millions of Ages, as well as for the ſmalleſt Term, that Ignorance or Error may aſſign to its Duration?

I have diſcourſed with ſeveral of the *Jewiſh Rabbi's*, and *Chriſtian Doctors* on this Subject, Men of abſtruſe Learning, and ſublime Thoughts: Yet, I can find but a few, who are emancipated from the Prejudices of a Superſtitious Education. They have been from their Infancy, prepoſſeſs'd with a falſe Notion of the *Works* of *God*; believing them to be *Finite*, both in Extent of *Space* and *Time*. They circumſcribe this *Viſible World*, within, I know not what *Flaming Circle*; and believe the *Firſt Matter* it ſelf, to be but Five Days Older than *Adam*, taking each of thoſe Days, for the Space of Four and Twenty Hours, wherein the Sun finiſhes his Diurnal Circuit through the *Heavens*. They conſider not, That according to their own *Bible*, there was *Light* and *Darkneſs*, and conſequently *Day* and *Night*, before the *Sun* was *Created*. But, how long thoſe *Days* and *Nights* were, is not determin'd by *Moſes*. Yet in another Part of their *Bible*, it is ſaid, That a *Day* with *God*, is a *Thouſand Years*, and a *Thouſand Years*, is a *Day*. So that, according to this Interpretation, *Adam* was not Created, till above *Five Thouſand Years* after the *Beginning* of the *World*. Yet, when I bring this Poſitive Place of their Own *Scripture*, againſt the *Nazarene Sages*, they ſhuffle it off with empty Evaſions; and, rather than believe the *Indefinite Antiquity* of the *World*, they contradict their own Sence and Reaſon, invalidate the Teſtimony of a *Prophet*, deny their *Faith*, and appear Unmask'd *Infidels*.

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Both *they* and the *Jews*, have corrupted the Truth with many Errors; and, we muſt ſeek farther, for the Original Science of Nature. The *Illuminated* of *God*, have always taught, That the *Earth* was *Inhabited* long before the Appearance of *Adam*. And, all the *Eaſtern Sages*, believe a *Series* of *Generations*, to have dwelt on this *Globe*, for Indeterminate Ages.

I have a Brother lately come from the *Indies*: He relates ſtrange Things of certain *Books*, which are only in the Hands of the *Brachmans*. They are written in a *Language*, which none underſtand but theſe *Prieſts*; yet a *Language* as Copious as any other, and taught in their *Colleges* by *Rule*. Theſe *Books* contain a *Hiſtory* of the *World*; which, they ſay, is above Thirty Millions of Years Old. They divide the Term of its Duration, into *Four Ages*; *Three* of which they ſay are already paſt, and a good Part of the *Fourth*. Now I would fain know, who wrote theſe *Books*; and, at what Time, and where this *Language* was ſpoken? They call it, the *Holy Language*; ſaying, that it was the *Firſt* ſpoken on *Earth*. It is ſtrange, that no *Hiſtory* ſhould mention ſo *Divine* a *Speech*. We have the *Chronology* of the *Latin* and *Greek*; and can give an Account, when and where they were ſpoken, though they are now grown Obſolete, and no otherwiſe to be learn'd, but in the *Schools* and *Academies*. This argues the Antiquity of the *Bramins Language* and *Books*, in Regard, they fall not within

any other *Record* ſave their own, which ſays, they are as Old as the *World*. For, if this Aſſertion were falſe, the Impoſture would have been diſcover'd as ſoon as broach'd, and the Learned *Sages* of the *Eaſt*, would quickly have diſprov'd ſo manifeſt a Lye. There ſeems to me ſomething Extraordinary, in this Pretenſion of theſe *Indian Philoſophers*, and I would gladly be convinc'd of the Truth. Methinks, it is an Illuſtrious *Idea* of the *Divine Perfections*, when one conceives all this Vaſt and Endleſs Concatenation of *Beings*, to flow from the *Eternal Nature*, as Rays from the Sun: And, that they can no more be ſeparated from it, than thoſe Beams can from that *Viſible Fountain* of *Light*. It will not be difficult then, to Interpret the *Hiſtory* of *Moſes*, by this *Regiſter* of the *Bramins*, and reconcile the *Six Days* of the one, with the *Four Ages* of the other; ſince, a Day in the *Divine* Sence, may amount to Millions of Years, as well as to a Thouſand. And, it will be more congruous and agreeable, to believe, that after the Birth of the *Firſt Matter*, there elaps'd Many *Ages*, before it was wrought into ſuch an Infinite Variety of Appearances, as we now behold; and, that the *Five Days*, which *Moſes* computes, before the *Production* of *Adam*, might be ſome *Millions* of *Years:* In which Time, the *Divine Architect* gradually drew from the *Abyſs* of *Matter*, the Sun, Moon, Stars, Plants and Animals; which may ſerve alſo to Illuſtrate, the *Viſion* of thy *Holy Anceſtor*, with which I begun this *Diſcourſe*. Adieu,

Adieu, Sublime *Intelligence* of the *Torrid Zone*, and favour *Mahmut* with a Tranſcript of thy Thoughts concerning theſe Things. But, if thy Silence ſhall condemn my Preſumption and Importunity, I will wait for thy Anſwer, till the *Platonick Year*, when, according to the *Doctrine* of that *Philoſopher*, we ſhall all be alive again.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETETR XIV.

To the Mufti.

IN a former *Diſpatch* to thy *Sanctity*, I have acquainted thee with the *Inſurrections* in *Palermo*, mentioning the Fear of the *Viceroy*, leſt the *French* in that *Iſland*, ſhould then take their Opportunity, to revenge the *Proverbial* Cruelty of the *Sicilian Veſpers*. If thou art unacquainted with that *Tragedy*, I will inform thee in Brief.

About Three Hundred and Threeſcore Years ago, there Reign'd in *Sicily*, one of the *Royal Blood* of *France*; they call him, *Charles* of *Anjou*. He had *French* Garriſons in all the Cities of that *Kingdom*: But, theſe Soldiers committed ſo many Inſolencies, as rendred 'em Odious and Inſupportable to the *Natives*,

who

who therefore reſolved to exterminate them.

The *French* are very Licentious in their *Conqueſts*; neither ſparing Men in their Anger, nor Women in their Luſt. They make no Difference, between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*; but ſacrifice all the Regards of Honour and Civility, to their Impetuous Appetites.

They were guilty of innumerable Rapes and Violences in *Sicily*, among the *Meaner* People; and ſometimes, extended their Rudeneſs, to Perſons of the *Beſt* Quality. It was common for them, to affront both Virgins and Matrons as they went along the Streets, by thruſting their Hands under their Garments, on Pretence of ſearching for hidden Arms. Among the Reſt, the Wife of a certain *Lord* in *Palermo*, going to pay her *Devotions* at the *Temple*, was ſeiz'd by the Command of the *Captain* of the *Guards*, and ſtrip'd Naked before all the Soldiers, in Order to diſcover certain Treaſonable Papers, which they ſuſpected ſhe carried about her. But finding none, ſhe upbraided the *Captain* with Inhumanity, in offering ſo groſs an Affront, to a *Lady* of her *Rank*. He ſeeming to be ſorry for the Indignity ſhe had received, begged her Pardon; and retiring with his Soldiers out of the Room where ſhe was, left her to put on her Apparel. In the mean while, he was enflamed with a furious Paſſion for this *Lady*, (ſhe being very Beautiful;) and having ſent the Soldiers away, he return'd to the Room where ſhe was. He addreſs'd her with much

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Courtſhip; but, finding that Ineffectual, he Forc'd her.

When this was made known to her Husband, he burn'd with Deſire of Revenge. And ſtirring up all the *Sicilian Nobles* and *People*, it was privately agreed between them, that on a certain *Feſtival*, when the *Bells* ſhould toll to *Even-Song*, all the *Sicilians* ſhould take Arms, and Maſſacre the *French* throughout the *Iſland*. This *Plot* was carried ſo ſecretly, that before the *French* could get the leaſt Intimation of it, they were all murd'red, on the Day appointed.

I forgot to acquaint thee in my laſt, with a Villainy, which was diſcover'd in the late Tumults of *Naples*. As they were marching up and down the Streets, burning the *Cuſtom-Houſes*, and the Habitations of thoſe who had been concern'd in gathering the *Taxes*, they entred the Houſe of a certain *Notary* or *Publick Scribe* of that City, who had been repreſented to them, as a Promoter of thoſe Unreaſonable *Impoſitions*. They ſeized on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the Streets, in Order to be burnt. But, as they were rummaging in an Apartment which was toward the Gardens, they heard a great Shrieking, as of Women affrighted: And, perceiving the Voice to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they ſearch'd about for a Door to enter into that Place; but finding none, they broke through the Wall, where they found Two Women, with their Hair hanging down

to

to their Ancles, and their Nails grown like the Talons of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occaſion, the Eldeſt of the Women made this Anſwer; *The Maſter of this Houſe, is my own Brother, who when my Father died, was entruſted by him, to pay me Six Hundred Duckets, which he bequeath'd me as a Legacy, for my Maintenance, my Husband being dead: But my Brother, inſtead of doing me this Juſtice, Immur'd both me and my Daughter, whom you ſee here, between theſe Walls, where we have lived theſe Seventeen Years, being allowed, by this cruel Man, no other Food but Bread and Water.*

The People Incens'd above Meaſure, at ſo barbarous a Cruelty, hang'd up the *Notary*, and gave all his Eſtate, to this Widow and her Daughter. An *Exemplary* Piece of *Juſtice*, performed by *Mutineers*, which could not have been done by the *Law*, the Crime not reaching his Life; though, in the Sence of all Men, he merited Death. This is another Argument, that *Deſtiny* had a Hand in this *Inſurrection*; and, that *Maſanello* the *Fiſherman*, was the *Executioner* of *God*.

I obey thee, Sovereign *Prelate*, with an *Unconditional Devotion*, and revere the *Idea* of thy *Sanctity*: Vouchſafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilſt he condemns the Barbarous Cruelties of the *Nazarenes*, he may not render himſelf Inexcuſable, by doing any Injuſtice himſelf.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Arabian Proverb* ſays, *There is more Danger to be fear'd from one of the* Coreis, *than from a Thouſand* Bobeck's. Thou knoweſt, both theſe were *Noble Families* in *Mecca*, and Sworn Enemies of the *Meſſenger* of *God*: But, the *Latter*, as their *Name* imports, were too open in their Counſels, to do any conſiderable Execution againſt the *Holy One*: Whereas the *Former*, were always reſerved, and laying of Secret Trains.

Such is *Cardinal Mazarini*, the Hidden Enemy of the *Ottoman Empire*. There ſeems to be an Ambition in this Great *Genius*, equal to that of his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, who would be eſteemed the moſt Eminent among Men. Nothing will ſatisfie this *Miniſter*, leſs than a Subverſion of all the *Monarchies* on Earth, which appear Obſtacles of that *Grandeur*, to which he Deſigns to raiſe his *Maſter*. Yet, he attempts not this by Open Force, knowing, that is impracticable: but, acts in the Dark, ſtriving to undermine thoſe *States* by *Intrigue*, which he cannot ſubdue by *Arms*. He has his *Agents* in all the *Courts* of *Chriſtendom*; and, thou needeſt not ſtartle, if I tell thee, there is Ground to ſuſpect, he is not without his *Creatures* at the *Sublime Port*. All *Europe* is ſenſible, that the Late *Revolutions*,

tions in *Portugal* and *Catalonia*, the *Inſurrections* in *Sicily* and *Naples*, and the *Rebellion* of the *Engliſh*, *Scots* and *Iriſh*, are, in Part, owing to the *Policies* of this *Miniſter*: And, I can tell thee more on that Subject, than is known to every one.

Oſmin the *Dwarf*, who ſtill retains his good Inclinations to the *Sublime Port*, finds an inſuſpected Acceſs to all the *Grandees*, to whom the Smallneſs of his Bulk and Stature, affords no ſmall Divertiſement. Beſides, they delight to poſe him with *Problems*, in Regard, there is always ſomething ſo lucky, beſides the Wit in his Anſwers, as either creates Admiration or Laughter. But, their Mirth would quickly be changed into other Paſſions, were they ſenſible, that their Little *Buffoon*, is no other than a *Spy* upon them. For, *Oſmin* having ſo many Opportunities, lurks in Corners like a Spider, undiſcovered, and unthought-of: He Creeps into their Bedchambers and Cabinets, where he becomes privy to their greateſt Secrets. If they ſhould catch him in any of his Concealments, behind the Hangings, or under a Bed, 'twould only paſs for a Frolick to give 'em Diverſion; and, he never wants for a *Repartee* or a *Jeſt*, to bring himſelf off.

I have taught him a *Cypher*, which he makes Uſe of, to tranſcribe any Letters, or other Papers of Moment; with *Characters* for *Speedy Writing*, which comprehend whole Sentences in a Daſh or Two of the Pen.

'Tis

'Tis but lately, we have pitched on this Method; and, the firſt Attempt *Oſmin* made, was in *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Cloſet: Into which he ſlipt under the Skirt of a *Nobleman*'s Cloak, who juſt then went in to ſpeak with the *Cardinal*. This active *Dwarf*, taking Advantage of the *Nobleman*'s Approach to the Table, dextrouſly crept under the Carpets which cover'd it, reaching down to the Floor, where he lay unſeen, till the *Cardinal* was gone, and the *Cloſet* lock'd up.

During the Time of their Conference, which was not very long, *Oſmin* heard the *Cardinal* ſpeak theſe Words to the *Lord*: *One of the* Slaves *of that* Baſſa, ſaid he, *is an* Italian, *whom I formerly entertain'd in my Service, and one in whom I confide: He was taken by the* Turks *at Sea*; *and, as ſoon as he was ſold to this* Grandee, *he acquainted me in a Letter, with his Condition, imploring my Aſſiſtance toward his Ranſom. I promis'd to Redeem him, on the Conditions I have told you*; *and ſince that he has not fail'd to perform them*; *his* Maſter *having accepted the* Piſtols, *and entred into the* Aſſociation: *So that I hope in a little Time, to ſee that proud* Tyrannical Race *exterminated, the* Tartars *excluded from Succeſſion, and the* Empire *divided by the* Sword *of* Strangers. Ragotski *is the onely Obſtacle*; *That* Prince *is wavering, and we cannot truſt him. The* Baſſa *of* Aleppo, *with thoſe of* Sidon, Damaſcus *and* Babylon, *are ready to cover the Fields of* Aſia *with their Armies. If Things were as ſecure on the Side of* Europe, *the* Blow *ſhould ſoon be given.*

There

There paſs'd ſome other Diſcourſe between them, which *Oſmin* could not diſtinguiſh, in Regard, they removed to the Window, and ſpoke low. But, this was enough to rowze his Curioſity, and put him on a farther Inquiſition.

As ſoon as the *Room* was void, by their Abſence, he came forth from his Retirement, and fell to examining the Papers, which lay on the Table, hoping to diſcover more of this *Plot*; but, he was diſappointed, and only met with a few Letters from his *Agents* in *England*. Wherein, among other Matters, they gave the *Cardinal* an Account, *That they had hunted the* Lion *into the* Toils, *paſt all Hopes of an Eſcape*. By which, I ſuppoſe, they meant the *Engliſh* King, whom the *Rebels* have confined to a certain *Caſtle* in their Poſſeſſion. *Oſmin* tranſcribed ſome of theſe Letters, and brought them to me: A Copy of one of them, I here ſend thee encloſed. 'Twas written from the *Council* of the *Iriſh Rebels*. By which thou mayſt ſee, what a Share the *Cardinal* has, in abetting theſe *Traytors*. Elſe, how could they Demand of him, *The Performance of the* Queen-Regent's *Promiſe, to aſſiſt them with Money and Men?*

There is one alſo Dated this preſent Year, and Subſcribed by Monſieur *Bellieure*, the *French Embaſſador* in *England*. But, *Oſmin* had not time to tranſcribe that, being prevented by the *Cardinal*'s Return; which made the *Dwarf* ſnatch up his Tools, and abſcond

abſcond under the *Table*. Yet, he remembered ſome of the Contents of that Letter, and told them me at his next Viſit: The *Ambaſſador* in that Letter, informs the *Cardinal*, of a certain *German Prophet*, who foretold, *That there ſhould be a great Revolution in the Government of* England; *and that One of the Mightieſt of all the* Eaſtern Princes, *ſhould be Depoſed this Year, and Murdred by his* Subjects (I pray *Heaven*, avert the *Omen* from the *Seraglio*.) He acquaints this *Miniſter* alſo, That he had ſucceeded in his Negotiation with the Officers of the *Rebels* Army. There were other obſcure Paſſages in the Letter, which *Oſmin* has forgot. But, theſe are ſufficient to demonſtrate, how buſie the *Cardinal* is, and what a Hand he has in *Foreign* Affairs.

Another Opportunity, I hope, will bring to Light, more of this *Miniſter*'s Secrets. Adieu.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

THE oftner I peruſe the *Journal* of thy *Travels*, the more I am delighted with it. For, it is evident, That the *Countries* through which thou haſt paſs'd, have been as ſo many *Schools* of *Wiſdom* to thee; Wherein thou haſt learn'd, even from Mens *Vices*, the Way to *Perfection*; much more from their *Vertues*. Thou haſt found, that though Mens *Natural* Diſpoſitions differ, as do the *Climates*, which afford them Breath; yet, they all agree in *Common Frailties*. There are alſo *Vices* peculiar to certain *Countries*; 'twere to be wiſhed, they could be match'd with as many *National Vertues*. But, *Human Nature* is a *Rank Soil*, more fertile in *Weeds*, than *wholeſom Products*. Yet, there are *Gardens* as well as *Deſarts*: And, thou haſt obſerved ſome Perſons, Illuſtrious for their Goodneſs, and the Noble Endowments of their Minds.

I am extreamly pleaſed with that rare Example of Generoſity, which thou relateſt of an *Indian* Merchant; who, not content to give Alms to all that ask'd him, or whom he knew to be Poor, ſought daily Occaſions to exerciſe his Charity, hunted out the Indigent and Unfortunate: And, where-ever he diſcovered the Lineaments of Poverty in a Man's

Man's Face, or trac'd the Footſteps of it in his Behaviour, he could not reſt till he had relieved his Wants, and made him Happy, to his very Wiſhes. I tell thee, *Poverty* is a *Hell* upon *Earth*; and, he that has this Curſe, anticipates the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. It eclipſes the brighteſt Vertues, and is the very Sepulcher of brave Deſigns; depriving a Man of the Means to accompliſh, what *Nature* has fitted him for, and ſtifling the Nobleſt Thoughts in their *Embryo*. How many Illuſtrious Souls may be ſaid, to have been Dead among the Living, or buried alive in the Obſcurity of their Condition, whoſe Perfections have rendred 'em, the *Darlings* of *Providence*, and *Companions* of *Angels*; yet the inſuperable Penury of all Things, has ranked them among the *Caſtaways* of the *Earth*, in the Eyes of Men? To ſuch as theſe, our *Divine Lawgiver* commands us to extend our Charity, giving us certain Characters and Marks, by which we may diſtinguiſh them from the Crowd of the Unfortunate. And, I like the *Indian*'s Bounty the better, in that he ſo exactly ſeems to comply with this *Precept* of the *Alcoran*, generouſly preventing the Requeſts of the Indigent, and by an Exceſs of Benignity, courting them to accept of Relief. In this he alſo verifies the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *He gives Double, who gives Unask'd.*

Thou commendeſt the Induſtry of the *Chineſe*, the Advances they have made in Arts and Sciences, which, thou concludeſt, is

to

to be attributed to the Force of their *Laws*, which oblige the Son to follow his Father's Trade, throughout all Generations. In this I muſt diſſent; for, it ſeems rather a Curb than a Spur to Ingenuity, to be confin'd to Employments, for which a Man may have an Averſion. The Son not ſeldom aborring thoſe Things, wherein his Parents took Delight. Or, if not ſo, yet he may be caſt in a Finer Mold, have a more ſubtile Invention; and conſequently, be capable of making greater Improvements, in any Trade of his own Choice: Since, Delight ſets an Edge on the Mind, gives Vigor to the Body, and adds Wings to Buſineſs. Beſides, I do not think this to be ſo much thy own Remark, as the Inſinuation of ſome of that Country, who are the moſt Conceited People in the World; ever extolling their own *Policy*, *Laws* and *Government*; and impoſing them as a Pattern, to all other Nations.

One Thing I grant, they boaſt of with a great Deal of Truth, that is, their Antiquity and unmix'd Race. Though, ſince the *Conqueſt* the *Tartars* have made of that Country, they are like to undergo the Fate of other Nations, and Corrupt their *Genealogies* with the *Blood* of *Strangers*.

Thou cameſt away before that *Conqueſt* was begun, or perhaps, before 'twas talked of. And, I can give thee, but a very Imperfect Account of it. All the Intelligence we have from that *Kingdom* of late, comes in Fragments: For, the Ships which bring this

ſhatter'd

ſhatter'd News, left *China* in an Uproar and Confuſion. Only they aſſure us, That the *Tartars* had paſſed the Celebrated *Wall*, which divides them from *China*; that they entred and ſubdued the *Northern Provinces*, with an Army of Six Hundred Thouſand Men; that very little Reſiſtance was made againſt them, not even in *Pequin* it ſelf, the *Capital Seat* of the *Chineſe Empire*, which the *Uſurper Lycungz.* had abandon'd to the *Conquerors*, carrying away with him, all the Ineſtimable Treaſures of the *Palace*, and retiring into one of the remote *Provinces*, was never heard of afterwards. Whence it was judg'd, That ſome of his own Party had murder'd him; partly, for the Sake of his prodigious Wealth, which they ſhared among them; and partly, to revenge his *Treaſon* againſt the *Emperor*, and the Innumerable Calamities he had brought upon his Country.

Before theſe *Merchants* came away, the *Cham* of *Tartary* was proclaimed in *Pequin*, and Crowned *Emperor* of *China*. They ſay, He was not above Thirteen Years Old at that Time; which was, in the 12*th*. *Moon*, of the Year 1644. And, that having ſent for the Chief *Nobility* of *Tartary* to *Pequin*, he made Preparations, to purſue his Conqueſts.

This is the beſt Account we yet have, of the Affairs of that *Empire*. By which thou wilt eaſily be induced to be of my Opinion, That the *Blood* of the *Chineſes*, will in Time be mix'd with that of *Strangers*.

We muſt not ſeek for the Originals of any People, in the Country where they dwell. The moſt Renowned *Kingdoms* and *Empires* in the *World*, had their firſt Foundations laid by *Vagabonds* and *Fugitives*. Thou art not ignorant, how vaſt an Extent, the Ancient *Roman Empire* had through *Aſia*, *Africk* and *Europe*. Yet, that City which was called the *Miſtreſs* of *Nations*, the *Governeſs* of the Whole *Earth*, was firſt built by a handful of *Banditi*, People who lived by Pillage and Robbery, the Outlaws and Scum of *Italy*, aſſembled together from divers Parts, under the Conduct of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*. Neither had that City, proved any better than a Sepulcher to them and their Deſigns, had they not by a witty Stratagem, over-reach'd the *Sabine* Women, and ſo ſecured to themſelves a Poſterity, who ſhould not only defend but enlarge the Dominions of their Fathers. Yet, theſe People of ſo Obſcure and Confuſed an Original, afterwards boaſted of the Antiquity and Noble Deſcent of their *Families*. No Name more Venerable in ſucceeding Ages, than that of a *Roman*.

To look no farther than the Great and Formidable *Empire* of the *Oſmans*, we ſhall find it took its firſt Riſe from *Colonies* of Tranſplanted *Scythians*; ſo that he who would have the *Genealogy* of a *Turk*, muſt not look in the *Regiſters* of *Greece*, where they now live, but muſt carry his Search beyond the Mountain *Caucaſus*, examine the Borders of *Palus Mæotis*, or hunt his *Pedigree* out in

in *Cherſoneſus*. What *Revolutions* have not happen'd in *Aſia* and *Africk*, ſince the *Aſſumption* of the *Meſſenger* of *God* into *Paradiſe*? Where ſhall we now find any Remains of the Ancient *Saracens*, or *Mamalukes*? The Mighty *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has ſwallow'd up all. Thus, one Nation expells another; and, there is ſo general a Mixture of *Foreign Blood*, made by the Converſion of innumerable different Nations to the *Muſſulman Faith*, that it is hard to know, Whether our *Anceſtors* were *Scythians* or *Perſians*, *Jews* or *Grecians*; Whether they were of the Mountains or the Valleys, of the Foreſts or the Plains.

In this I will except my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, and thoſe who ſeem to approach neareſt them in Manner of Life, the *Tartars*; the one dwelling in Tents, the other in Waggons; both in a moving Poſture; both Happy in this, That they are not confin'd to the Rigors of a Cold *Winter*, nor the Scorching Heats of the *Summer*; but, change their Soil and Climate, as the Seaſon of the Year varies: Thus ever ſecuring to themſelves in all Places, either a blooming flow'ry *Spring*, or a moderate and fruitful *Autumn*. Theſe were never ſubdued, nor expelled thoſe Regions wherein they take Delight, neither would they ever mix with *Strangers*. But, the *Chineſe* would excell all the *World* in the *Purity* of their *Unmix'd Blood*, were it not for the late *Incurſions* of their Potent and Victorious Neighbours.

The *French* ſay, That theſe People had the Uſe of *Guns* and *Printing*, many Hundreds of Years before they were found out in *Europe*. But, the *Germans* claim the Honour of theſe *Inventions* to themſelves.

Thou confirmeſt the Opinion of the Former, in telling me, thou haſt ſeen ſome of the Cannon belonging to the City of *Pequin*, on which was engraven, in *Chineſe Characters*, a *Regiſter* of their *Age*, which was above Two Thouſand Years.

I had a great Deal more to ſay, Dear *Peſteli*, but the *Poſt* calls on me to haſten; Beſides an extreme Dullneſs and Languiſhing of my Spirits, with which I have been perſecuted, ever ſince this *Moon* firſt ſhewed her *Creſcent*: Now ſhe is in the *Wane*, and ſo I hope is my Malady. The Influence this *Planet* ſeems to have on me, may make thee conclude me a *Lunatick*: We are all ſo, in one Degree or other. There are not more apparent Symptoms, That the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, owes its Original to the Neighbourhood and Motion of that *Planet*, than that our *Conſtitutions* vary, according to its *Monthly Appearances*.

He that Created the *Moon*, and the *Conſtellations*, not without Reſpect to *Mankind*, give us *Wiſdom* which ſhall entitle us to a *Dominion* over the *Stars*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THE *Duke* of *Chaſtillon*, arrived here Six Days ago from the Army in *Flanders*, bringing News of a Signal Victory, obtained by the Young *Prince* of *Conde*, on the *Plains* of *Lens*. This Battel was fought, on the 20th. of the laſt *Moon*, the *French* having entirely routed the *Spaniards*, kill'd Three Thouſand of them on the Spot, taken Six Thouſand Priſoners, with all their Artillery and Baggage. And, to crown the Day, they have taken *Lens* alſo.

But, though *Fortune* thus favours their Arms Abroad, ſhe has mixed Poiſon with their Counſels at Home. All Things here ſeem to portend a *Civil War*. The *Parliament* thwart the Proceedings of the *Court*, taking on them, the Power of the Ancient *Spartan Ephori*: They will be Comptrollers of the *Regal* Authority, ſuppreſſing the King's *Edicts*, calling his Expences to Account; and, pretending to reform the *Court*, they play the *Pædagogues* with their *Sovereign*. On the other Side, *Cardinal Mazarini*, the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and other *Grandees*, do their utmoſt Endeavours, to diſſolve the Meetings of this *Senate*. They perſwade the Young King, that it is but a *Precarious Reign*, where the *Sovereign* muſt be curb'd by his *Subjects* Thus they inſtill into his tender Years, thoſe

Maxims by which they would have him Rule, when he comes of Age.

There is a Man in the *Parliament*, whom they call *Monſieur Bruſſels*, one of their Great Counſellors, a bitter Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and therefore cry'd up by the *People*, for a *Patriot*: He is of a furious Temper, and mean Abilities; yet his noiſy Zeal for the *Publick Liberty*, has faſtened to him the Vulgar: He is become the *Ring-leader* of the *Seditious*.

This Man was ſeized, as he returned from the Chief *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was ſung Yeſterday, for the late Victory in *Flanders*. And, ſome are of Opinion, that 'twas this happy News, which emboldned the *Court*, to snatch from the People their *Darling*, their *Idol*, the Man from whoſe Courage, they expect a Redreſs of all their *Grievances*. Indeed, one may ſay, it would ſeem ſafer for a Traveller in the *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, to tear from a *Lioneſs* her Young One. For, the *Heads* of the *Faction*, waited but for ſuch an Opportunity, to ſet all in a Flame. And, the ill Succeſs of the *Court* in this Action, ſhews, That it is dangerous to provoke the *Multitude*. For, preſently we were all in Confuſion, the *Burgeſſes* in Arms, the Shops ſhut up, the Streets Chained, and all the Avenues of the *Palace* barricado'd. The *Rabble* marched up and down the Streets, threatning Deſtruction to *Cardinal Mazarin*, ced all his *Party*. The *Parliament* were for- to and become the *Meſſengers* of the *People*, to

to carry their *Petitions*, or rather their *Commands* to the *Court*; being threatned alſo, if they failed of Succeſs. For, they proteſted Unanimouſly, that they would not lay down their Arms, till the Impriſoned *Counſellor* was Releaſed.

The *Queen* appeared at firſt Inexorable, and ſent theſe *Senators* away with Denial and Scoffs; wiſhing them Joy of their New *Honour*, in being made the *Porters* of the *Rabble*. And, the Young *Monarch*, incenſed to ſee his *Native Royalty*, thus Prophaned by his *Subjects*, bent his Brows; and caſting a Look, divided betwixt Majeſty and Diſdain, on the *Senators*, uttered theſe Words: *Sirs, Shall it always be a Cuſtom, thus to moleſt the* Minority *of your* Kings? *Or, do you think Our tender Years, incapable of the Common Senſe of other Mortals, that you preſume thus Inſolently to invade our Right? Accuſe not the* Multitude, *nor make them an Umbrage to your* Sedition. *I know the Authors of theſe Tumults; and ſhall find a Time, to make 'em feel the Weight of my Diſpleaſure. Think not that I wear this Sword, only for Ornament,* [laying his Hand fiercely on the Hilt] *or, that the* Blood *of my Renowned* Anceſtors, *is grown degenerate, or turned to Lees within my Veins. Go tell your Factious Comrades, There ſits this Day upon the* Throne *of* France *a King, who, though he's Young, yet has a Spirit and Memory, which will outlaſt his Pupillage.* With that, he commanded them out of his Sight.

Yet, notwithſtanding this, the *People* threatned, to bring their *Darling* away by Force, if he were not Releaſed in Two Hours. There were above a Hundred Thouſand of them in Arms, and it might have proved a dangerous *Inſurrection*. But, the *Queen*, at the Second return of the *Senators*, hearkning to the Advice of *Mazarini*, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and remembring the late dreadful Effects of *Maſanello*'s Tumult in *Naples*, releas'd the Priſoner; who was conducted Home laſt Night in Triumph, by an Infinite Crowd of People, who filled the Air with Shouts and Acclamations.

It is diſcourſed here, That the *Prince* of *Conde* will ſpeedily return to *Paris*. From whom, both the *Court*, and the *Faction*, promiſe themſelves new Grounds of Triumph.

During theſe *Commotions*, *Mahmut* fails not to act his Part, being at no ſmall Expence, to maintain a certain Number of Strangers, whoſe whole Dependance is on me. Theſe I inſtruct, to mix themſelves with the *Rabble*, to inſinuate into them hateful Notions, of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the *Court*. They buz up and down the City, like Flies in this hot Seaſon, and ſting the *Multitude* to Fury, with their Stories. I ſpare no Coſt, to procure the *Cardinal*'s Ruine. That pernicious Wit comes not ſhort of his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, being as active in embroyling Foreign *States*; witneſs, the *Revolutions* of *Portugal*, *Catalonia*, *England* and *Naples*; (in all which, he had a principal Hand)

Hand) and is ever projecting, how to aggrandize his *Maſter*. And, the Univerſal Succeſs of the *French* Arms in *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Italy* and *Spain*, has left him Nothing worth a Thought, but the Deſtruction of the *Oſman Empire*.

Eliachim brings me News every Hour, how my *Mirmidons* ſucceed; for, he acts abroad in the Streets, while I keep my Chamber, during the Tumults; being of *Demoſthenes*'s Mind, who, when the *Athenians* were in an Uproar, took *Sanctuary* in the *Temple* of *Pallas*, and proſtrating himſelf before the *Altar* of the *Goddeſs*, uttered theſe Words, *O Pallas, I fly to thee for Protection; defend me from Ignorance, Envy, and Inconſtancy; for, I love not the Society of the Owl, the Dragon, and the People.*

Yet, whether in my Chamber or Abroad, be aſſured, Illuſtrious *Prefect* of the *Imperial* City, that *Mahmut* divides his Time between the *Vows* he makes, and the *Services* he does for the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XVIII.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS *Court* is now in *Mourning*, for the Death of *Uladiſlaus*, late King of *Poland*: Whilſt the *Politicians*, are canvaſing the next *Election*. Thoſe who Side with the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, favour the *Succeſſion* of *Prince Charles*. But the *French*, are for *Caſimir*, their former Priſoner.

The *Duke* of *Bavaria*, is alſo dead. They ſay, he died of Grief, to ſee his Country expoſed to the Inſults of a *Victorious Enemy*: For, all his Forces were intirely defeated.

The *Prince* of *Conde*, has taken *Ipre* in *Flanders*; and, the *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*, has rendred himſelf Maſter of *Courtray*, without drawing a Sword, or firing a Gun: The *Mareſchal de Rantzau*, has made an unhappy Attempt, to ſurprize *Oſtend*, a Sea-Town in *Flanders*. For, carrying his Forces by Water, as ſoon as he had Landed his Men, a Tempeſt roſe, and drove all his Ships out to Sea: So that, being encompaſſed by a numerous Army of his Enemies, and having no Way to eſcape, he and all his Troops were made Priſoners.

From the Sea we have Advice, that there has been a Combat, between the *Duke* of *Richlieu*, Commander of the *Naval* Forces ſent to aſſiſt the *Neapolitan Revolters*, and

Don

Don John of *Auſtria*, *Admiral* of the *Spaniſh* Fleet on that Coaſt. But the Iſſue of the Battel, is not yet known: Though moſt People, gueſs the Victory to be on the *French* Side, in Regard *Cardinal Mazarini* had, by the Advice of an *Indian* Ship-wright, cauſed all the *French* Ships to be plaſtered over with *Allom*, ſo that no Fire-Ships can hurt them. The *Spaniards* make great Uſe of theſe Fire-Ships, in all their Sea-Fights; having learn'd to their Coſt, from the *Engliſh*, what Damage theſe Veſſels do, when they formerly loſt their whole *Armada*, which they before termed *Invincible*, and with which they ſailed to Conquer that *Iſland*.

From *Catalonia* the *Poſts* bring News, which pleaſes the Wives and Friends of the Soldiers in thoſe Parts: For, the *Mareſchal de Schomberg*, has cut in Pieces the *Spaniſh* Army, taken *Tortoſa* by Aſſault, where the Soldiers found a Booty of above Fifteen Hundred Thouſand *Livres*.

A *Courier* is come from *Suedeland*, who brings an Account of a late Formidable *Conſpiracy* in *Ruſſia*, againſt the Life of the *Czar*. The greateſt Part of the *Moſcovite Grandees*, were concerned in this *Plot*; deſigning to Change the *Form* of *Government*, and divide that Mighty *Empire* into ſeveral *Principalities*, whereof every one of the *Conſpirators* ſhould have a Share. And, that they ſhould be all Subject to One *Chief*, who ſhould be elected by the Reſt, after the Manner of *Germany*. To this

Purpoſe, they had made a *Private Treaty* with the *Tartars*. *Moroſoph*, the Prime *Miniſter* of *State*, and the *Chancellor Nazari*, were of the *Conſpiracy*. Perhaps, thou wilt lament the *Fate* of the Latter, having receiv'd extraordinary Civilities from him, when thou wert at that *Court*.

Banaanoph, Son of the *Patriarch* of *Moſco*, revealed the *Plot*, with the Names of the *Conſpirators* to the *Grand Duke*: Who ſent for them next Day to his *Palace*, under divers Pretences; where he commanded them all to be Killed, and their Bodies to be thrown to the Dogs in the Streets of that City.

The *French* report ſtrange Things of *Sultan Ibrahim*: I wiſh all go well at the *Sublime Port*. If thou haſt the ſame Deſires, reveal them to none but thy Friend. For, at ſome Times, a Man's beſt Thoughts will be interpreted for *Treaſon*. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Mufti.

THY Venerable Letters are come ſafe to my Hands, bringing Light and Conſolation to the Faithful *Exile*. With profoundeſt Reverence, I kiſs'd and unfolded the Papers, which contain the Sacred Inſtructions of the *Vicar* of *God*. I bleſſed my ſelf, when I read the Charge of *Royal* Enormities, the exorbitant Paſſions of a *Muſſulman Emperour*, and the Prophanation of the *Throne* founded on *Juſtice*. Thou haſt prevented the Qualms of a too ſcrupulous Loyalty, by aſſuring me, That it is a *Fundamental Maxim*, of our *Law*, *That all Men in the World, without Reſpect of Birth or Quality, are obliged to appear before the Juſtice of God*: And, *That he who obeys not the Law, is no Muſſulman*: And, *If the Emperor himſelf be in this Number, he ought to be Depoſed forthwith.*

This has abundantly ſatisfied my Conſcience, coming from the Hands of him, from whoſe *Sentence*, there can be no *Appeal* on *Earth*. I ſhall therefore readily obey thy Orders; and, without Demurr, put in Execution what thou haſt commanded me.

Who

Who can blame the Juſt Indignation of *Sultan Morat*'s Widow, who in Defence of her Chaſtity, threaten'd to ſheath her *Poniard* in the Breaſt of her *Sovereign?* But, incomparably more Eminent, was thy Daughters Vertue, who not being able to reſiſt the Force of the Mighty *Raviſher*, after ſhe was polluted, would like another *Lucretia*, have ſtabb'd her ſelf, had ſhe not been prevented by the *Sultan*. How has he ſully'd the Glory of the *Oſman Race*, by theſe Effeminate *Vices?* What an Indignity has he committed, againſt our *Holy Law?* Againſt the *Principal Patriarch* of the *Elect?* Much more noble, was the Continence of the *African Scipio*, who, when at the Conqueſt of *New Carthage*, a Virgin of admirable Beauty, was choſen from among the Captives and preſented to him, would by no Means defile her, but reſtor'd her again without Blemiſh to her Parents, ſaying withall to thoſe that ſtood near him, *Were I a Private Man, I would gratify my Paſſion, by the Enjoyment of this lovely Maid; but, it becomes not the Leader of an Army, to give ſo bad an Example; nor a Conquerour, to yield his Heart to the Charms of his Captive.*

But it ſeems, that *Sultan Ibrahim* was rather Ambitious of the Character of *Auguſtus* the *Roman Emperour*, of whom it is ſaid, That he never ſpared any Woman in his Luſt: but, if he caſt his Eye on a Beautiful Lady, though her Husband were of the Firſt Quality in the *Empire*, he would immediately ſend his Officers, to bring her to him by fair Means or by Force.

The

The *Philoſopher Athenodorus*, who was very intimate with this *Monarch*, took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his *Maſter*. For, when the *Emperour* one Day had ſent a cloſe *Sedan* or *Chair*, for a certain *Noble-Woman*, of the *Houſe* of the *Camilli*; the *Philoſopher* fearing ſome Diſaſter might enſue, (for, that *Family* was very Popular, and highly reſpected in *Rome*,) he goes before to the Ladies Palace, and acquainting her with it, ſhe complains to her Husband, of the Indignity was offer'd her. He boiling with Anger, threaten'd to ſtabb the Meſſengers of the *Emperour*, when they came. But, the prudent *Philoſopher* appeas'd them both, and onely deſir'd a Suit of the Ladies Apparel; which was granted him. He ſoon put it on, and hiding his Sword under his Robes, enter'd the *Sedan*, perſonating the Lady. The Meſſengers, who knew no other, carried him away to the *Emperour*. He heighten'd with Deſire, made haſt to open the *Sedan* himſelf. When *Athenodorus* ſuddenly drawing his Sword, leap'd forth upon him, ſaying, *Thus mighteſt Thou have been Murder'd: Wilt thou never quit the Vice, which is attended with ſo much Danger? Jealouſie and Revenge might have ſubſtituted an* Aſſaſſin *thus diſguis'd in my Room: But, I took Care of thy Life. Henceforth take Warning.* The *Emperour* pleas'd with the *Philoſopher*'s Stratagem, gave him Ten Talents of Gold, thanking him for this ſeaſonable Correction: And, from that Time, began to refrain Unlawful Pleaſures, applying himſelf to a Vertuous Life.

Thou

Thou ſeeſt, Holy *Prelate*, that by peruſing the *Hiſtories* of the *Ancients*, a Man may furniſh himſelf with uſeful Examples, and proper Obſervations. I always keep by me *Plutarch*'s Works, and thoſe of *Livy*, a *Roman Hiſtorian*; as alſo *Tacitus*, who has left the *Annals* of that Formidable *Empire* to Poſterity. It were a deſirable Thing, That the *Muſſulman Scribes* were employ'd, in Translating ſuch *Records* as theſe, into the *Arabick* or *Turkiſh Languages*: That ſo the *True Faithful*, who are *Deſtin'd* by *God* to *Conquer* the *World*, may not be ignorant of the Memorable Tranſactions of Former Ages. Some of our *Sultans* have been curious, to have *Plutarch*'s *Writings* render'd in the Familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. There are other *Memoirs*, not leſs worth the Labour. If it ſhall enter into thy Heart, to encourage ſo profitable a Work, the whole *Empire* of the *Reſign'd* to *God*, will be indebted to thee. But, who am I, that preſume to direct the *Great Father* of the *Faithful*? Thou art enlight'ned with all Knowledge and Wiſdom! Peradventure, thou haſt Reaſons to divert thee from ſuch an Enterprize, which I cannot comprehend. Therefore, I cover my Mouth with Duſt, and acquieſce.

As to the late *Revolution*, I am not to diſpute the *Will* of my *Superiours*. However, I receive the News of that *Tragedy* with leſs Diſcontent, in Regard, Thou thy ſelf, who art the *Oracle* of the *Muſſulmans*, haſt thought fit to Depoſe *Sultan Ibrahim*: Uſing herein, the

the Advice and Conſent of his own *Mother*, and of *Mahomet Baſſa*, with that of the *Janiſar Aga*; who, next to thy ſelf, are Two the moſt Knowing *Sages* in the *Empire*.

What remains, but that I ſhall pray for the long Life of *Sultan Mahomet?* Deſiring alſo, that *Heaven* may ſo direct his Counſels, That he may never do any Thing, to merit the *Fate* of his *Unhappy Father*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XX.

To Chiurgi Muhammel, Baſſa.

AT length, the *Deputies* of the *Nazarene Princes* at *Munſter*, have concluded a *Peace*. They have been theſe Six Years, debating about Trifles and *Punctilio's*, as is the Manner of the *Chriſtians*, even in the moſt Important Affairs. This *Treaty* was Sign'd, the 24*th.* of the laſt *Moon*; when all farther Hoſtilities ceas'd on all Sides, except on the Parts of *France* and *Spain*, whoſe Quarrel could by no Means be adjuſted, in this *General Agreement* of *Chriſtendom*.

Thou

Thou haſt by this Time, heard of the late Tumults and Emotions in this City; the Diſaffection between the *Court* and *Parliament*, with the Short Siege of *Paris*. Now Things ſeem to be compos'd, and in a Calm. But, it may only prove a *Truce*, while both *Parties* take Breath, to ruſh upon each other with the greater Violence. The *City* is unmeaſurably Rich and Populous, and can Arm an Hundred Thouſand Men at an Hours Warning. The *Parliament* abets their Quarrel. This encourages them to vye with the *Court*. The *Merchants* live like *Petty Kings*: Abundance of Gold, fills them with Pride and Ambition. Whilſt the *Court*, in the mean Time, are Cloſe and Reſerv'd, projecting how to deſtroy the *Faction*, and aſſert the *Regal Authority*. The *Queen-Regent*, is Reſolute and Severe; yet ſuffers her ſelf to be Mollify'd, with the Milder Counſels of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*.

In the Beginning of this *Reign*, I gave an Account to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, of the *Duke* of *Beaufort*'s Impriſonment in the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*, which is one of the *King's Palaces*. This *Prince*, is now eſcap'd from his Confinement, and come into the City. The *Factions* cry him up for a *Patriot*, and are reſolv'd to protect him, with their Lives and Fortunes.

If thou yet retaineſt thy Health and Vigor, thou art Happy. As for me, I feel continual Decays: Yet am not troubled; perceiving

at

at the ſame Time, that I approach nearer to *Immortality*. Wherefore, I neither ſeek *Reſtoratives*, nor conſult the *Phyſician*; but ſuffering my ſelf to diſſolve Gradually, I die with Pleaſure, Pluming and preparing my ſelf daily, as one ready to take Wing for a more *Happy Region*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XXI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Am not ſurpriz'd at the News of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s being Depos'd and Strangled: Tis but what I have for a long Time fear'd: Theſe reſtleſs *Janizaries*, will ruine the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither am I ſtartled to hear, that his *Mother* was acceſſary to his Fall; having a Double Motive, Ambition and Revenge, to induce her Conſent. She always affected to Rule; and therefore, could not brook the *Sultan*'s reſolute Management of Affairs, without following her Advice. Beſides, ſhe could not eaſily forget her Diſgrace and Confinement, on the Account of the *Armenian* Ladies Death.

But,

But, I am aſtoniſh'd and vex'd to hear, That the *Mufti* ſhould be concern'd in ſo *Black* a *Tragedy*. How ſhall we have the Confidence hereafter, to reproach the *Chriſtians*, with their frequent *Treaſons* and *Murdring* of their *Kings*; ſince it will be eaſie for them to retort, That the *Supreme Patriarch* of Our *Law*, has enter'd into the *Secret* of *Rebels*, Conſpir'd the *Death* of his *Sovereign*, and caus'd him to be *Depos'd* and *Strangled*?

As for the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, I ſuppoſe him rather over-aw'd into the *Conſpiracy*, by the *Forcible Reaſons* and *Elegant Parole* of the *Mufti*, than any ways Voluntarily engaging himſelf in Crimes, to which he ſeems to have no Inclination. Beſides, he could not refuſe to make one in the *Party*, after it had once been propos'd to him; unleſs he were reſolv'd, to be the Firſt *Victim* of their Jealouſie, and be Murdred himſelf, to prevent the Diſcovery of the Reſt. Yet, his Duty and Honour, ought to have ſuperſeded all other Conſiderations: And, he ſhould have choſen to Die in his Allegiance, rather than to live ſtain'd with ſo foul a Crime.

However it be, I cannot approve their *Treaſon*. For, whatever the *Vices* of the *Sultan* were, *they* had no Right to puniſh him. He was accountable to None but *God*: And, they invaded the *Prerogative* of *Heaven*, in Dethroning *Him*, whom the *Divine Providence*, had inveſted with the *Imperial Diadem*.

Much leſs can I approve their Impiety, in Defaming him now he is dead. Neither can I

in

in Conſcience comply with the Injunctions of the *Mufti*, who has commanded me in a Letter, to ſpread an Ill Character of *Sultan Ibrahim* among the *Chriſtians*, that ſo his own Proceedings may appear Juſt. 'Tis true, I owe Much to the Authority of this *Sovereign Guide* of *True Believers*; yet I muſt not, to pay this Debt, turn Bankrupt of my Reaſon: I owe Something to my Self, and to the *Diſtinguiſhing Character* of a *Man*. I promis'd him indeed to obey his Commands in this Point: But, he that has given me a *Diſpenſation* for all the Lyes and Perjuries I ſhall be guilty of in *Paris*; will, I hope, pardon me, if I turn my Own *Confeſſor*, and Abſolve my ſelf, for not performing my Word to him in this Point.

I am not often guilty of Aſperſing the Living, but I abhor to Injure the Dead: Leſt I ſhould incurr the *Fate* of him, who being at Enmity with a Famous *Wraſtler*, purſu'd him with Malice and Revenge even in his Grave. For, envying the Honour that was due to this *Wraſtler*'s Memory, in that his *Statue* was ſet up in a *Publick Place*, he went privately one Night, with Deſign to throw the *Statue* down. But, after he had ſpightfully Disfigur'd it in ſeveral Parts with a Hammer, and was buſie in working its Overthrow; the *Image*, on a ſuddain, fell on him, and cruſh'd him to Death. As if the Spirit of him, whom it repreſented, had given it this Fall, to revenge the Malice of his Adverſary.

Certainly,

Certainly, the *Ancients* were not ignorant what they ſaid, when, among other Sage Counſels, they adviſ'd Mortals, *Not to ſpeak Ill of the Dead, but to eſteem them Sacred, who are gone into the Immortal State.* And, *Plato's Ring* had this *Motto* on it, *It is eaſier to provoke the Dead, than to pacifie them, when once provok'd.* Intimating thereby, That the *Souls* of the *Departed*, are ſenſible of the Injuries that are done them by the *Living*.

Therefore I will ſhun Detraction, eſpecially of the Dead. And, if I cannot ſay much in Praiſe of *Sultan Ibrahim's Virtues*, let his *Vices* be buried with him in *Eternal Oblivion*.

I run no Hazards in Writing thus frankly to thee, being aſſur'd of thy Fidelity. Beſides, Death (which is the worſt Puniſhment can be inflicted on me, for what I have ſaid, ſhould it be known) would not be bitter, when given by a Friend. Dear *Gnet*, Adieu.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Danecmar Keſrou, Kadileſquer *of* Romania.

WHEN I informed thee, how the *Scots* had Sold their *King* to the *Engliſh Rebels*, it was eaſie to preſage the Conſequence, without a *Revelation*. When *Sovereign Monarchs* become the *Merchandiſe* of *Factions*, they commonly pay the *Price* with their own *Blood*. And, there are few Examples, of *Princes* that have been Impriſon'd by their *Subjects*, and yet have eſcaped a Violent Death. For, thoſe who have once advanced ſo far in their *Treaſon*, as to ſeize the *Perſon* of their *Sovereign*, can never retire with Safety to themſelves; or, at leaſt, their Own Guilt makes them think ſo. The Conſciouſneſs of what they have already done, prompts them to proceed in their Wickedneſs: And, their Deſpair of ſaving their *own* Lives, makes them conclude it Neceſſary to take away *his*, whoſe Violated *Majeſty*, they fear, will never pardon ſo Impudent an Eſſay of *Treaſon*.

But, the Method which the *Engliſh* have taken to Murder their *King*, has not a *Precedent* in *Hiſtory*. Theſe *Infidels*, have outſtrip'd all Former *Traytors*, in the Contrivance and Execution of their *Regicide*: They have

have even ſurpaſs'd Themſelves, and their own Firſt Deſigns.

It has been uſual for *Traytors*, to take away the Life of a Depos'd *Monarch* Privately, by Poiſon or Aſſaſſin, either in Reſpect to his *Royal Blood*, or to avoid the Poſſibility of a Reſcue, from any of his Loyal Friends and Subjects. But, theſe *Barbarians*, were reſolved Publickly to inſult on *Majeſty*, to brave the whole World in the Execution of their Villainy, and make a Pompous Concluſion of their *Treaſons*. For, they Erected a New *Divan* or *Court* of *Judicature*, compoſed of the moſt Infamous Traytors: There they formally Try'd their *Sovereign*, by a *Law* of their *own making*; Condemn'd him as a Tyrant and a Traytor: And finally, cauſed his Head to be chopt off with an Axe, by an *Executioner*, before the Gates of his own *Palace*, in the Sight of Thouſands of his *Subjects*; that ſo they might appear, not ſo much to Kill their *King*, as to Deſtroy the *Monarchy* it ſelf, and Triumph in its Ruine.

Haſt thou, O Venerable *Judge* of the *Faithful*, ever Read or Heard of ſuch a Daring *Treaſon?* All *Europe* ſtartles at the Monſtrous Fact. And, *Cardinal Mazarini* himſelf, who carried on that Private Web of Factious Deſigns in *England*, whoſe Firſt Threds his Predeceſſor *Richlieu* had ſpun; yet expreſſed an Horror, at the News of this *Tragedy*. And, I look not on this, to be an Artifice of Policy in him to blind the World; but, a real Diſcovery of his Sentiments: For, he is too generous

nerous, to approve ſo Barbarous a Proceeding, againſt a *Sovereign Monarch*, though his Enemy.

T'other Day he was heard to ſay, *That in Revenge of the* King's *Murder, he would embareſs the Counſels of the* Engliſh Rebels, *more than he had done thoſe of their* Sovereign.

This was not ſpoken ſo ſecretly, but *Mahmut* had Intelligence of it within an Hour: For, I have more Ears in *Paris*, than thoſe in my Head, to hearken after the *Intrigues* of this *Miniſter*: And, it will be difficult for him hereafter, to ſpeak, write or act any Thing; no, not even in his Private Cloſet, which will not be diſcloſed to me.

Yet, though I thus watch his Motions as an Enemy, and do my utmoſt, to render his Deſigns againſt the *Ottoman Port*, Ineffectual; I cannot in my Heart condemn this *Miniſter*, who all the while, acts but the Part of a *Faithful Servant* and an *Able Stateſman*, in ſtriving to aggrandize his *Maſter*.

His ſupporting alſo the *Factions* in *England*, and nouriſhing the Diſcontents of that *Giddy-Headed People*, were but the Reſult of his Zeal for his *Country*, and for the *Church* whereof he is *One* of the *Principal Pillars*: It being Evident from his Grief at that *King*'s Murder, That he bore no Malice againſt him, but only ſought to humble him into Terms of Compliance with *France*.

When I ſay this, I ſuppoſe the *Cardinal*'s Sorrow on that Account, to be free from Fiction: But who knows, when the Actions,

of

of *Stateſmen* are Undiſguiz'd, and when not? For, I am well aſſur'd, That whilſt his *Agents* were buſie in Embroyling that *Nation*, he promiſed the Exil'd *Engliſh Queen*, to aſſiſt her Husband with Men and Money, againſt thoſe very *Rebels*, with whom he held a Private Correſpondence, and to whom his Coffers were really open.

Moſt of the *European Stateſmen*, are corrupted with the *Maxims* of a certain Famous *Writer*, whom they call *Matchiavel*. This *State-Caſuiſt* has taught them, to boggle at no Crimes, which may advance the Ends they aim at; *Every Thing*, in his Opinion, *being Honeſt, that is Succeſsful*. Thus, *Policy* among the *Nazarenes*, is Degenerated into *Sordid Craft*: And, that which was once deſervedly eſteem'd a *Virtue*, neceſſary to the *Governments* of the *World*, is now turn'd into a *Vice*; of which the very Out-Laws, Free-Booters and Pirates, are aſham'd.

God, who ſuffer'd the *Earth* to be Inhabited by *Angels*, for an *Infinite Number* of *Ages* before he Created *Adam*, and then Expelling them Hence for their Wickedneſs, and turning them to *Devils*, gave this *Globe* for a Dwelling-Place to *Men*; grant, that the Enormous Crimes of *Mortals*, may not provoke *Him* to Exterminate our *Human Race*, and Reſtore the *Devils* to their *Ancient Habitation*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the Third Volume.